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Yours Truly
J. B. Wharton

Modern Spiritualism Laid Bare,

UNMASKED, DISSECTED,

—@ AND @—

Viewed from Spiritualists' Own Teachings, and from
Scriptural Standpoints.

WHAT IT IS; WHAT ITS INFLUENCES; TO WHAT IT LEADS;
AND WHAT ITS FINAL END WILL BE.

—♦♦♦—

COMPLETE IN TWO PARTS:

Part Second being an Appendix to and continuation of Part First. Also containing
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES of the

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

And of His Travels on the American Continent, The Holy Land, and in Europe.

ADDRESSED AND DEDICATED TO HIS SON,

BY DR. JOHN BOURBON WASSON,

Author of "The Land of Sacred Story," (Written while Exploring Egypt, Palestine, and Syria; Revised while living at Rome) now Ready for the Press. Also of A Popular Treatise, published while Engaged in Practice—"The Family Guide to Homœopathy." Also, "Homœopathy Explained from a True Standpoint; What It Is." "The Dental Messenger," &c., &c.

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PREFACE.

(IN BRIEF.)

THE wisest man concerning whom we have any record, either in ancient or modern history, tells us that "There is nothing new under the sun," etc., and the Author of this little book, believing this to be true, claims no originality in anything he may write, whether it relates to what he may have read or heard from others, or indeed what he may have seen with his own eyes, heard with his own ears, or even passed through, either in the material or spiritual form, however startling, mysterious or strange, and spiritual or spirituelle, many of the things he is about to relate may indeed seem.

Suffice it to say, in concluding this short preface, that all that will be found written in this book shall be *facts*, and veritable facts only—so far, at least, as the author's personal knowledge may be given—feeling deeply not only his personal responsibility to every reader into whose hands this may come, but his deep personal and individual responsibility to his Creator—God—also, in the last great day of final account.

Respectfully and truly,

THE AUTHOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., A. D. 1887.

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DR. J. B. WASSON IN PALESTINE.



INTRODUCTION.

IN presenting this volume to the public, the Author does so without the usual form and stereotyped apology, such as “deeply feeling his utter incapacity or inability, etc.,” to grapple with the subject before him, for he feels nothing of the sort, but rather to deal candidly and tersely with facts as they present themselves to his mind, remembering the old maxim, *Que s’excuse, s’accuse* (He who excuses himself, accuses himself); feeling the better enabled to do so after much study, careful investigation, and deep research, together with the advantages of much travel and extensive acquaintance in different countries, and close observation, endorsed by long personal experience in many ways, often the most mysterious and strange that could possibly happen to any one in the body, or in mortal flesh; and this, too for a full quarter of a century, as he desires to give a brief autobiography of himself, which will be found in the closing chapters of this book, and which may be read perhaps with both interest and profit before perusing this work further, if the reader prefers to do so.

In this autobiography will be found reminiscences and many incidents related of the most interesting character to any one who takes the trouble to read; which often appear more like tales of fiction or romance than real or personal history; and however startling or mysterious and strange many of these narrations may appear, during a life of more than half a century

which the author has passed through—often the most checkered and eventful—and during his travels and residence in the United States and on this Continent, as well as many travels in Europe, in the far East or Orient, as well as scenes and incidents related, which transpired while traveling in those countries and living in some parts of them, as well as his residence in Rome, etc., yet every word is true as truth itself, or as actual history can be written.

And all the writer would ask, further, is that the reader will at once lay aside all prejudice, either for or against the subject, and study and read carefully this small treatise for the purpose of becoming more enlightened, as well as edified and instructed in this great and wonderfully mysterious and strange phenomenon—Spiritualism—which lies before him, and which has raised up its hydra-heads, even like unto those “great and dreadful and terrible beasts,” with their many heads and horns, etc., such as Daniel and John the Revelator speak of in the Prophecies, Revelations and Visions, which will be explained in the most clear, succinct and pointed manner in connection with this, so far as relates to the subject before us.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM LAID BARE.

CHAPTER I.

A Mysterious and Lonely Island ; A Strange Book taken from It, which tells of the Most Wonderful Visions, Revelations, and of Celestial Spirits or Beings in Another World ; Written many Centuries ago ; Has been Seen by Many, Read and Studied by Some, and but Little Understood by Any.

HAVING been carried away at one time in mortal vision to a most desolate, rocky, bare, and lonely island, which is only about eight miles in length, and but one in width, and eighteen in circumference, surrounded by the *Ægean* Sea, and which is now called "Patmosa," also "Patimo." And on viewing this little, lonely, barren isle, thus cut off from humanity's reach, we find it, as we have said, desolate and uninhabited by living man, save one small town only.

And yet it still has its charms, which memory never can efface so long as this earth stands ; for, permit me to tell you, kind reader, this little spot to which we refer, has a halo hanging round and over it, such as time itself can never obliterate or blot from the memory of millions who now dwell upon earth, as well as multiplied millions who have lived in ages past.

"But what place," the reader is ready to ask, "is this, and where can it be, which is of such wonderful importance?" "We are anxious to know more about it, unless you have start-

ed out with some old story of romance dressed up in new cloth, or some silly tale of fiction."

We assure you, it is neither, as you shall presently see, but a fact founded on truth, which has stood for more than eighteen hundred years, and continues so to stand, as firm and unshaken as the everlasting hills, and Rocky Mountain chain which crosses this Continent of ours, dividing the East from the West.

And now, what we are about to further tell you is well authenticated history, which has been believed, and is still believed by millions of people at the present day, many of whom have been, and are still, among the best men and women, too, and the best minds of the age in which they now live or have ever lived.

But to return again to the lonely isle of which we have spoken, and give very briefly a more minute description, which may not be uninteresting to the reader, before we pass on to further notice of the subject before us.

This little sad and lonely, but sacred, spot to so many, we have said is surrounded by the *Ægean* Sea, off the coast of *Asia Minor*, between the Island of *Icaria* and the promontory of the Island of *Miletus*, which juts out into the great sea; and the small town to which we have already referred, being the only inhabited site, stands perched upon a high, rocky mountain, rising up abruptly out of the sea also.

About half way up this mountain on which the town is built, there is to be seen a natural grotto in the rock (usually called a cave). In this lonely cave, some eighteen hundred years ago, dwelt an aged man, who had been banished thither to this lonely spot by the wicked decree of a certain heathen Emperor

and tyrant, whose name was Domitian. At the time of this banishment (of course, for the remainder of his lifetime) this harmless old man, for such he was, and holy also, had already arrived at about the age of 94. And it would be reasonable to suppose that at so great an age he would certainly not live very long upon this barren isle and in that lonely cave, and that he had no doubt already become very decrepit and feeble.

But such was not indeed the case, for, as we will tell you further on, he not only lived to escape from that lonely spot to which he had been banished, even after the death of the infamously vile tyrant who had thus doomed him, but the truth is—and you know truth is often stranger than fiction—this old man, while there on that island, and in that lonely cave, and on a certain day, saw some of the most mysteriously strange and wonderful sights, as well as saw, and even talked with and held intercourse with Celestial beings or Spirits in another world. But just how long these communications were kept up, or he was permitted to behold the wonderful visions which he saw, this ancient record does not exactly tell us; but it was long enough, however, for him to write a book, telling us what he did see and hear, that had been indelibly stamped and fixed on the tablets of his memory, never to be forgotten. And although eighteen centuries have passed since then, during which new continents have been discovered, new empires established, and again crumbled and fallen to decay, and new governments and kingdoms, more than we can now mention, have been set up, only to endure for a time, and then moulder and lapse back again into oblivion, yet this marvelous book of spirit communications and visions and revelations still stands out in bright and living characters, as does its aged Author in the

hearts of all who have ever read and believed his writings.

And perhaps stranger still to very many, as it will no doubt seem, it is even believed by some, who may perhaps be more credulous than others, that this same Author, although he wrote so many centuries ago, still lives here in mortal flesh, and walks this same earth of ours.

And be not startled, gentle reader, when I tell you furthermore, that this belief, however strange it may seem, is entertained by some of the best and most earnest Christian minds who live to-day, as well as many who have lived in long ages past.

But where, where, you are ready to ask, do they get even so much as a scintilla of proof, for what, perhaps, you may be pleased to call sheer nonsense. But be not overamazed when I tell you further, that they are not only earnest, intelligent Christian men and women who believe this, but they also believe and accept the whole inspired word of God, and earnestly and conscientiously try to obey its commands; and from those Scriptures they derive, at least, a part of their evidences for so believing that this wonderful man of whom I have just spoken still lives and walks this earth, as I have said, in his mortal body.

And now, to conclude this chapter briefly, just as we purpose this whole book shall be—some who read this are, no doubt, ready to ask who this strange and mysterious person of whom we have been speaking can be; and also the name of the book; and when I tell you that his name, and the name of the book also, is as familiarly known to every reader and student of the Bible as your name is to you, I have simply stated a fact, which hardly needs to be dwelt longer upon.

CHAPTER II.

False Teachings ; Some of the Beasts in the Apocalypse, representing Modern Spiritualism, Goddess of Liberty in the French Revolution, her Nudity, and the Frenchman's Chickens without Feathers, Novel-Reading, etc., etc.

IN the Gospel of New Testament Scriptures by Matthew, 24th chapter, Christ tells his disciples, "That in latter days there will arise false Christs and false prophets, which shall deceive the very elect, if it were possible." And that apostle, "the beloved John," in his Apocalyptic vision, tells us he saw "three unclean spirits like frogs come up out of the mouth of the Dragon, and out of the mouth of the Beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophets," and adds, "They are the spirits of devils *working miracles*, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the *whole world*," etc.

And the inspired and marvelously gifted, illustrious Apostle Paul, in one of his epistles, tells us that "in the last days perilous times shall come," and mentions characters, the most desperately infamous and vile, who shall arise, "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof," etc.

Telling us, "from such to turn away," for this sort, said he, "are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women, laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." (See II Tim. 3:6.)

But the reader is perhaps ready to ask, "What have we to do with the passages of Scripture referred to?" And we answer, Nothing for the present, only to prove, so far as they serve

the purpose, just what age we now live in, and what Modern Spiritualism, so-called, is, when viewed from a Scriptural standpoint ; and just this, and nothing more.

And that is simply to say, that when once stripped of its cloak, under which is concealed its infamously vile and corrupt teachings, that it stands forth to the gaze of every one as nude or naked and destitute of covering as did the Goddess of Liberty, which was none other than a notorious theatrical courtesan, and was exposed to the public gaze and admiration of those who led the French Revolution in Paris a century ago.*

And that thus it is with Spiritualism, seemingly perfect in all its appointments and manifestations, and however subtle and

* Or as bare of any covering as was the French chemist's chicken. He, having carefully formulated the substance of an egg, endeavored to hatch it out if possible ; and placing it in a suitable temperature for the purpose, he watched it with the most intense anxiety, day and night, for many days, when lo ! to his unspeakable joy he saw the bird, of whatever kind it might be, begin to peck through the shell, which he had also chemically prepared for the egg substance within, when soon the young fledgling (?) came out in perfect health, perfect in its formation, members and functions, though of nameless origin as to kind.

And now, reader, can you conceive of a more wonderful achievement in mechanics, or in modern science and art, or even in chemistry, than the creation of living matter, which he had actually accomplished ? And in his ecstasy of joy and delight he came well nigh losing his wits. But imagine his doleful look, full of the saddest disappointment that can be conceived of, when behold, the bird which now stood before him made a feeble attempt to flutter its wings, when he discovered, for the first time, that his wonderful creation was entirely destitute of so much as even the sign of down or a feather, but stood before him a naked, nameless, "What is it !" Here we shall at once see that despite his almost unbounded science and genius, he entirely forgot to add the ingredients which compose feathers.

cunning it may unfold and present itself in its different garbs of seeming truth and light, so as "to deceive, even if it were possible, the very elect" of the faithful followers of Christ, yet, as one who has faith and trust in him and by his grace sustaining, and spirit so directing, we propose to show briefly before we are done with the subject before us, that this hydra-headed monster which has so recently appeared (as it would seem) and yet not so very modern in its origin as it would make believe, will have its feathers plucked from it, until it will stand before the world and its votaries, as unsightly and naked as did the French Atheistic, Communistic, Socialistic and Spiritualistic, fair Goddess in her nude state, or the chicken of the same begetting.

This is not simply an idle boast or threat, engendered either through egotism or prejudice, as we shall certainly endeavor to give no place to either, or any similar weaknesses, so often seen and so prevalent either in book writing or the newspaper press of the day; not to mention the insipid, silly nonsense in most of the sensational novels, and other yellow backed trash, with which all enlightened Christendom is now being flooded, and which are so loathsome, obscene, immoral, degraded and demoralizing in their influences upon every reader of whatever age, but more especially upon the young of either sex.

Strange indeed, in a land like this, a Christian land so called, where the most stringent laws should not only exist, but be enforced for the suppression of this most dreadful evil, as well as for the suppression of distilling liquors, their sale under any pretext whatever, and all other similar vices and crimes.

CHAPTER III.

Spiritualism, or "New Christian Science," so called, viewed from Scriptural Evidence, and their own Teachings; The Touchstone Applied.

THE holy prophet Isaiah tells us to go—"To the law and to the testimony, and if they (the spirits) speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—Chap. 8: 20.

And the beloved disciple and Apostle of our Saviour in 1st John 4: 1, "tells the followers of the 'meek and lowly Nazarene' not to believe every spirit, but to try the spirits, whether they be of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world."

And then in the two following verses he tells us just how we are to "try" them, and also gives us the certain evidences whereby we may always know just who and what they are. "Hereby know ye," says he, "the Spirit of God. Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God; and every spirit that does not this, is not of God, but is the spirit of Anti-Christ, which is now in the world."

But some who read this, are now ready to ask: "Do not modern Spiritualists believe in Christ, and his divinity and humanity?" We have thought they did! The following, kind reader, is what they, the Spiritualists, their leading lights and teachers, tell us about that.

"*He (Christ) was the natural son of Joseph,*"—a bastard—"No more the Son of God than you or I." "He did no miracles." "*No matter about Christ and him crucified*—dead bodies

are of little consequence." In brief, preach a living Christ ; Christ incarnate in our present humanity. Christ as the Christ principle. "Love, truth, wisdom, the great redemptive powers of the universe." "I do not believe Jesus Christ was any more the Son of God than you are." I believe he was divine and human too. "So are you ; I should pity you exceedingly if I believed otherwise."

In answer to the question, "By what right do Spiritualists, and those intelligences said to be Spirits of our departed friends, ignore the doctrine of the literal resurrection of Jesus Christ our Saviour ?" an intelligent Spirit responds, "He takes it for granted that Spiritualists and Spirits have no belief in the literal resurrection of the body of Jesus."

And in point of fact, so far, he is only consistent ; for in the first place, it is contrary to all known laws such as relate to natural or spiritual law. But this spirit goes further, and says : "That such a man lived, that he died a natural death, that he was resurrected as all souls are, we fully believe ; but that he rose from the dead, bodily or physically, after having been absolutely dead, without having come under the rule of nature and its laws, we deny. *We deny it because it is untrue*, because everything in past history declares it to be untrue, and he whose senses are so benighted as to believe it, is to be pitied, and there are many such on earth today."

What a startling revelation is here given in this above closing sentence, namely : that there are actually many on earth, even at the present day who do indeed believe in the literal resurrection of Christ's body. And only think of it, Christian reader, that you and I, and all who are so benighted and ignorant as to thus believe, are "to be pitied." But this wise spirit does

not tell us he does really pity us, but only says we ought to be pitied. Let us, however, follow their infinite and unbounded wisdom, a little further.

"*Christendom directs us to a man*, who lived 1800 years ago, as having in himself a power to heal all the wounds inflicted on the human soul, by violation of the laws under which it (the soul) exists. * * * *Nature* points to God in our souls. *The Bible* says, "Look to Jesus on the Cross." *Nature* says, "Look to your own soul." *The Bible* says, "Seek and find eternal life in the blood of Christ." *Nature* says, "Seek and find it in obedience to the laws of your own soul, that primeval revelation of which every human being has a copy."

"Every substance endowed with life, is endowed with an inherent power of healing." "Every man and woman may be, ought to be, a Savior, a Lamb of God, to take away the sins of the world." (The above are the inspired teachings of one H. C. Wright, a leading light in modern spiritism.) Concerning the atonement, another great leader (S. I. Finney) says, "All nature gives this doctrine in the face the lie." "The sins of a whole race forgiven, blotted out, in the blood of a reformer! It is awful! Faith in a living and suicidal God? What natural relation has the blood of the righteousness of Christ to a man's sins, actually committed? Can that blood wash out those sins? No!"

Death and the resurrection. On these subjects, the Spirits, through their mediums, the Spiritualists, boldly assert that it is well to repeat, in the most emphatic manner, "*There is no death!* but instead thereof, there are *perpetually unfolding lives*." "All descriptions of the resurrection of the body are so many fictions."

“The resurrection of the body is a physical impossibility and a mental absurdity.” So much for the foregoing, concerning the *Nazarene*, the ‘*Savior of sinners*,’ the ‘*Son of the living God*,’ upon which, however, we will not stop now to comment. But reader, whoever you are, whether Christian, saint or sinner, infidel, Spiritualist or heathen, let me earnestly ask you to pause just here for a few moments, before reading further, and seriously ask yourself the question: “What can all these things mean, anyhow, and how are we to understand them?”

Think, I say, on these things—even here in this enlightened, Christian land of ours, with all the intelligence, education, refinement and literature, and the wonderful and indeed marvelous developments in this, the last half of the nineteenth century—even here, on this Continent of ours, without going abroad to see or contemplate this hydra-headed monster in the alarmingly rapid progress which it is making in other lands.

You will read in the obituary notices of their papers the following, when speaking of persons who have died: He or she “passed on, to dwell with kindred spirits”; “ascended to Spirit life”; “passed over the river to rest with the Angels”; “Death is a misnomer, as her radiant, uprisen glory proves, beyond all doubt.”

In answer to a question, “What new truths Spiritualism has given to the world,” the answer is, “Here is one. There is no death. All nature throbs with life; throughout the boundless domain of the universe, nothing dies. No other system or religion has ever announced so grand and inspiring a truth as this, therefore it is one of the *new* truths Spiritualism has given to the world.”—W. F. Jamison.

An eminent Christian minister, a personal friend of ours, and

an able exponent of the true Christian religion (name, T. W. Smith), now doing a great missionary work on the island of Tahiti, and to whom we acknowledge our indebtedness for many of the compilations here given, pertinently remarks, that "The above statement is hardly a new truth or false statement either, for it is a very old sentiment, uttered by the first inspirational medium, in the garden of Eden ; even the serpent, who, in contradiction to the word of God, had said to Adam and Eve, in case they should transgress, 'Thou shalt surely die' ; but the inspirational serpent said, 'Thou shalt not surely die, but shall be as gods," etc. And so we find these Spiritualists today, who have no doubt taken their inspirational teachings from the same source, viz., the Father of lies, and are now simply rehashing the same old story over again, which Satan, the Prince and origin of all modern Spiritualism, then put into the mouth of the serpent, on the above occasion. As for *sin* ; they tell us 'There is no such thing' ; 'no future judgment' ; 'Man is being judged by his own conscience.' 'All the judgment bar we shall ever appear before is the inherent sense of right.' 'Whatever is, is right.' 'Man is his own judge.' '*The most despicable passions of men, their excesses, their vices and their crimes, often forward more certainly the good cause than the endeavors of the virtuous man, who will never do evil that good may come.*' 'There are greater uses in sin than in holiness.' 'The vital spark of Christianity is no less in the heart of the sinner than it is in the heart of the saint.' 'There is no merit in what the world calls religion, and there is no demerit in what the world calls irreligion.' 'No one church has a truer religion than any other church (this of course includes the Mohammedan, etc.), and all the other churches have no truer religion than the great church of sin-

ners with which all men, if not visibly, are invisibly connected.’”

Reader, pause a moment, and consider the foregoing sentences ; analyze carefully, and then ask yourself the question, If indeed anything more corrupt, more infamously vile, degrading, dreadful, and desperately wicked could possibly come from the lowest depths of the bottomless pit. And yet all these teachings are promulgated and accepted by highly educated, intelligent men and women not a few.

Indeed, they are only consistent with the whole fabric, warp, and woof of modern Spiritualism, modern Scientists, etc., at the present day, such as Huxley, Tyndall, and others, all of whom borrowed their faint shimmerings of light from the late Darwin and his teachings, and to whom may be added the lesser lights, such as Bob Ingersol. And in mentioning Ingersol's name among others—for I can barely take time to mention it in this short treatise—I am reminded to remark that I have sometimes wondered how many out of the vast multitudes of Christian thousands who have crowded the halls all over our own country, and paid their dollar for the privilege of listening to this gifted, bold blasphemer, and foul-mouthed, profane orator vilify “Mr. Moses,” pointing out his (Moses') mistakes; hurl his wicked anathemas at the Bible and its Author, against Jesus Christ, the great teacher, and against all Christianity in general, of whatever name. I ask and wonder how many of these professing Christians on such occasions, when clapping their hands, cheering in rapt admiration at such gifted eloquence, knew, or even yet know, that Bob Ingersol is a bright and shining light among modern Spiritualists, and believes their doctrine and teachings with all his mind and soul. But this, indeed, is sim-

ply true, whether generally known outside of the brotherhood of Spiritualists or not.*

* Under the head of "Christian Science," a new healing method has been recently introduced and suggested as an "Eastern Idea," the sum of which is that health—physical, mental, and moral—is something everyone can acquire, through instruction and practice in the laws of divine mind, *i. e.*, that the teachers of the science treat their patients for *spiritual* ills, leaving *bodily* or *physical* disease to take care of itself. And that in this way, by thus influencing and operating on the spiritual of the human economy or organism, the 17,000 diseases to which medical experts tell us poor, frail mortality is heir, can be eradicated from the system, as well as all pernicious vices cured effectually. To be able, however, to do these things, it is necessary to fully impress the mind with the understanding that we are created spiritually as well as physically, and that the *body* is not the real self. It is also argued that one who believes the teachings of this "New Science," so-called, and is in very truth a Christian, will have no physical ills.

They also hold that the works of the Nazarene and his disciples were not supernatural or miracles, as is generally supposed, but can be performed by any one whose knowledge and faith in Christian science is sufficient to enable him to do it. "There is no death," say they. "You are created as a spiritual being, and you can not get away from it. What *we* call death is merely a cessation of the action of the mind on the body." Or, to illustrate more fully, the body is even *now already* dead, and is merely being *acted* on by the mind, or animated by it. And when all animation is suspended or cut off, and dissolution actually takes place, the being—him or herself—*i. e.*, spiritual body, continues to suffer on or enjoy just the same, only independent of the mortal body, of course. "Christian Science," [they tell us] is an understanding of who and what we are and our relations to all life. And as Love is pre-eminent among all controlling powers, so will Christian Science and Religion, which are based on Love, control the world."

CHAPTER IV.

Marriage, Free Love, Socialism, etc.

SPIRITUALISTS present their views on the subject of marriage in the following language, and practice accordingly: "Marriage is the fountain of selfishness, the cause of debauchery, the prolific mother of disease and crime. We charge all these upon the marriage institution. * * * The society we want is that of men and women living in freedom and governed by their attractions, no one presuming to interfere. The very mischievous error that free love will do only for pure and elevated beings must be exploded. The low and vile must have its elevating and purifying influence."*

"The marriage institution of man is wrong, and must be annulled ere the race is redeemed," says another writer. And a third declares that "All advanced Spiritualists repudiate marriage in its legal sense, and believe in the doctrine of affinities."

Dr. A. B. Childs' teachings: "However much good may have been claimed for and experienced by the old institution of marriage by law in the past, it is apparent to clear sight that, for the present development of the race, it is an institution of woe. The rite of marriage is already abolished by multitudes, and ere long its abolition will be outwardly proclaimed by the whole people."

And this learned and inspired Spiritualistic savant further tells us how to remedy certain evils, as follows: "To banish

* The above found in a Spiritual magazine, published in New York, a few years ago.

prostitution from cities and towns, take the men who support it, called virtuous, from the bondage of the marriage law." "To prevent adultery, take law away from marriage relations." "To declare peace between husbands and wives, remove from their necks the yoke of legal marriage." In other words, pull the halters off their heads, and turn them loose. And by doing so, he tells us, or "to prevent the causes of divorce, make no State legislation on marriage."

"To make the tide of sexual love run smooth, pure, holy and undefiled, let nature's laws and nature's wisdom rule"; and "so let human souls go on in nature's way of progression." "No wonder," he tells us, "that Christianity is a failure. Man alone cannot redeem this world. * * * We never should have prostitutes if women would live with men without marrying them."

At the Rutland Reform Convention, as early as 1858, it was argued if a man loves another woman better than his wife, he is really married to that other woman; and a resolution was offered, that the only true and natural marriage is an exclusive conjugal love between one man and one woman.

A woman who addressed the Convention held that marriage is the sole cause of woman's degradation and misery. A woman in the "Educator," edited by A. E. Newton, says: "It is reserved for the present day, under the inspiration of spirits, for woman to rise and assert her freedom. No man, no Church, or set of men shall withhold from me the realization of that purest of all aspirations, inherent in every true woman, the right to re-beget myself, when, by whom, and under what circumstances to me seems fit and best."

At a Spiritual Convention at Ravenna, Ohio, July 4th and

5th, 1857, a Mrs. Lewis, one of the leading lights, said : "To confine her to love one man was an abridgment of her rights. * * * Although she had one husband in Cleveland, she considers herself married to the whole human race. All men were her husbands, and she had an undying love for them. What business is it of the world whether one man is the father of my children, or ten men ? I have a right to say who shall be the father of my offspring."

This brief chapter speaks for itself, and needs no comment from us. We therefore leave the readers to ponder it for themselves, except to add that the evidences of the outcroppings of the teachings of this and preceding chapters will be seen in the following testimonials, given even by Spiritualists themselves, who have taken a regular course, having gone through the whole science, and graduated in their schools of occult arts. Let us now hear them.

CHAPTER V.

Spiritualism and Spirit Teachings, as Testified to and Viewed by Spiritualists themselves.

FIFTEEN years of critical study of Spiritual literature, and an extensive acquaintance with the leading Spiritualists, and patient, systematic and thorough investigation of the manifestations of many years ; enable us to speak from actual knowledge, definitely and positively, of Spiritualism as it is. Spiritual literature is full of the most insidious and seductive doctrines, calculated to undermine the very foundations of morality and virtue, and lead to the most unbridled licentiousness.

“ It is a notorious fact that leading teachers, noted mediums, and popular speakers, have deserted companions, obtained divorces, and gone off with affinities. * * * The outside world has no idea of the folly, free love and licentiousness among Spiritualists, especially on the part of healing and developing mediums.” The same writer tells us : “ One of the oldest, if not most influential papers, has several noted free lovers and libertines as special and honored correspondents. After years of careful investigation, we are compelled to admit that more than one-half of our traveling medium speakers and prominent Spiritualists are guilty of immoral and licentious practices.”—“ Spiritualism as It Is.”—Wm. B. Porter.

Again, from J. A. Whitney, editor of the “ New York Pathfinder ” : “ The extensive opportunity I have had, and that, too, among first-class Spiritualists, of learning its nature and results, I think will enable me to lay just claims to be a competent witness in this matter. I have heard of much of the improve-

ments in individuals in consequence of a belief in Spiritualism. With such I have no acquaintance. But I have known many whose integrity of character and uprightness of purpose rendered them worthy examples to all around, who, on becoming mediums, and giving up their individuality, also gave up every sense of honor and decency. There are thousands of high-minded and intelligent Spiritualists, who all agree with me that there is no slander in saying that the inculcation of no doctrines in the country has shown such disastrous moral and social results as the spiritual theories. * * * Iniquities which have justly received the condemnation of centuries are openly upheld ; vices which would destroy any wholesome regulation of society are crowned as virtues ; prostitution is believed to be fidelity to self ; marriage, an outrage on freedom ; bastards claimed to be spiritually begotten ! * * * The abrogation of marriage, bigamy, theft, rapes, are chargeable to Spiritualism. I most solemnly affirm that I do not believe that there has arisen a class of people who are guilty of so great a variety of crimes and indecencies as the Spiritualists of America.

“ Spiritualism and prostitution, with a rejection of Christianity, are twin sisters. I have been able, with but little inquiry, to count up seventy mediums, most of whom have abandoned their conjugal relations ; others living with paramours, called ‘ affinities ’ ; others in promiscuous adultery ; and still others, exchanged partners.”—D. B. F. Hatch.

Says another writer, Dr. P. B. F. Randolph : “ I believe Spiritualism to be the most tremendous enemy of God, morals, and religion, that ever found foothold on the earth, the most seductive, hence the most dangerous form of sensualism that ever cursed a nation, age or people. * * * Five of my friends

destroyed themselves, and I attempted it, by direct influence. Every crime in the calendar has been committed by mortals moved by viewless beings. Adultery, fornication, abortion, insanity, are not evils, I suppose. I charge all these to this 'scientific' Spiritualism."

From T. L. Harris.—"The marriage vow imposes no obligations, in the view of Spiritualists. Husbands have abandoned their wives, and formed criminal connection with other females, because "the Spirits told them that there was great Spiritual affinity between them. * * * And wives too, the most elevated and loving, and true to their husbands, have left their husbands and children, and lived in open immorality, because the Spirits told them to do so."

From Mr. Joel Tiffany.—Says he, "After all our investigation for seven or eight years, we must say that we have as much evidence that they are lying Spirits as that there any spirits at all. The doctrines they teach are mostly contradictory and absurd. There are those who have become, and are becoming victims to a sexual philosophy, under the influence of what is termed Spiritualism. * * * Spiritualism, in a very large class of minds, tends to beget a kind of moral and religious atheism."

From T. L. Nichols.—"Spiritualism meets, neutralizes, and destroys Christianity." A Spiritualist is no longer a Christian in any popular sense of the term. In this chapter it will be seen, we have quoted from a number of leading writers, as we find them in different popular leading organs, half a dozen of whom have testified in "Spiritualism Unveiled," of the abominations taught, believed and practiced.

And placing this and the preceding chapter side by side, and so reading the two in harmony the one with the other, we ask

you, reader, if you think it possible that the very lowest depths of the bottomless pit, were it sounded, raked over, and stirred, could possibly boil up, disgorge, and belch forth greater, or more vile corruption than is embodied and enjoined in the doctrines here set forth ; and such are thus taught and practiced.

And is it not as plain to be seen by every Christian mind who reads these things, as is a bright lamp in the midst of a dark room, that all of these teachings and practices can only emanate from the Fiend of Darkness, and be dictated by Satan alone? The English language itself can give but feeble utterance to sufficiently strong denunciations of the loathsome vileness and fiendish promulgations of such doctrines and practices as we have alluded to ; and to do anything like justice to the same, would require us to borrow from their own vocabulary, such as might no doubt readily be furnished through Spiritualists, as coming directly from Satan, their great master-piece, and Father of Lies!

We will therefore dismiss this part of our subject before us, for the present, and in our next chapter consider whither such teachings and practices are tending, and what are the fruits yet further to be seen as we pass along.

CHAPTER VI.

The Politics of Spiritualists, which Combines Church and State, all to be Controlled entirely on Spiritualistic Principles, such as Taught in the preceding Chapters, and which is to Crush out and Break in Pieces all Present forms of Government.

IN a political or campaign document published in Chicago and accepted as a leading organ and exponent of Spiritualism, and professedly under the immediate control and direction of the higher order of spirits, such as Jefferson, Webster, Adams, Socrates, Martin Luther, Wesley, Ben Franklin, and others, the following view of an order of things anticipated by Spiritualists is presented :

First, this remarkable document sets forth the plan of a new and divine government, with Church and State combined—a democratic, Theocratic government—woman representing the Church, man representing the State. But the Church is to control the State. This government is to be strictly democratic, *i. e.*, the power to be in the hands of the people. It, however, is somehow also “to be theocratic [so that] the power must be in the hands of the ancient [Spirit] world.”

The above, it will at once be seen, is very “immaterial,” and at the same time so exceedingly “Spiritualistic” that it will require some little thought to either fathom or untangle it. The idea, however, seems to be about this, as we understand it: That women are to represent the Church, or theocratic part of the new government; and as the Church or theocratic power is to control the State department, and as this same theocracy must be in the hands of, and under the control of the ancient

Spirit or Angel world, therefore these great ancient Spirits, through the mediums of women, are to be the controlling power. Man, therefore, is to occupy a subordinate position in this—"the new and divine government" which is to be—and not to rule any more, but to be ruled.

Now it will no doubt be apparent to many—all Spiritualists, at least—that such a government as this, founded on the above principles, ought to be indeed, when once established—nay, will be, a grand and good thing. After which man—"frail insect of an hour"—will no longer be known to glory or upheld by power ; nor need he longer sigh and sing

" Hope springs eternal in the breast ;
Man never is, but ever to be, blest,"

for an end will at once be put to all this.

And then Aunt Susan Anthony, Sister Stone, Madame H. Beecher Stowe, with her little Topsy and Tommy's cabin, Belva Lockwood, and Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker, who never "had a little lamb," and other strong spiritualistic female minds, can have things all their own way—at least for once, or while the divine administration lasts—"none daring to molest or make them afraid."

No ; not even such minds as Jefferson, Clay, Webster, or John C. Calhoun, who, as the campaign song in his day sung, "both hates a fox and fears a coon," nor even Luther, Ben Franklin et al. of all these departed spirits. For, reversing the accepted dogma of Spiritualism—that Spirits always control the mediums, and not mediums the Spirits, as we will notice further on—the reader will see at once that these strong-minded Spirit mediums will have no earthly use whatever for counsel in the

affairs of Church and State from these once great lights on earth in each department, unless it may be to "call them up" occasionally from the Elysian fields of Paradise to hold *seances* and banquet and revel with them, as a sort of matter of pastime, and on State occasions. Does not every one see just how 't will be ?

Therefore we see, man will no longer be the head, but, woman, disregarding her natural position, in a marital relation as a helpmate for man, and therefore no longer a trusting, confiding companion, who can be relied on as such ; but she henceforth holds the reins of government, and, as the representative angel in the "summer land" will become the object of servile adoration and worship. And then, "great indeed, will be the Goddess Diana," of America.

And as those women now teach that they have the right to say, "whether one man shall be the father, or a dozen men the fathers of their children, we may then surely, confidently look for the fulfillment of that prophecy by St. Paul, when he tells us the time will come when the spirits will creep into houses, and lead captive silly women, laden with sins, led away with divers lusts," and the question has been pertinently asked, "Why may not these Spirits, through their Spiritualist mediums, then demand the adoration and worship of a nude woman, such as the Goddess of Reason in the French Revolution?"

Further news from *The Spirit World*, in an article by E. Carpenter, says: "I feel that the hour has come to boldly defend the Church and State party of men and women, having combined interests for the redemption of the human race. Masculine Christianity is granted by all to be a failure ; but a masculine and feminine movement combined, cannot fail to bring

about the most beneficial results. In no other way can the falsities now obtaining, be crushed out, and good seed planted. I think it were time we were a seen and felt power."

Another says: "We shall be the controlling power. By us, the old Church and Government will be entirely reconstructed." In defining the purposes of Spiritualism, a Spirit says: "The first great object is to convince sceptics of the immortality of the soul, disrobe death of its terrors, give to men a rational religion, and unite all men in one grand, sublime faith, in which angels, or spirits of the dead, hold intercourse with living men: thus raising the condition of the material world up to that of, and in harmony with the Spiritual World."

"The design is, through this increase of knowledge and spiritual elevation, to crush, destroy, and break in pieces, all the existing forms of government on the face of the whole earth, and in place of them, build up a common form of government, which will be a Theocratic democracy, every man will be his own ruler, and his natural demands his highest law."

From the *Spiritual Telegraph*, we have the following, as a portion of an article headed "Practical Spiritual Purposes and Plans." "The great purpose of the Spirit world then, is of a much broader nature, and more thoroughly practical spirit. It aims, in short, at establishing a new social order on earth, through whose mediatorial harmony alone, the Divine truth, and its good, can descend wholly upon, and into a waiting and responsive race."

"It is also the purpose of Spiritualism to educate a class of persons in certain practical functions, that they shall become pivots of groups in the coming new social order. * * * About two hundred and fifty persons have already been select-

ed. These persons are scattered all over the United States and the Provinces. * *

“Another purpose of the movement is the establishment of a new system of government. It is the combination of two elements, Monarchy and Republicanism, making, therefore, (partly because of the combination, and partly for other reasons), a new idea in government. It has already matured its plans to quite an extent.

“All these grow out of a new Church—a Church of principles, not dogmas. This Church is to be both interior and exterior, or individual and organic. It has reconciled both the Catholic and the Protestant phases of religious idea, not overlooking the great religions which dogmatic Christianity does not recognize, viz.: Hindooism, Mohammedanism, and Judaism.

“It is the grand, uniting Church of the Spiritual age, and blends into harmony the antagonizing elements of the analytic ages. It is the mother of all institutions for external uses; therefore the mother of the States, and in the combination takes place the union of Church and State.”

A grand and great Church we see this is to be, as it covers the whole ground in its completeness. Some yet living, will probably remember that during the late war a tract, published in 1861, called “The Soldier’s Tract,” was extensively circulated.

It purported to be a “Spiritual prophesy, foreshadowing the termination and final result, as purposed by the Divine Spirit, to be effected by this strange American war.” Delivered in trance by Mr. L. I. Pardee, at Alston Hall, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, May 20th, 1861.

“We hold that this administration has a mission to perform,

though it is perhaps the last administration elected under the present Constitution. * * * Any man who believes that the grand (Spiritual) philosophy comes to do a little work, then die away, to stir up the Church a little, and not to walk into the government, to cleanse the Augean stables there with its fire-blood of divine light, does not apprehend that this is truly the day of judgment. You must be prepared for such times as you have never yet dreamed of. The higher life (spirits) will control the secret springs which guide the nation.

“This is not merely a political revolution ; it is a Spiritual revolution, reaching the heart of hearts in things—in the State, Church, and Society. First, indeed, the power of Spiritualism was felt in the Church ; somewhat then in the sphere of politics ; now it has got to go back again into the Church, and stir up a deeper religious sense of the wants and defects of the people. * * *

“The next government which shall arise over this people, and which is even now drawing nigh from out of the angel world, will be a theocratic democracy—God ruling through mediumistic man. * * * And then, as Spiritualism and Celestialism march over the land, the master souls, once denizens of time, will influence men’s acts ; the Spiritu-congress above will guide in all wisdom and truth the councils assembled below.”

CHAPTER VII.

Questions for the leaders in the New Government ; to be answered freely, without Mental Reservation, and Subscribed to Promptly, as a test of Qualification.

QUESTIONS for the leaders in the New Government to answer and subscribe to, as a test of their fitness to hold office.

In the *Educator*, (pps. 412, 413), the following prescribed rules for the leaders, or pivot men, under the New, or Celestial Government, first propounded, and then to be subscribed to unhesitatingly and without mental reservation, as follows :

I.

1st. Do you understand that it requires two persons, male and female, to constitute a whole man ?

2d. Do you understand that each man, and each woman, if you please, has a perfect right under all circumstances and conditions, and in whatever locality, to do as he or she pleases ?

3d. Do you know that Government is but a temporary arrangement, to be outgrown with the greatest rapidity possible ?

To be answered without the least equivocation, without the slightest qualification.

II.

“Is the person ready now to aid in constructing a Government on these fundamental principles? Are you willing to risk your reputation, your property, your life, if need be, in the new enterprise? If he cannot answer without hesitation, he is not the man for the times.”

III.

“Do you love these fundamental principles more than anything else? Are you willing to announce your allegiance to these fundamental principles, even though it may separate you from Church, from State, from home, from lands, from children, from the companion of your bosom?”

If the person questioned hesitates, then he is unfit for this struggle, he ought not to be engaged, for when the storm comes, this man will be missing. None, we see, except stalwarts and men with powerful nerve and backbone, ready to perform deeds of daring, such as Edward Booth, Guiteau, and others, could be at all suited to take the reins of this great Celestial, Social Commune, Spiritual Government. Hence, the necessity of the preceding iron-clad oaths of allegiance, to which they are bound with a hearty good will.

CHAPTER VIII.

The dreadful doom awaiting those who shall oppose the New, or Celestial government, or revile and scoff at Modern Spiritualism. They must speedily be brought to the altar of human sacrifice, after untold, fearful calamities have come upon them. An awful retribution awaits those who oppose "Spiritual Communion."

IN a most wonderful speech, by Dr. A. B. Child, reported in the *Banner of Light*, Aug. 5th, 1865, we have the following (I have said "a most wonderful," for so it is, or extraordinary, at least): "The time is speedily coming when every one who has opposed, scorned, reviled and persecuted Spiritual Communion will be brought to the altar of sacrifice, will suffer sorrow, regret, affliction. It will be a bitter cup, but a necessary remedy, for the sickly morals and religion of men. It is in the power of the Spiritual World to make any poor man rich in one day, to make a well man sick in a moment of time, or to make a sick man well; to take life, or continue it; to make woe in the human heart, or joy and gladness there. Imminent and immediate dangers to earthly property hang over all opposition to Spiritual Communion.

"Mark well, and you will soon see that the destruction of property, of health, even physical life, will follow close upon the heels, and overtake all the obstinate, persistent warriors against sin and the devil, all the military of the church militant, all that revile and scoff and say all manner of things, falsely, against Spiritualism, against sins, sects, creeds, beliefs not their own. Disasters on sea, and on land, fires, failures, accidents, diseases, and early deaths, will fall thick and fast, and heavy, to har-

row the peace and happiness of every bosom that is persistently turned with opposition and bitterness against this holy influx, that comes down from heaven to earth, to tell us the uses of Sin and Sorrow ; to tell us of the realities of the world from whence man gets his blessings ; to tell him of the world from whence he came, and whither he is going. * * * Aye, more than blessed are ye, for a new era is beginning ; a new religion is coming (now known as the " New Christian Science) ; a new day of morals is dawning (and it is *now* dawning) ; a new road for human progress is making ; it is the road that the toiling hands of Spiritualism have graded over lands and through highlands, over swamps of humility and the mountains of pride. It is a straight road ; it is a level road ; it is a grand highway for all humanity ; it is onward forever.

" Then take courage, and be comforted ; be not weary, for the work of Spiritualism is the work of well doing. Relax no effort, seek to change no purpose in this great design, for, it must make a revolution, in the morals and religions of men, that shall be a signal epoch in the history of the world's future, for the world's happiness."

If any one who may read the above, or hear it read, supposes that these sentiments are simply ebullitions, or out-gushings of diseased or disordered minds of men, known as cranks, let us assure you, that the " false prophets of Baal and of Jezebel," on the occasion of Elijah's sacrifice on Mount Carmel, were never more in earnest, or desperate in cutting themselves with knives, and leaping up and down upon their altar, and calling unto their god, than are these leading lights in Spiritualism to-day. Nor, did ever a *false prophet* in the days of which we have spoken, give utterance to things which were truer, than

many of the prophecies uttered by modern Spiritualists, even in days that are past.

But lest the above sentence may seem in itself contradictory to some, or appear paradoxical, I pause to remark, that it should be remembered there were in the days of Elijah, not only the two classes of prophets ; one of the true and living God, and the other of Ashtaroth, Baal & Co. ; but that although the latter were known as lying prophets, and so called, they even prophecied the truth sometimes.

And as the Apostle Paul expressly tells us (in Timothy 1 and 2) when he prophecied concerning the very times in which we are now living ; and as Christ also warns his disciples to take heed to those days, (in which we are now living) ; telling them that false Christs, and false prophets should arise, which shall deceive many, even showing great signs and wonders, in so much, that if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect.

In a work we are now preparing, on the fulfillment of the last prophecies in these days, we will notice this subject at greater length, in connection with modern Spiritualism. So also, do the lying or false prophets of modern Spiritualism, inspired and prompted by the lies of their father, the Devil, which he puts into their mouths, as Spirit Mediums, likewise prophecy truth occasionally, as we have already abundantly shown in this and preceding chapters, when comparing many of their damnable utterances, with things which are now actually being fulfilled, the facts of which are irrefragable.

CHAPTER IX.

The Common Evidence of Spirits unreliable as to Identity, either in Character, Age, Sex, Origin, or Future Condition, or whether Human or Animal ; all depending, no doubt, upon the Astuteness and Æstheticism of the Developing Medium in the occult and mysterious Science and Art.

THE testimony of Spirits and of Spiritualists as to the identity of Spirits, would seem often vague and very unsatisfactory, according to the evidence here given by A. E. Newton, former editor of the "Spiritual Age," and others.

"First, they allege it to be possible, and not only possible, but common, and often does occur, that 'Spirits of a certain class assume the appearance and characteristics of other Spirits, or of other persons *still in the body*, so completely that the disguise cannot be detected, even by ordinary Spirit-seers.' And this being true, hence the common evidences of the identity of the Spirits are but little to be relied upon."

"Second, when two persons are closely in sympathetic or magnetic rapport (*rappor*) with each other, the images that are in one mind may be perceived as objective realities by the other."

This seems to be the case with the magnetizer and his subject in the common phenomenon of mesmerism (or animal magnetism, as it is frequently called). The operator forms an image, as a person, a serpent, a fire, or any other object, in his own mind, when the subject, if well under control, sees the same thing as an objective reality.

"So positive minds, in a circle, or positive Spirits who are

around, may present the image of any person with whom they are familiar, and it may appear as a reality to an impressible medium."

Andrew J. Davis taught, and still teaches, through mediums claiming to be inspired by, and in constant communication with, his departed spirit, that "It is known that a wise and strong-minded person in the Spirit-world has the power to make visible to the eyes of mortals the exact appearance or semblance of the body which it wore before death. This representation is elaborated sometimes to the minutest particular, even to the reproduction of the appearance of the habiliments, etc., by which the person was characterized and identified while a resident on earth."

The above, I know personally to be confidently believed and accepted as true by many Spiritualists, one of whom I am well acquainted with, who was once an educated gentleman of no ordinary attainments, and high position as a Methodist minister, who, on the decease of his first wife, at the midnight hour of one o'clock, distinctly heard (or *believed* he did) an old-fashioned "wall sweeper wooden clock," as it stood upright in the corner of the room, and which had not made a stroke of the pendulum or sounded the stroke of time for many years, just at that moment *strike one*. This incident he believed to be strong evidence of Spirit manifestations, and so pungent and deep the influences of it upon his mind, that he not only became a confirmed believer in Modern Spiritualism afterwards, but he stepped down and out of the pulpit, began writing books on Spiritualism, holding seances and circles, and has so continued for quite twenty years strong in the faith. And on an occasion of one of his seances, over which he was presiding,

his deceased wife's spirit appeared—as she often did—to hold communication with him, being dressed in a certain figured silk which she often wore when on earth in mortal flesh, and which was a favorite dress of hers and his, and by permission he took a pair of scissors and cut away a large piece of the skirt, which he still retains as a memento and an evidence of actual *materialization*.

I scarcely need add that the whole trick was planned, and played by one of these most wonderful materializing female mediums, who have become so common.

Again, A. J. Davis tells us, "All intelligent Spirits are great artists. **They** can psychologize a medium to see them and describe them in the style that would produce the deepest impression on the receiver. * * * They can easily represent themselves, as being old or young, as in a worldly dress or flowing robes, as deemed best suited to accomplish the ends of the visitation." Nay, more than this; a gentleman once told me, who was an educated lawyer of New York City, but a very impressible Spiritualist, and who spent much time in Washington, lobbying and otherwise, that at times, when sitting in his room viewing the portraits of deceased friends, as they hung upon the walls, he had seen the features change and the eyes move in their sockets, just the same and as distinctly as when they were living in the flesh; and this man as firmly believed those things as he believed in his own existence. Nor is it at all unusual for the spirits of deceased animals to usurp and take the place of departed human spirits, assuming their form, voice, etc. And why should they not? as Spiritualists believe in the immortality of animal souls as well as that of the human.

A. J. Perry, in *Light*, copied into *Golden Gate*, gives us

the following, under the question : Have animals souls ? After quoting from "Bohme, his master teacher," he tells us, "every soul forms its own body." * * * "Those who have been much thrown upon the companionship of dogs, will never doubt that they have souls." * * * "I have loved many dogs, and never one who had not, so to speak, its special turn of mind, for they have minds." Dogs, he tells us, also "have imaginations, etc." He also quotes from Darwin, as having said they "do not lack for piety." The above writer also tells us that, "in his belief, animals (in general) are potentially the younger brothers of human kind." [And so, it seems, Darwin also thought, and taught.] He tells us also, in the same breath, however, that "he is not for a moment, wishing to put them on a level, as if it was in each case, the same order of beings, only on a lower plane of development." [Only this and nothing more.] "That would be profanation, for man was made after the image of God." * * * "If once the psychology of the dog was better understood, we should feel that humble dependent man has a noble work to perform, and heavy responsibilities."

Mr. T. L. Harris, in "Esoteric Science," teaches that "the souls of deceased dogs, simulate the appearance and actions of men and women, to whom they have belonged here, thus misleading the unwary at many a seance." Bohme also teaches, that "all who have sunk to dog level of morality in this world, appear in the next like dogs." If then, as the foregoing clearly tells us, human spirits can thus impersonate other spirits, and even the spirits of deceased animals, can counterfeit, likewise, and so deceive, and mislead the unwary and impressible Spirit Medium, as to often cause them to mistake their identity, and

make the parties holding communications with them, believe they are the spirits of their deceased friends, when they are not, what assurance can anyone thus communicating, have at any time, that they are not communing with false and lying spirits, even granting that there is a reality in Spirit Communications ?

And we might carry this thought even yet further, and ask why not another order of intelligences other than human or animal spirits, who have never occupied this terrestrial sphere at all, at any time ; also insinuate themselves into the Spirit circles or seances, or so exercise their power or influence upon the medium ? How are we to know who is who ?

Now if the order of Spirit communication, in their seances, could only be reversed, on certain occasions at least, and it is a little strange if they do not, or attempt it, and let the medium control the Spirits, instead of the Spirits the medium, the reader will at once see they might be the better enabled to make the whole thing work a little more to the entire satisfaction of all parties interested, especially so far as relates to the medium, at least, as well as the parties receiving communications from loved ones through the medium. But this, unfortunately, it seems they cannot do, nor even claim to do ; for if there is any one thing in the whole realm of Spirit intercourse, or communication, or in every phase of Spiritualism combined, in which they do seem to be agreed unanimously, as I understand it, and I believe it to be the only thing, it is this ; and so they teach, that the Spirits control the mediums.

But if the fact does indeed exist, as Spiritualists teach, viz : the impersonation of the true human Spirit of a deceased friend, by a pseudo, or false Spirit, and that too, possibly of a dead dog, or

some other animal; why may not Spiritualism be simply a vain delusion after all; so far as relates to human intercourse, anyway? Let the reader pause here for a moment, and ponder this question carefully a little, for it is an important one.

"If you are nervous on the subject of ghosts, don't read this paragraph. For myself, I believe in ghosts. I cannot doubt it, because the evidence I have is absolutely beyond disputing. This man would not lie. He has nothing to gain. I don't pay him anything for this, and a man is not going to lie when he can't make anything out of it. A long, long time ago, so long ago that I have really thought I might tell it over again without being found out, I told a beautiful, weird, thrilling ghost story. It was about a ghost of a woman appearing to a man in the room in which she died several years before. Well, it's the same man and the same ghost. The man is in Mexico; the ghost is in town, apparently. But this is even more thrilling than the other.

"It was a warm night in Mexico. The air was still and laden with odors of the most delightful kind. Peace reigned everywhere, and the moon was shooting its bright silver through the rich foliage of the umbrageous trees. A sense of languor lay over everything, and the silence predisposed a man to dreaming of the impossible beatification of life. His bed was laid out under the shade of the veranda, and he lay watching the smoke from his cigar curling up and floating slowly through the trellised vines. By and by the smoke ceased to curl, the cigar got cold, and stuck silent between his lips. His muscles relaxed, his eyes closed, he slept. Suddenly he seemed to find himself walking down Jones street in San Francisco. I am sorry to bring in anything so prosaic as Jones street, but you have to be exact in a ghost story. It was Jones street. It was the 21st of March. It was 8 o'clock in the evening. He had often been there, and he was walking along briskly towards the house of some friends. Suddenly a figure appeared before him, a female figure. It was the same woman he had seen two years ago, that remarkable day, up at the ranch. She approached him and waved him back. He stopped amazed. With a warning gesture, she said:

"Do not go there! Do not go there!"

"Why?" he asked.

"Somebody has died there. Can you not see the crape on the door? They are in deep sorrow. Come away!"

"Who has died?"

"But before he could look at the door or receive an answer, he awoke with a start. The dream was so vivid, he could not get it out of his mind. It was positively real. So he sat down and wrote to his sister in San Francisco. He did not tell her what he meant, but he asked her simply, 'Who died at —'s on the 21st of March?' He was quite sure. The weeks went by and he waited impatiently for an answer. It came. He opened the letter tremblingly. 'There was a death at —'s on the 21st of March. How did you know? It was the cat.'

"There is no limit, now, to the question of an after life. This ghost story goes to prove that not only human beings move on to another form of existence, but even cats and dogs may be met and recognized in the other world. Good heavens! It's awful to contemplate. It has its pretty side, it is true. It may be pleasant to meet your poor departed pet spaniel or gentle tabby, when you step on to the other shore. The spirit of your favorite horse may be standing on the other bank of the Styx, all ready to ride you through the Elysian fields. The number of black-and-tans, and pugs and things, will be quite enormous, and I suppose one may find the white mice and the red-eyed rabbit of his youth placidly waiting for him in a spiritual shape. But what will we say to the oysters we've eaten on the half-shell, the terrapin stewed for our delectation, the innumerable shrimp, and the boiled lobster of this life? Shall we eat them all over again? When the hardy sportsman comes across the spirits of the ducks he has bought in the markets and lied about to his friends; when the fisherman meets the fish he has jerked out of the water, what, oh what will he do? The slaughterman is going to have the worst time. Will all the cattle he has killed for the market charge at him, when he arrives, and gore him to death? The subject simply opens up a variety and number of serious and appalling possibilities, that even Hamlet, in his most metaphysical vein, could hardly grasp."

That these Spirits which do appear, as they are said to do, or 'hat hold communication with, or through Spirit mediums, so called, if they do, indeed, are no doubt in my mind, the Spirits, not of those who once lived in human flesh on earth,

but are demons, and fallen Angels, who were cast down from Heaven.

And that the admission that there is no certainty as to the identity of our Spirit friends, if indeed there be such, but that they can be impersonated or counterfeited by other Spirits of whatever kind, is of itself fatal to the whole theory—sapping, and undermining, as it does, the very sandy foundation of the false structure, which has been reared upon it, the great fundamental principle of which is, that our friends really do come back to us, and talk with us, etc.

In a word, to sum up all briefly, I deny, in the most emphatic terms, that there has been such a thing as a disembodied spirit, which once dwelt in mortal flesh here, ever having returned again to this earth. I deny it on the grounds that there is no such doctrine taught in either Old or New Testament Scriptures, and that it is in direct contravention of their teachings. I deny it, because there is no proof since the days of these writings, or in these latter days, nor even a shadow of proof.

And therefore I challenge the whole combined school of Modern Spiritualists, to produce any positive, tangible evidence of the fact that such indeed has ever occurred, or does occur. This they have not done as yet, except in the disordered imaginations of their own deluded brains ; who believe such a cunningly devised lie, concocted and brought forth by the "Father of lies," who originated and directs, and controls every trick of the whole organized scheme from the beginning, and will so continue to do to the end. For the doctrines that Spiritualists teach, as we have clearly shown from their own exact utterances in preceding chapters, can only emanate from the lowest and foulest depths of the pit of lies.

CHAPTER X.

The Old and New Testament Scriptures all clearly Declare against Spiritualism, and its Teachings can Nowhere be Found in the Bible. The Subject carefully Examined, Weighed in the Balance, and found Wanting. "To the Law and to the Testimony; if They [the Spirits] Speak not According to the Word, it is Because there is no Light [or Truth] in them."—Isaiah 8 : 20. Also, I John 4 : 1, "Beloved, Believe not Every Spirit, but try the Spirits, whether they are of God: for Many false Prophets are Gone out into the World."

In the preceding chapter it will be seen that we have denied the whole Spirit phenomena taught by Spiritualists, declaring it to be founded on false premises, and without even the ghost or shade of truth to support the whole sham and fraud, or "fabric of a baseless vision."

This, I say, we have done in unmeasured terms, challenging the whole world of modern Spiritualism to prove their grounds. But knowing that this they cannot do, we now propose in this and succeeding chapters to prove from Scriptural evidence the utter and absolute falsity of their doctrines.

Not because the laboring oar rests on us to prove a *negative*, but having denied what *they* claim to be a *positive*, we now purpose the actual proving of our denial, well knowing that however the Christian reader or casual reader may agree with us in our denunciation, yet the mere matter of the denial of the above question, or bare assertion of its falsity, would fail to satisfy. Nor would it, indeed, be at all satisfactory, either to the Infidel, Sceptic, or Spiritualist who may read this book.

All systems of faith and belief, or unbelief, doctrines, creeds,

or confessions, should always be met by rational and sensible argument, and with fair and unbiassed criticism. Not with human fear, or a mortal dread of the dungeon, the faggot, or the Inquisition, with its dreadful and diabolical instruments of torture to the miserable victim, applied by the hands of relentless fiends incarnate : nor should we have the least fear of ridicule, jibes, jeers, or sneers.

The age—thanks to our beneficent and ever-merciful Creator—has past (as many hope and believe) forever for these things. Then let us, as free men, speak, and *like* men, not for the purpose of giving offense to our opponents or to any one, whoever they may be, or however widely they may differ from us in our views and sentiments touching this great subject which lies before us, greater than which there is none other at the present day and age of the world, or, indeed, is ever likely to arise again while the world stands, as we shall endeavor to clearly show in these succeeding pages ; and this we purpose doing without detracting anything from or adding thereto in any way ; but only to give *facts*, and nothing but facts, together with truths as they are found to exist.

At the head of this chapter we have stated that the Old and New Testament Scriptures are clearly against Spiritualism ; and have also quoted two texts, from very many others, which may be and are yet, to be added. The prophet Isaiah, in the preceding verse to the one above quoted, tells us :

“ And when they shall say ” (*i. e.*, the Spiritualists and Spirits shall say), “ Seek unto them (the Spirit mediums) that have familiar Spirits, and unto wizards that peep, and that mutter. Should not a people seek unto their God, for the living to the dead, or, for the living to hear from the dead.” “ To the Law,

and to the testimony, and if they (the Spirits) speak not according to this word, it is because there is no *light* in them." And let us now behold how great is that darkness.

In taking up this sacred volume, the inspired word of God, I desire to say a few words, first to the learned, who may read, viz: "In eternum scribo"; and to the unlearned, will say that the literal translation of the above three short words is, "I write for eternity."

And as I thus write, so may it be said of you, dear reader and of each and all of us, "In eternum vivo. I live for eternity." And what more weighty consideration can there be than this, that would justify or enforce the utmost vigilance and care as to our every act, not only in living, but in writing and in speaking?

It is generally conceded, I believe, and I myself have so written and taught at one time, that man is a Complex being, "Trimeres upostasis," *i. e.*, a tripartite or threefold nature, a compound creature, made up of three distinct parts, viz: the body, which is the earthy, or mortal part of him, and the soul, which is the animal or sensitive part, and spirit, or mind, which is generally conceded, and claimed, to be the rational or immortal part.

This doctrine, I believe, is established beyond dispute generally, not only by what is believed to be actual experience, but also by authority. But is it true? The Pythagoreans, as may be learned from Jambicus, believed it, also the Platonists, according to Nemesius, Sallust, and Laertius. Likewise the Stoics, as appears from Antonius, who tells us: "There are three things which belong to man, viz: the body, soul, and mind.

And many ministers and theologians at the present day, will tell us, the same is taught in the New Testament Scriptures, by one of the Apostles, at least. (See I Thess. 5, 23.) Most of the early Fathers seem also to have believed it, viz : Ireneus, Clemens, Alexander, Origin, Ignatius, Philadelphus, and going back to earlier ages, Josephus. (See Antiquities, etc.) But above all these, let us go back to the authority of the Bible, which in reference to the formation of man mentions the three distinct parts. (See Genesis 2, 7.) The dust of the earth, or the body, the living soul, or the animal and sensitive part, and the breath of life, that is the spirit, or rational mind.

But, says the modern Scientist, Sceptic, Infidel, and Spiritualist, we accept no such authority as you give, as it is contrary to the *natural law of progression*, and reason, and therefore we deny it, because we do not *believe it!*"

Well, in point of fact, my friends, we care but little whether you believe it or not ; your not believing it does not alter the *facts*, for they still stand out just the same, in blazing characters, "stubborn things" as they are, yet shining forth "like apples of burnished gold in pictures of silver." And the simple fact of your negation cuts no figure in the case whatever ; nor are we in the least surprised at it ; for the same Book, the Book of Books, to which we have referred, tells us some remarkable things about those who are of your way of thinking, and believing, and teaching. (See II Thess. 3, also II Peter, 2 ch.) But especially would we invite your careful and serious attention to a part of the second chapter of II Thessalonians, so that there need no longer be any excuse for your not knowing who you are, and *what* you are, and your final destiny, if you continue on in the direction you have now taken. For the words refer

directly to you ; and in yours, and this, our present day, and to all whom you are leading on down to perdition by your desperately wicked and damnable doctrines and teachings. Hear what the inspired word of God says, spoken by His servant, as the Spirit gave him utterance (3d v.): "Let no man deceive you [the saints in Christ or children of God] by any means, for that day shall not come [*i. e.*, the second coming of Christ], except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition." 4th: "Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped ; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." 7th: "For the mystery of iniquity doth already work, only he who letteth ['worketh,' as a better translation reads], and Christ suffereth him to work, until the time is fulfilled, that he shall be taken out of the way." 8th: "And then shall that wicked one be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." 9th: "Yea, the Lord, even Jesus, whose coming is not until after there cometh a falling away, by the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders." 10th: "And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish, because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved." 11th: "And for this cause, God shall send them *strong delusion*, that they should believe a *lie*." 12th: "That they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

If there be any consolation to the Infidel or Spiritualist, and all his kindred, of whatever sect or name, be it Socialist, Communist, New Christian Scientist, Evolutionist, Sceptic, Agnostic & Co., in the few passages of Scripture just referred to, or, in-

deed, in any other part of the inspired Word, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations, we want them to have the full benefit of it. And surely no Spiritualist, or any one of their whole school of craft, can complain of unfairness or selfishness on our part in this, for we certainly seek not to take the least advantage in this way, or in anything we have said. For do not they themselves claim to be teachers of a "New Christian Science?" And do not the Spiritualists also claim for Christ, that he, too, was the greatest Spiritualistic medium of whom they have any knowledge? And have we not quoted in preceding chapters, verbatim, what many of their leading minds and teachers of their doctrines think of Christ and his Apostles? Why, then, should they wince, when the goad pricks, and cry out "unfairness, unfairness," and "persecution"? Let them then, like men, come forward, stand by the *Law* and the *testimony* of the word of God, which never has, and never can be overthrown, and if there is any *light* in *them*, give that *light* to the world, in the bright sunshine of open day, and not behind screens and curtains, in a dark room, or under cover of a dark lantern or dim taper.

In concluding this chapter, it will perhaps be well to add that quite all Protestant Christian Commentators, and writers on prophecy and revelations, are generally agreed that the 4th verse we have quoted in II Thess., 2 ch., has direct reference to the Roman Hierarchy, or more especially to the Pontiff Pope himself. And whilst this may be true, yet to our mind, the interpretation is not so clear as it should be, to make it thus apply, though, without doubt, it would so seem. The reader, however, will find, by turning to Isaiah 14: 9-16, inclusive, also Daniel 8: 9-12, as well as Rev. 12: 3, 4, that which will

perhaps throw more light on this subject, as the great Dragon, the father of Modern Spiritualism, is here plainly described ; but as we have no space to discuss the subject further at this time, more will be said in our treatise on Prophecy and Revelations, when published.

CHAPTER XI.

Miracles and Wonders claimed by Spiritualists. The voice of God against consulting Familiar Spirits pointed and plain. Unclean Spirits described. Texts of Scripture claimed by Spiritualists, to prove their Doctrines.

IN a preceding chapter, we have positively denied the return of human Spirits to this earth again after having left the body, and it, (the body) is known to be no longer living, or animate matter. And we have yet to see or hear, or receive the truth of this claim from Spiritualists.

And if in this, they have thus far failed to demonstrate the great phenomenon thus claimed, it follows as a natural sequence likewise, that the wonderful miracle of materialization they also claim to create or produce, must of necessity be a failure too. And so, by following up this vantage ground, the natural inference and conclusion indeed from the casual reader will be, that all tricks they perform are also nothing more or less than clever sleight of hand performances, legerdemain, or necromancy.

But granting, for the sake of argument, that some of them, at least, are indeed real, and supernatural, does this justify in the least, a belief in Spiritualism, or the mysterious occult art?

And in applying the touchstone as a test to this, let us again "To the Law, and to the testimony, and if they have not this word, it is because there is no *light* in *them*." And if they, (the Spirits, and Spiritualists as mediums,) have this light in them, let them come forward and set it out in open day, or in the bright light of a lamp, that it may give light to all that are in

the room, and not do their wonder-working miracles, which they claim, as we have already said, under cover.

In the book of Leviticus, 19 : 31, the command is "Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them." And in Deut. 18 : 10-12 ; "There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or that is an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." Isaiah 8 : 19.

"And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep, and mutter, should not a people seek unto their God, for the living among the dead?"

I Chronicles x : 13. "So Saul died for his transgression which he committed against the Lord, even against the word of the Lord, which he kept not, and also for asking counsel of one who had a familiar spirit, to enquire of it."

Turning to the New Testament Scriptures, the Apostle Paul tells us (Tim. 4 : 1, 2) "that the Spirit [of God] speaketh expressly that in the later times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils." "Speaking lies in hypocrisy ; having their conscience seared with a hot iron." *Forbidding to marry*, etc. He also mentions a class "having a form of Godliness, but deny the power thereof" ; and adds, "from such turn away." "For this sort are they which creep into houses and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

Could modern Spiritualists be more clearly described in a

few words? for truly there is a great advancement in learning among them, and they even number many of the "learned of the age" among their believers; and whilst they attempt to hold communication with the Spirit world, and penetrate the veil even of that world, and see what is in it also, and have it in their power to call to their presence the inhabitants of that world, and cause them to do their bidding.

But they even go yet further than this, and not only declare that the human soul (or Spirit) returns to the earth at will and through other human organisms, but give revelations concerning the state or condition of the unseen world of Spirits, and unfold the mysteries of the past, the present, and the future to mortals here on earth, and state that we can, *i. e.*, if we believe the doctrines of Spirit communication, converse with those of our own friends and loved ones, and others who have passed over to the Spirit land.

I have said, *if* we believe the doctrine of Spiritualism; but if we do not, neither medium or Spirit is likely to take much notice of us at their seances, unless they can read our minds, as they profess to be often able to do, and so satisfy themselves that the individual is a fit subject to become a good member, or even medium, such as will be able to assist in carrying on the great work.

Leading Spiritualists also tell us that Spiritualism, in its broadest, divinest sense, underlies and enzones all that relates to man in its organization, and in its dual, or two-fold nature, in its capacities, purposes, duties and final destiny.

They, however, deny man's tripartite, or three-fold nature, to which we have referred in a preceding chapter, wholly ignoring the soul or animal and sensitive part of man, such as is gener-

ally believed to impart volition, emotion, etc. They also tell us Spiritualism embraces all that is known, or can, or may be discovered of God, the infinite Spirit of the world of Spirits, of psychological influences of whatever kind, and of the occult forces that pertain to the whole realm of Spirit and matter. But in point of fact, however, the *summum bonum* of the whole matter seems to be, when clearly and fairly sifted, that it generally resolves itself into Spirit manifestations and communications with fellow creatures, who still tabernacle here on earth in mortal flesh.

And this, without doubt, after all, aside from everything also claimed by Spiritualists for the "New Christian Science" and Spiritualism in general, is the strong sheet anchor which has thus far supported the whole false structure. And should this vile and wicked nonsense be once clearly shown up to the public gaze as a myth and cunning lie, originating only with Satan, the father of all Spiritualist lies now flaunted before the public and taught and practiced, which can easily enough be done when properly taken in hand, we shall then see the last and only sure prop—as it is considered—swept away; and then once more the grandest, most powerful, mighty and gigantic scheme that the great two-horned beast, with the mouth of a dragon, spoken of in Prophecy and Revelations, has ever set on foot since the days of our progenitors, Adam and Eve, in the garden, to thwart the purposes of God, to overthrow Christ's Kingdom, and so destroy Christianity. And hence modern Spiritualism will then get a black eye, such as it will never recover from till Satan, its author, shall have devised and concocted some better scheme for its perpetuity.

The question, however, will at once arise in the mind, per-

haps, of some Christian reader, if not in the mind of the Spiritualist, Can this be done—*i. e.*, a negative proof given of the immortality of the soul? And we have already said that we think this can be done, and, we will add further, even from clear Scripture teachings, too. Be not amazed or shocked, Christian reader, when we tell you this, nor think us one of those who are nominally termed “Soul Sleepers,” for such is not true, so far as relates to the commonly accepted belief among this class, many of whom are excellent, earnest, Christian thinkers. But we have what may be called our own views concerning this great matter, which, although not accepted, either by the Christian world generally, or by Spiritualists, yet they are such as we find in full accord with Scripture teachings, so far as anything definite is given or taught in the Sacred Word.

As this, however, is entirely a side issue, to which we have neither time nor space to devote in this small work, nor is it indeed relative to the point just here ; we will defer further notice of the subject, which, however we treated upon at greater length in our work, soon to be put to press, on “Prophecy and Revelations,” in which some points will also be further discussed on the subject before us, viz : Spiritualism, Christian Science, etc., as applied to the fulfilment of Prophecy and Revelations.

Without, however, noticing further at this time, the main issue upon which Spiritualism is based, viz : the return of the human Spirit to earth at will, etc. we will notice other equally wonderful claims, such as “miracle working power” ; denying at the same time that Christ and his Apostles ever did anything of the kind ; *i. e.*, work miracles. But that modern Spiritualists do this we will grant, not as mediums, however, through departed human Spirits, as we have already denied there is such a thing as their return to earth for this, or any other purpose.

As to their being able to perform miracles, however, this, I say, we grant, not from what we and others may have seen and heard only, but also from what is taught in the inspired Word, not only by prophecy, but actual revelation. Christ tells us : "There shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and [they] shall show great signs and wonders, in so much that if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect " [children of God]. [N. B.—Some of the texts we have already referred to in a preceding chapter, but find it necessary to repeat texts occasionally for the better serving of our purposes.]

And John the Revelator says : " I saw three unclean spirits, like frogs, come up out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet, for they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the Kings of the earth, and of the whole world, etc."

The Apostle Paul also tells us : " Now, as Jannēs and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these [spiritualists] also resist the truth; men of corrupt minds reprobate concerning the faith, etc." But how did Jannēs and Jambres withstand Moses? " Not [says a gifted writer, whose name we have already mentioned, and from whose writings we have already quoted] by debate or personal encounter with weapons, but by imitating the works done by Moses and Aaron, as it reads in Exodus, 8 : 7; 'And the magicians did so with their enchantments, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt.' * Here we see Aaron, the High

* And although we read further in the same chapter that these frogs "died out of the houses, out of the villages, and out of the fields," and were afterwards "gathered together in heaps, and caused the land to stink," yet it would seem that their numbers have greatly multiplied even since then, for as the writer was driving one morning from Cairo, along the Nile, a

Priest, spokesman and brother of Moses, "cast his rod upon the ground, and it turned into a living serpent," and the magicians cast theirs down also, in imitation of Aaron, and they became serpents likewise, but Aaron's serpent (or rod) being the most formidable, swallowed theirs up ; no doubt greatly to the amazement of these magicians. So, likewise also, in causing the frogs, of which we have just spoken, to come out of the river, by their enchantments. They did also the same in like manner in turning the rivers of water into blood.

But when Aaron stretched forth his hand, and with his rod smote the dust of the earth, "and it became lice in man and in beast," throughout all the land, and the magicians tried it, and failed, and finding themselves, no doubt, covered with the dreadful pest at the same time, they went to Pharoah and said this was "the finger of God."

And when Moses "took ashes and sprinkled it up towards heaven, and it became a boil, breaking forth with blains upon man and upon beast": just here the magicians could not perform their enchantments, for the sore boils were already upon them.

And so we find Spiritualists today practicing in imitation, much that is good as taught and practiced by Churches generally, but more especially by the Church of Christ, the nearest to the model given by Jesus and his Apostles, to be followed till the end of the world. For, as regards the gift of healing in

distance of ten miles, to view the ancient Pyramids, tens of thousands, perhaps millions, of these slimy reptiles, were seen coming up out of the river, literally covering the ground everywhere ; and it was far from pleasant to hear the hoofs of the horses crushing their live flesh and bones the whole distance along the road.

the Church, which should be found and possessed by the elders of every true Church which has taken upon it the name of Christ, so do they (the Spiritualists) the same even by the power of the laying on of hands. As the gift of other tongues, of prophecy, miracles, Revelations, casting out of devils, etc., in the Church of Christ, so do Spiritualists claim the same, and even use these evidences as an argument of Scriptural example; and yet, in the very same breath, deny the power of Christ and his Apostles, as having been able to perform any of these things.

But just here we would remark, a slight difference exists between the manifestations of Spiritual gifts by the Holy Spirit, and the human Spirits of dead men and women, or of other animal creatures. These gifts that are given to the Church, and to the earnest believer in Christ, who has first obeyed all the commands, and after having done so, has the promise of the blessed Master that "these signs shall follow," etc., as the reader will observe, are given *after* his belief is established, and not to *precede* faith, and furnish grounds for belief, as we see it in the case of Spiritualists.

By what proof, authority, or assumption have Spiritualists the right to deny the resurrection of Christ's body from the grave, or his ascension up to heaven, or his wonderful miracles which he and his disciples performed, or his divinity, or miraculous conception? They tell us, "Simply because, First, departed Spirits with whom they communicate do not believe it; Second, the Spirits are right in thus disbelieving, because to believe in the literal resurrection of Christ's body, would be to ignore all known laws of Nature; such a thing being incompatible either with those that pertain to the physical body, or those which pertain to the Spirit."

In a word, it is, they say, entirely incompatible with natural law, therefore they disbelieve it. Just so deny his miracles as performed through power given him through God the Father, through the influences of the Holy Spirit. Or his ,Christ's, power to impart the same gifts to his disciples, through the same Spirit.

And yet, these same Spiritualists through their mediums, being acted upon by departed Spirits, through some influence other than God entirely, do perform "signs and wonders," and even miracles the most astonishing.

But why should Spiritualists, through their mediums acted on by Spirits, seek to counterfeit the Christian religion, and therefore do the very works of Christ and his Apostles, if he and they were frauds and cheats? Will some highly intelligent Spiritualist please rise and explain? The existence of a counterfeit or illegal note, or a spurious coin of a certain amount, date, etc., presupposes the actual fact that a genuine one bearing the same impress has not only existed, but very probably still exists. A false Christ, is of itself *prima facie* evidence that a true Christ has existed and still exists; false prophets prove that there were true ones, and a miracle-working power said to be that of devils, as we have already shown, now existing, also demonstrates the fact that there have been, and are still, signs and wonders done by an opposite power, *i. e.*, of God.

CHAPTER XII.

King Saul, the Witch of En-dor, and Spirit of the Prophet Samuel, when Shown Up in the True Light, Prove Nothing in Favor of Spiritualism, neither does the Spirit which Eliphaz Saw, when its True Character is Brought to Light.

WE have already referred the reader to a number of passages and texts of Scripture in preceding chapters, claimed by Spiritualists to prove their doctrines ; and before passing on to the teachings of the Prophecies and Revelations, as a closing issue bearing upon Spiritualism, we will first notice the case of Saul, and his consultations with the Spirit medium, and also Eliphaz and his terrifying vision, etc.

In the 28th chapter of the first book of Samuel, we learn that after Saul had "enquired of the Lord," and received no answer concerning what he wished to know, "neither by dreaming, nor by Urim, nor by prophets," then said Saul to his servants, "Seek me a woman that has a familiar Spirit, that I may go to her and enquire of her. And his servants said to him, Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor. And Saul disguised himself, and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men went with him, and they came to the woman by night ; and he said, I pray thee divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and bring him up whom I shall name unto thee. But the woman was afraid, knowing how Saul had already tried to exterminate every witch in the land, and so she had hid herself away by this little town of En-dor in a cave.*

* For such it was which she was in, as the same spot is pointed out to travellers to this day, and was shown to the writer when exploring Palestine.

“And Saul sware to her by the Lord, saying, As the Lord liveth, there shall no punishment happen to thee for this thing. Then said the woman, Whom shall I bring up to thee?”

And after the old witch had gone through her conjurations (we are not told just how she did it or by what process), “When she saw Samuel,” the record tells us, “she screamed aloud,” being no doubt dreadfully frightened; not only at what she saw, but it seems she made the wonderful discovery at the same moment that Saul himself was also present. But the King told her to be not afraid, but to tell him what she saw. “And the woman said unto Saul, ‘I saw gods ascending out of the earth.’ And Saul asked her, ‘What form is he of?’ And she said, ‘An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle.’ And Saul perceived that it was Samuel,” etc. “And Samuel said: ‘Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?’” Saul’s condition, just at this time, was indeed a most lamentable one. He had been forsaken by the prophet Samuel before his death, on account of disobedience, and now he was forsaken of God after the prophet’s death; and, worse still, as he viewed it, the great army of the Philistines were already upon him; and therefore we can at once see to what desperate measures he was now driven, even to seeking out an old witch, who had “a familiar spirit,” and consulting with her, or rather trying to consult with the spirit of Samuel through her mediumship. “And she said, ‘I saw gods ascending out of the earth.’” And he asked her, “Of what form is he?” This old witch had not told him she saw a god or a spirit, but “‘gods’ coming up out of the earth.”

Saul’s whole mind was fixed and bent upon seeing the spirit of Samuel, and he doubtless had the living image of the aged

prophet as clearly before his eyes just then, as if he had seen in natural form, and, it would seem, almost entirely without regard to what the witch had just told him, he now asks, "Of what form is *he*?" "And she said, 'An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle.' And Saul perceived that it was Samuel."

But how did he know it? Saul well remembered that mantle of the prophet Samuel, for, on a former occasion, before Samuel's death, when Saul would have had him perform a certain service for him, and Samuel positively refused, Saul laid violent hands upon Samuel in one of his fits of desperation, such as was known to often take possession of him, and had rent that mantle in twain; when, at the same time, Samuel had told him when he did this, that as he, Saul, had rent his, Samuel's, mantle, so should his kingdom be rent from him. And now that the great army of the Philistines had come up against him in mighty power, he could get no communication, as we see, from the Lord, "neither by dream, nor Urim, nor by prophets": he not only now well remembers Samuel's mantle, but the angry voice of the prophet, warning him that his kingdom was soon to be taken from him; and Saul not only began to realize the fulfilling of that prophecy, but he well knew it meant death to him at the time it should occur. And Saul was naturally a coward at heart, just as all wicked tyrants are, and he therefore quailed before what he perceived to be the spirit of Samuel. But we have already asked, Was it the spirit of Samuel which Saul now saw?

And just here, we are again met by believers in the doctrines of Spiritualism, and others, and asked to show that it was not placing the laboring oar again in our hands, to disprove what

they conceive and claim to be a positive fact, according to the record as given. Let us then examine this matter a little further ; and when done with it, we think we will have come quite as near proving the whole seance a cunningly devised trick of Satan, with whom the old witch was in league, as Spiritualists can prove the seance real or genuine ; or as even they themselves believe it to be. For, according to their own teachings, we purpose showing that they do not believe it at all. And if this can be shown as actual fact, that Spiritualists themselves do not believe it, and that it was not the spirit of Samuel, then we ask, What have they left in support of their doctrines ? For, if proven false in one instance, such as the above, why may it not be false in every instance ?

Here we find a man, in the person of Saul, who already possessed a naturally wicked and depraved heart, given at times to following the most dreadful and murderous dictates of his relentless, cruel mind, even to that of slaying his own innocent son, and David, who afterwards became king ; and this, too, under the most unprovoked circumstances, when the demon spirit had taken possession of him, as we read it often did. And if the casual reader would learn more of the true character of this jealous, vindictive, vicious and relentless tyrant, it is only necessary to turn to the first Book of Samuel, and read for himself.

This mighty monarch, the first king of Israel, who had been appointed by the Lord, anointed by his holy prophet, Samuel, and seated upon the throne, and who had swayed the sceptre over Judea, and other kingdoms, we see had probably suffered himself from early boyhood to give way to the most ungovernable temper ; and this perhaps was tolerated without either re-

buke or correction from his parents, due to the fact of his being "a choice young man," and a goodly; "and there was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he; from his shoulders and upwards he was higher than any of the people." (See I Samuel, 9 : 2, and 10 : 23.) And with this handsome form and face, standing as he did "head and shoulders" above all his brothers, he was, no doubt, a petted and spoiled boy, who was suffered, without restraint, to have his own way about things generally; and hence the demon spirit was suffered to take possession of him, early in life, and so control ever afterwards, at times, at least. And although we read that at one time God did put the good spirit into his heart, and so changed it, perhaps, for a little while, yet it seems to have failed to find a permanent lodgment there.

And now, as we have said, on this particular occasion, after the death of the prophet Samuel, Saul finds himself forsaken of God, and wholly given up to Satan, to be led captive at his will. The great adversary of human souls, or spirits, had stuck close to Saul all through his kingship, ever seeking to influence him to evil, step by step, and lead him in his downward course.

And now, in the advanced years of his life, and the closing of his kingly reign, Satan has succeeded so far, as to have him bound hand and foot, and wholly given over to irretrievable destruction. Saul, well knowing and realizing this, alas! when too late, he becomes desperate; the Philistines, we see, had come upon him and his great army, and with their mighty hosts in battle array, had, with all their panoply of ancient warfare, pitched in the valley of Shunem, over against Saul and his armies, and now stood menacing, and ready to give battle to the armies of Israel.

And in this dreadful extremity, and perturbed state of mind, he seeks out an old witch, even one of those he had some time before, commanded the extermination of from the land, and they, *i. e.*, witches, wizards, necromancers, Spirit mediums, etc., being always in league with Satan, and acting under his direct, and immediate control ; this was now his crowning opportunity to put the finishing stroke to Saul's career. For Saul had often served him faithfully, and now he was ready to render full compensation, just as he ever is to his most devoted servants, for all services rendered, with final and everlasting destruction. Satan having thus lured Saul on, even to the very last hours of his earthly existence, he now brings him face to face, if not with actual death itself, at least with an old witch, or necromancer, who was supposed to have intercourse with the spirits of the dead, and in this dreadful state of mental anxiety, or disordered mind, as well as body, he now seeks consolation in this dread hour of greatest need, not of the God of heaven, nor of Urim, or the living prophets, for this he had already done without avail ; but of the spirit of the deceased prophet, Samuel, and that through a *medium*, a despised, and once dreaded old witch ! Need any one tell us, that this whole matter was not planned and arranged by Satan ? That he did not arrange the whole scene, and control the whole affair ? For who but a Sceptic, Infidel, or Modern Spiritualist, can believe it was not.

"And he said, 'Bring me up Samuel.' And the woman told him, she saw 'Gods ascending out of the earth.' And he said unto her, 'What form is he of ?' And she said, 'An old man cometh up,' " etc. "And Saul *perceived* 'that it was *Samuel*,' " etc. "And Samuel said to Saul, 'Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up,' " etc.

The witch never told him she saw *a God*, or *a Spirit*, coming up out of the earth, but *Gods*. But Saul *perceived* that it was *Samuel*. "Just the same." But how did he know it? This is the question we want some highly enlightened, and educated Spiritualist to answer, for we are compelled to confess, just here, we really have but little means, otherwise, of knowing *this fact*, if *fact* it was indeed. Saul's mind, as we have already said, and everyone ought to know, from the very nature of the circumstances, was in a most dreadful state of suspense and anxiety, and doubtless had been so, perhaps for some days, until he had become completely worn down, both physically and mentally ; and having his whole mind, as we also already remarked, completely absorbed and fastened upon, the one idea only, viz : that of seeing the *spirit of Samuel* ; it was therefore but an easy matter in his then condition, to even see *Samuel* himself, in bodily form, for the record tells us that he *perceived* it was *Samuel*, and says nothing about *its* being the *spirit of Samuel*. And that is just what the old witch herself had told him she saw too, viz : "An old man cometh up," etc. Men often see wonderful sights, under certain trying circumstances. I, myself, have ; and some men, when bordering on delirium tremens, have actually seen snakes coiled up in the decanter from which they were about to take another fatal draught, and have, with trembling hand, started back in amazement and horror at the sight ; and others also have felt and seen them in their boots, and so shook them out, and then ran away, to escape them.

Such things are of daily occurrence, and a disordered mind is capable often of seeing, hearing, and believing anything. But to the question again : Was it *Samuel* Saul *saw*, or his

voice that he *heard*? And do Spiritualists themselves, who make this passage of Scripture one of their very strongest supports, believe it? *And why not?* Do they believe and teach that dead bodies or their Spirits *ascend up from the ground, or come up out of earth.* *Oh, no, no!*

Then we at once see that if this case proves anything at all for Spiritualists, it proves entirely too much, and hence just nothing at all. And just here we might rest the case as it is, were it not that we desire to add a few more brief remarks further, viz: that whilst we have not denied that Saul, and the old witch, too, both saw and heard all he claims to have seen and heard, yet we do deny that it was either the body, or spirit, or the deceased body's spirit of Samuel which Saul saw. And we deny it on the grounds that the record is pointed and clear, that Saul had already sold himself to the devil, and was now fully and entirely under his control; and that he—the devil—as we have already said, had arranged the whole affair for Saul, and was there present on the occasion, managing the whole seance to suit himself, and doubtless taking much delight in it, too; and, as the Scriptures tell us he can transform himself even into an “angel of light,” that it was the simplest matter imaginable for himself personally, or one of his spirits, to impersonate the body or spirit of the prophet Samuel, as well as imitate his voice, and so managed the whole diabolical affair to their full content. And now, if any Spiritualist can make anything more or better out of this little seance, they are entirely welcome to it, and can take the case.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Spirit which Eliphaz, the Temanite, Saw, Job. 4 : 12, 21. Its Character for Truth Questioned. The Angel which Balaam's Ass Saw, and the Voice with which It Spoke, Considered. Also, Moses and Elias, on the Mount of Transfiguration.

In the Book of Job, 4 : 12, 21, Eliphaz tells us : "A thing was secretly, or by stealth, brought to him," etc. And in thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon him, and trembling, which made all his bones to shake. "Then," said he, "a spirit passed before my face ; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof ; an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice saying : ' Shall man be more just than God, or shall man be more pure than his Maker ? Behold, he putteth no trust in his servants, and his angels he charged with folly,' " etc.

Any one, on reading the above, will at once see that it is very probable that Eliphaz had been suddenly roused up from some terrible dream, superinduced, perhaps, by a heavy supper, which had occasioned a violent attack of "nightmare," and in this perturbed state of mind, he beheld the Spirit to which he alludes ; and being, no doubt, of a rather visionary and nervous temperament, naturally, it is only reasonable to suppose that he would be dreadfully frightened at what he saw. And, we may add, such things, indeed, often occur to men, and women, too. We speak not only from a general knowledge, but actual experience also, for we have passed through just such or similar sensations, and know just what the effect is.

But what was it that Eliphaz saw? Was it a Spirit, as Spiritualists claim it to have been? And if so, of what form, and to what sort of creature, when in the body, did it belong; and what was its character—true or false, good or bad?

Eliphaz first tells us, after he had become dreadfully frightened, "scared," as the general expression is, *out of his wits*; he then "saw a spirit pass before his face," which, after "fear and trembling" had already seized upon him, so as to "make all his bones to shake," now caused "the hair of his flesh to stand up." "It," he says, "stood still," but he "could not discern the form thereof." And he next tells us "an image was before his eyes," etc. There can be no doubt, from the record here given, that the mind of Eliphaz was in a state of great confusion during his dreadful fright. So that this spirit, or image, or spirit and image, both combined, whatever it was, kept its *form* concealed from him, so that he could not tell just how it looked, or what it looked like, whether like Angel, mortal man, dragon, demon, or what not. Neither does he tell us what kind of voice it had, or how it sounded. But he *does* tell us *what* it said; and just here we are compelled to protest against its not having spoken truth, when it said, "God puts no trust in his servants," etc., and "his angels he charged with folly," for he does no such thing as not trust his servants, and charge his angels with folly. So, if this was a Spirit which Eliphaz saw (or thought he saw), we see it was careful not to display its form before him, so that he might "discern" what manner of creature, or Spirit, it was; whether of human form, demon, dragon, or Satan, and moreover was a lying Spirit, as we think we have clearly shown. Therefore we see, as in the foregoing chapter, concerning Saul and his Spirit intercourse, that if the above

proves any for Spiritualism, it also proves too much, again ; and as we cannot endorse its moral character, whatever kind of Spirit or demon it may have been, we are also willing that the Spiritualists should have the benefit of it, likewise, the same as the spirit of the Witch of En-dor. The next and only passage of Scripture we shall notice at this time, in the Old Testament particularly, is the one in Numbers, 22 : 26-34, which reads as follows : " And Balaam rose up in the morning, and saddled his ass, and went with the Princes of Moab. And God's anger was kindled because he went ; and the angel of the Lord stood in the way, for an adversary against him. Now he was riding upon his ass, and his two servants were with him. And the ass saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his drawn sword in his hand, and the ass turned aside out of the way, and went into the field ; and Balaam smote the ass, to turn her in the way. Then the angel of the Lord stood in a path of the vineyards, a wall being on this side and on that side. And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she thrust herself into the wall, and crushed Balaam's foot against the wall ; and he smote her again. And the angel of the Lord went further, and stood in a narrow place, where was no way to turn, either to the right hand or to the left. And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she fell down under Balaam ; and Balaam's anger was kindled, and he smote the ass with a staff. And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam : 'What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times ?' And Balaam said unto the ass : 'Because thou hast mocked me. I would there were a sword in my hand, for now would I kill thee.' And the ass said unto Balaam, 'Am I not thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden

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ever since I was thine unto this day ; was I ever wont to do so unto thee ?' And he said, ' Nay.' Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand ; and he bowed down his head, and fell flat on his face. And the angel of the Lord said unto him : ' Wherefore hast thou smitten thine ass these three times ? Behold, I went out to withstand thee, because thy way is perverse before me ; and the ass knew me, and turned from me these three times ; unless she had turned from me, surely now, also, I would have slain thee and saved her alive.' And Balaam said unto the angel, ' I have sinned,' etc.

We have been careful to give the narration of this wonderful incident, as we find it recorded, for the reason that it is the only one of the kind, in which the human voice was ever given to a dumb, brute beast ; except in the case of the seven-headed and ten-horned beast, spoken of in Daniel, and Revelations. In the above narration, we are told, that an angel appeared before man three distinct times, even with a drawn sword in his hand, yet invisible to his natural eyes ; whilst he was distinctly seen, and feared, and shunned, by the animal upon which Balaam rode, until at length it fell to the ground through actual fear, and then spoke with the voice of man, which had been given to it, reasoning, and pleading intelligently, in its own defense, when the eyes of the wicked prophet are suddenly opened, and he too sees the angel, and talks with him. It is interesting to the Bible student, on reading all that is said concerning this wicked prophet Balaam, who is also called a soothsayer, that whilst he had it in his heart to go to Balak, King of the Moabites, and curse the children of Israel, for the reward which he might receive at the hands of Balak, and had indeed start-

ed on that very errand, regardless of the express command of God, that he should not go and curse them; yet, afterwards he went, and whilst on the way, we have already shown from the record what happened to him; and although he submits to the rebuke from the angel humbly, and no doubt, in fear and trembling, after his eyes had been opened, as well as being greatly humbled by the rebuke from the beast upon which he rode, which had spoken with the voice of man, yet the angel suffers him, now that he had started on his way, to go on with the Princes of Balak. But that "he would put words into his mouth," such as he, Balaam, should speak to Balak. And thus we see, that the very curses which Balaam had in his heart, against the people of Israel, were changed to blessings for them, by the interposition of the Lord. So that he could not have possibly uttered a single curse against them, even though it had been as he said, "Balak would give him a house full of silver and gold." For we see, that even after he went to Balak, he manifested every desire still to curse the Israelties, having chosen various positions from different summits, where he could look down on the vast fields of tents, as they spread out over the great plains in the valleys, for many miles around, and in the distance, with their two millions and a half, or three millions of occupants. He even had altars erected upon three different summits, seven altars at each place, with three bullocks and rams for a sacrifice, if peradventure, he might induce the Lord, to permit him to curse God's people.

But every time he attempted to lift up his voice in curses, the words of great blessings and prophecies of wonderful things, for those he would have cursed, came into his mouth, in spite of himself, and all he could do to prevent them, while his curses

were against the Moabites of Balak's kingdom, every time he uttered his voice, until finally Balak became so disgusted and enraged, and "his anger was so kindled against Balaam," that he smote his hands together, saying : " I called thee to curse mine enemies, and behold, thou hast blessed them these three times. Therefore, now flee unto thy place ; I thought to promote thee to great honor, but lo, the Lord hath kept thee back from honor." And although he yet, even, endeavors to make peace with Balak, as he is about leaving him, yet he still could do no more than continue his prophecies and blessings, for the children of Israel, until he " rose up and went, and returned to his place, and Balak also, went his way."

And now, will any Spiritualist attempt to explain, by what power Balaam was thus acted upon, and controlled, except by the miraculous power of the God of the Bible, who is a " God of miracles." The same observation will assuredly apply with equal force, as to genuine miraculous power, and manifestation, concerning the human voice in the mouth of the animal upon which Balaam rode, and the appearing of the angel with the drawn sword. Balaam, as we see, was not a prophet of God, nor was he indeed in favor with God, or in sympathy with God's people. Yet God made use of him, just the same, to serve his own holy and righteous purposes ; and when he had done that, when the final destruction of King Balak, and his mighty hosts came, Balaam was also destroyed with them.

And thus we see the wonderful display of the Almighty power and wisdom and knowledge of God over the children of his creation ; and just so it was in the days of Pharoah, King of Egypt—God had raised him up for a purpose—and also Cyrus, King of Persia, Alexander, Napoleon, and many others distinguished on earth.

And in this way his wonderful plans and ways and works in his unbounded wisdom are constantly being carried on, in all ages and from age to age. But when poor, short-sighted, feeble man, even though he be a "Modern Scientist," so-called, or infidel Spiritualist, and never so wise, claims to *understand*, and *see*, and *know all*, or even more than his Creator, God, to whom he owes allegiance and is debtor—for even every pulse that beats or breath that is drawn—we are compelled from the very nature of things to part company with such, and no longer hold fellowship with him, until a change, at least, may take place in his moral views, and feelings, and teachings, if, indeed, we may ever hope for such.

CHAPTER XIV.

Spiritualism a Demonstrated Fact. Its General Nature and Character as Taught, and Believed, and Practiced, Dissected and Laid Bare.

As already intimated in preceding chapters, and plainly taught in a public lecture on the subject, we believe Spiritualism to be a demonstrated fact or reality. Of this, there seems to us, no reasonable doubt can exist in the mind of any one who has carefully studied the subject and investigated for himself, so far, at least as relates to the phenomena of Spirit communications, *per se*, and in the abstract, being hidden, mysterious, superhuman powers, which operate or act on the human media or mind, and perform marvellous deeds, and teach unknown facts—*i. e.*, to us, at least—and tread the dark, intricate, serpentine meanderings of the past, even bringing to view events in our own history, such as may have been long forgotten by those who alone once knew of them.

Of all this, I have said, there can be no reasonable doubt. Hence it is sheer folly, unjust and unwise, to cry out against it, calling it “nonsense,” “deception,” “jugglery,” and a “stupendous fraud,” as many do ; though we admit we have often seen considerable jugglery going on in seances and Spirit circles, which were not amusing, as well as being disgusting and ridiculous. And just here we are reminded to say, we at one time gave ourselves up quite, for some months, hunting after Spiritualism, investigating and trying to find out just what there was in it ; and we can hardly call it time thrown away either, though possibly it might have been devoted to a better purpose. We, however, learned some things we had not known before,

among which were, as already remarked, that *all* is not jugglery, for there is, indeed, too much positive evidence, however much deception and fraud there may be, and doubtless is, mixed with it.

And however mysterious and strange the facts, yet we do know that many of the signs and wonders claimed by Spiritualists do indeed take place in hundreds of instances, and in hundreds of different places, and in the presence of hundreds and thousands of different persons, whose testimony must be accepted as valid, and who can have no other object in testifying to anything except the truth, that the manifestations which they see are real or do actually take place, or, at least, many of them do.

But granting even this much to be true, it does not follow necessarily that those persons who thus behold "signs and wonders" on such occasions, must either accept or endorse the claims of Spiritualists generally, concerning the character or prime origin of the powers which are thus operated and are seen to manifest themselves on such occasions. If because, forsooth, you see some juggler perform some slight-of-hand trick, or one of legerdemain, does it necessarily follow that you should believe in the genuineness of it, or that it was indeed *real*, simply because you do not quite understand *how* it was done? Surely not. Just so we find it in the matter of Spiritualism, which in the main and in a certain sense is the very head, front, and tail of all jugglery, sorcery, legerdemain and necromancy, and the quintessence itself of psychological and diabolical occult arts, which have been practiced in any age of the world's history, down to the present time. In our candid convictions, there can be no reasonable doubt of this; and we have studied very

closely this whole question for at least a quarter of a century, and, perhaps, quite as much as most persons, not to have been finally led astray by its devilish cunning and subtlety.

We might relate our own personal experiences and observations, sufficient to make quite a volume alone, and which, to many who may chance to read this, would no doubt be of interest, and perhaps no less strange than interesting. John, the "beloved" apostle, tells us to *try* the spirits, whether they be of God, and not to believe all of them. And he then gives us a certain test, whereby we may know the false from the true, or good from bad. (See I John, 4.)

In Chapter IV of this book we have given you the general doctrines of Spiritualists, as taught from the polluted lips of many of their own leading lights, and, by referring again to this chapter, and then comparing the teachings of Christ and his Apostles, you will at once be able to draw the line **clearly** between Christianity and Spiritualism, as taught and practiced. And "by their *fruits* ye shall know them."

But if any one who may read this book has never investigated this dark and mysterious phenomena, in its many different phases, and there are certainly very many who never have—and far better, it may be, if they never will—but if they have any special desire to do so, and a fit opportunity presents itself, and you *think* you have sufficient *mind* and *will* power to resist its insidious, subtle machinations and fiendish influences, there might, perhaps, be no great harm to come from your so doing, and thus examine it for yourself, diabolical as it may be; for, in point of fact, this would only be in compliance with the command of the Apostle, which we have already referred to. The Apostle Paul tells us, also, to prove all things, but "hold fast that which is good."

But when investigating, don't suffer yourself to be hood-winked, duped, and made a fool of, in believing all you either *see* or *hear*; or rather what you may even *think* you see and hear; for if you do, you will very soon find yourself being "led by the devil, captive at his will." And then, the next thing you will know is that you have become *lost*; lost to quite everything else that is pure and good, and have become totally blinded, both as to sight and reason, or in seeing, hearing and believing anything else.

Now we *know* what we have testified to as being true, and true altogether; and therefore warn you, "as though it were a voice coming, even as it were, from the world of Spirits," to take heed to what we have told you.

The great question just here, however, to be considered, is, How shall we attempt to explain these psychologic and occult, or dark and mysterious, phenomena. We use the word *dark*, not inadvisedly, however impressive it may sound; for all, or quite all, the performances of Spiritualists, as every one is aware, are done in the dark, for the very excellent reason, as we are to understand, that their manifestations and developments will not bear the light. But why should this be so? We infer simply from the fact, according to the prophet Isaiah, 8 : 20, as we have before quoted, "because there is no light in them."

But the main question above, however, still remains unanswered, viz, How are these things done? Can it be by, or on the principle of, "animal magnetism," clairvoyance or mesmerism, mind-reading, or any other such or similar influence exercised, or any other principle which may be brought to bear upon the human mind or will? We think not; for from observation, and according to Spiritualists' own teachings, and as

their pretensions also plainly show, the medium is controlled by the Spirits, and not the Spirits by the medium, which, you will at once see, makes a very marked and material, not to say "Spiritual" difference. And at this point, it may be well to stop and reason a moment, for you see it is an interesting matter, and carries weight with it.

All systems of faith and unbelief, as we have already remarked in a preceding chapter, should be met with rational and sensible argument, and with fair and unbiassed criticism ; and not with ridicule, simply, nor with jibes, jeers and sneers ; neither with human fear of the dungeon, the rack, the faggot, or gibbet of the Inquisition, such as once existed ; the day for all these has passed, and as many believe and hope, never to return again. Then why not let us "speak out like men," not for the purpose of giving offense to our opponents, whoever they may be, but let our purpose be, rather, to convince them of error, if we indeed know them to be in error ; and on the subject which lies before us, we feel assured there can be no real or possible doubt, which we hope to be able to not only show, but clearly prove, before we are done with it. And our assumptions shall be corroborated, as we have already shown, by the infallible Word of God, and such Scripture evidences as cannot be gainsaid or overthrown. And this we conceive to be only just and fair, in discussing the subject of Spiritualism, for, as all are aware, the Spiritualists themselves have already organized themselves into a religious sect, and of course accept (?) the teachings of the Bible ; just how much, and with what esteem, and veneration, and love, and reverence, for its Divine Author, we have already shown in Chapter V, to which we would again refer the reader, as well as Chapter IV, on Marriage, Free Love,

Socialism, etc.; and Chapter III, also, on the "New Christian Science," etc.

"Let us then," says Isaiah, "To the law, and to the testimony, and if they, (the Spirits) speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." And without reading or quoting, from texts and passages of Scripture in both Old and New Testament, of which there are perhaps more than a hundred, very many of which, Spiritualists themselves claim in proof of their doctrine, we will only cite the reader to a few; and will here simply give references, to which the thoughtful reader can turn, under the head of *Spirit intercourse examined*, beginning with Genesis 16: 7-18; 1: 2; 19: 1; Numbers 22: 31; Judges 13: 18; II Samuel 26: 16; Daniel 3: 28; 6: 22; Zachariah 1: 19; 4: 5; 6: 4; Matthew 4: 11; 28: 5; Luke 1: 11; 13: 18; 19: 28; 22: 43; Acts 5: 19; 8: 26; 10: 7; 12: 7-9; 27: 23; Rev. 1: 1; and many others which might be given, all of which texts refer to Angels, or Spirits, which appeared to Abraham and his wife, to Lot, Jacob, Balaam, Manoah and his wife, to David, to the Hebrew children, to Daniel, to Zachariah, to Zacharias, to Mary, to Christ, to women at the sepulchre, to Peter, Paul, Philip, Cornelius, and to John.

The above are claimed, as we have said, as texts furnishing proof of Spirit Manifestations. And just here we would ask the reader, if it has ever occurred to him, that we are now living in the very days and age, as it were, of the Prophets and Apostles of past history? So far, at least, as relates to Spirits and Spiritualism, in their manifestations, with perhaps, this simple difference, that in the present age, wicked Spirits only are seen and manifest themselves, and are to be seen everywhere,

whilst the good Spirits are nowhere to be seen. And we can only attempt to explain this, or how it is, by alluding to the fact, for we believe it to be a fact, that the world is rapidly growing worse, becoming more ungodly, sinful, and wicked, than perhaps, it has ever been before. We are aware that this is a very unpopular doctrine for us to claim or attempt to teach, for it is directly opposed, and in contradiction to the popular pulpit doctrine taught and preached, as well as to the spirit of the religious press generally. But we know whereof we testify, to this, a veritable truth, for we have for the past quarter of a century travelled over different continents, and the world generally, and lived in different countries, making this subject, much of the time, our special study; nor have our eyes and ears been closed from seeing and hearing the outgushings of vile corruption, and the most desperate wickedness, perpetrated continually, day by day, and night after night, every moment, every hour, throughout the length and breadth of Christendom, such as would seem could only originate, and be concocted and enacted, by fiends from the bottomless pit; even in this, our own fair land and country, and such scenes, too, as would even make the most benighted heathen, even cannibals and Hottentots, hide their faces, and blush for shame.

If any one denies these things, we think it only necessary to refer him to a single city—and it matters but little which one—possibly the very town or city in which he lives may be taken to illustrate, as well as any other; and if he will only search through its purlieus and vile dens of infamy, he will very probably soon see sights enough and learn of deeds such as will make it “more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment” than for his own beautiful and flourishing city,

with elite society, and its millionaires of untold wealth, and with its fair name.

But we need hardly take time here, nor is it just the place, in this short treatise, to prove further our declarations, however lamentable the facts may seem, and sad the contemplation, in this Christian land of ours. Some who read this, however, may feel a desire to press the subject a little further, and ask for even a single factor that is leading to the above results ; and we will give one, and the very one, indeed, which we believe to be greatest of all, though it has its auxiliaries ; and that is, the actual existence of the subject before us, with its baneful influences and results, viz : Modern Spiritualism and its concomitants, under the shape or form it has now assumed and is still daily developing into, the verity of which we may be better able to show as we pass on.

But to return again to the passages of Scripture already referred to, and which, as we have seen, are claimed by Spiritualists who do not entirely ignore the Bible and its teachings, as being in support of their doctrines. And just here we will examine a little further and see whether or not, on applying the touchstone, their claims are indeed tangible and well established, and so made quite clear to our understanding. And we shall undertake to prove that they cannot be, because there is no proof from Scripture teaching, either in the Old or New Testament, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations, of the doctrine which Spiritualists uphold, and upon which their whole "fabric of a baseless vision" is founded ; but bare assumption, unsupported by Scripture evidence, that any of these Angels or Spirits referred to were ever Spirits who once inhabited mortal bodies. It cannot be proven that they

were ever in the flesh. And if Spiritualists want to undertake to prove by any other teachings than those of the Bible that they ever were, we will again cheerfully hand over the laboring oar and let them handle it to their full content.

On the contrary, however, it can be proven that there is an order of higher intelligences—beings who were created and are constantly employed in the service of their, and our, Creator, God, and, in obedience to his holy commands, carrying messages from heaven to earth, and performing acts at the behest of God for mortals here below, whilst tabernacling in the flesh. This, we have said, the Scriptures abundantly teach.

CHAPTER XV.

Being a continuation of Chapter XIV.

WE have stated in the preceding chapter, that these higher intelligences, known as Angels, or Spirits from the heavenly world, appeared as men, unto men and women, and not only thus appeared in bodily form, but also ate and drank likewise. Modern Spiritualists, however, have not quite gone so far as this, we believe, yet ; though it will be perhaps about the next marvelous feat that they will accomplish at their materializing seances, for such things are said to have actually occurred in the days of the French Revolution, a century ago, for well authenticated history informs us, that Spirits in those days were not only produced, but “actually brought forward and seated at the table, and did eat with kings and emperors.” And as past history is only repeating itself from day to day, and will doubtless so continue till the end of the world, which we believe is not far distant, why should not the same startling, and wonderful, and most extraordinary things, soon occur again even in this, our own land, such as occurred in those days of the French Revolution ?

And just here, it may not, and doubtless will not, be uninteresting to the reader, to briefly refer to some of the scenes, at least, enacted in those days.

History informs us, that it was not enough for this regenerate, or degenerate nation, to have dethroned earthly kings, without also stretching out the arm of defiance towards those Powers, which superstition had represented as reigning over boundless

space. The constitutional Bishop of Paris was brought forward to play the principal part of the most impudent and scandalous farce ever enacted in the face of a National representation, even to declare to the Convention a PRIESTCRAFT, which had no foundation in either history or sacred truth.

He disowned in solemn and explicit terms, the EXISTENCE OF THE DEITY, to whose worship he had been consecrated, and therefore devoted himself, in future, to the homage of LIBERTY, EQUALITY, VIRTUE, and MORALITY. He then laid on the table his Episcopal decorations, and received a most cordial embrace from the President of the Convention.

Several other apostate priests followed the example of this prelate. And now, the world for the first time heard an assembly of men, born and educated in civilization, and assuming the right to govern one of the finest European nations, uplift their united voices to DENY the most solemn truth which man's soul can receive ; and RENOUNCE UNANIMOUSLY THE BELIEF AND WORSHIP OF DEITY. Intimately connected with this wonderful change in the religious as well as political aspect of the government, was that regarding the sacred compact of marriage. "And if fiends," the historian tells us, "had set themselves at work to discover a mode of destroying whatever is venerable, graceful, or good and permanent, in domestic life, and obtained at the same time an assurance that the mischief which it was their object to create should be from one generation to another, they could not have invented a more effectual plan than the degradation of marriage into a state of mere occasional cohabitation, or licensed concubinage.

A celebrated actress, famous for her wit, facetiously described the republican marriage as "the sacrament of adultery." To

the above was added the following sentiments : " The fear of God is so far from being the beginning of wisdom that it is the beginning of folly. Modesty is only an invention of refined voluptuousness. *The Supreme KING, the God of the Jews and the Christians, is but a phantom. Jesus Christ is an impostor.*"

Another writer says : " August 26, 1792, an open profession of Atheism was made by the National Convention and corresponding Societies, and Atheistical clubs were everywhere fearlessly held in the French nation. Then followed the Reign of Terror, and massacres the most horrid. The public declaration was that " God does not exist." The Bible was publicly burned ; the Sacramental vessels were paraded through the streets on an ass, in token of contempt. The Sabbath was abolished, and death was declared in conspicuous letters, posted over their burial places, to be an " eternal sleep." But the crowning blasphemy, if these orgies of hell permit of degrees, remained to be performed by a famous comedian, Mouvel, who as a priest of " illuminism," said : " God, if you exist, avenge your injured name ; I bid you defiance ! You remain silent ; you dare not launch your thunders. Who, after this, will believe in your *existence*?" Some of the above wonderful sentiments have already been given in Chapter-VI, as coming directly from the lips of leading Spiritualists, from which it seems that they have caught the greater part of their Spiritual inspiration from a careful study of French revolutionary History, and of Voltaire, its great progenitor, who first sowed the seeds which afterwards produced their legitimate results.

This bold blasphemer and avowed infidel, in his most wanton self-conceit and egotism, had said : " I am weary of hearing people repeat that ' twelve men established the Christian religion.'

I will prove that *one* man may suffice to overthrow it." And then, associating with himself such men as Rousseau, D'Alembert, Diderot, and others, he undertook it, with what success succeeding generations have already learned.

They sowed to the wind, and the French nation afterwards reaped the whirlwind, which culminated in the French Revolution of 1793, when the Bible was discarded, the Goddess of Reason enthroned in the form of a notorious dancing girl, having been brought before the Convention with a band of music in solemn procession, when her veil was withdrawn from over her entire person, leaving her in a perfect state of nudity, whilst she was embraced by the President of the Assembly, and then installed The Goddess of Reason, Liberty, Equality, Virtue and Morality, the very sentiments of which were transposed in such a manner as to mean the very opposite of their purport, as they were now inculcated and put into execution. Does it require any very vivid imagination to apply the foregoing, as it relates to the French Revolution, in comparison with Modern Spiritualism and its kindred scions, viz : Anarchists, Communists, Socialists, Free Lovers, etc., and as taught and practiced by them?

But to return again more directly to the subject now before us. As we have already observed in a preceding chapter, many of these angels which were seen, and by some at times supposed to be Spirits, not only showed themselves in bodily form, such as men showing themselves to men, but also, in some instances, eating and talking as men.

In Exodus 16 : 4, the Lord told Moses he would rain bread from heaven ; and David, in Psalm 78 : 25, tells us "it was Angels' food," so that we may infer they fed upon manna in

heaven. We read that two men appeared to Peter, James, and John at the transfiguration on the Mount, which were Moses and Elias, talking with Christ. Were these disembodied Spirits? Not a word is said about there being two *Spirits* appearing between or accompanied by two *mediums*. Will some Spiritualists explain how about this? Spiritualists, who deny the resurrection of the body, and we know they do, can hardly be expected to believe that these two men, if they were indeed physically present, *i. e.*, in the body, must have been raised from the dead, just as Christ was, and just as he raised Lazarus and others. We also read that Elijah went up to heaven bodily in a whirlwind; and Jude tells us that Michael, the Archangel, when contending with the devil, disputed about the body of Moses, which should be evidence sufficient that Moses was raised from the dead, for we can hardly suppose that Satan would have made a fuss about the burial of Moses; for if he could have his own way about it, he, no doubt, would have had Moses buried long years before he was. But it was the *body* he wanted, and it is the most reasonable thing imaginable that he would have raised a row over any attempt to raise Moses from the dead, as he, the devil, then had power over the grave, and held that power till Christ came, and abolished it by his own resurrection. The reader, we think, can plainly see how this was.

In the commencement of the preceding chapter we clearly stated we believe Spiritualism to be a demonstrated fact or reality. This we have cheerfully conceded, for the reason that there are some things connected with the manifestations of this mysterious phenomenon that are not only strange, but quite as difficult to understand as they are strange; and some of them,

indeed, are no more easily explained, or even any better understood, by Spiritualists themselves, or the mediums who pretend to practice the occult art, than they are by the sceptic or casual observer at one of their seances. This every candid or truthful Spiritualist is bound to admit. But, granting this much, as we do, and as they themselves have to, does it still follow that we must accept that which neither we nor they understand, simply because we see manifestations? Surely not! No more, indeed, than we are bound to accept their teachings—that disembodied human spirits, or spirits which once inhabited human bodies here, do, indeed, return to earth again. And this we have already denied in such unequivocal terms in Chapter IX, as leave no room for doubt as to the grounds we take; and we again challenge Spiritualists to produce the evidences such as are tangible and irrefragable; and now let them do this in the light of open day, or bright, artificial light, and then we will grant that they have gained their point and vindicated their claims by clearly establishing what they teach, and we will agree to hold no further controversy with them on the subject. And until they shall have done this, we shall most assuredly continue to believe, and shall ever maintain, that they, the Spirits through the mediums, do lie—wilfully, feloniously, and with prepenze—and that it is because “there is no truth in them.”

CHAPTER XVI.

Influences of Spiritualism on the Human Mind, and What it Leads to in its Final Results.

No subject, perhaps, since the creation of man, upon which the human mind has been agitated, has ever exercised so baneful an influence over its unfortunate victims as that of Spiritualism. It is a notorious fact that a very large number, if not, indeed, a majority, of those who have been won over to this subtle and insidious occult art, and who have become staunch adherents to its doctrines, and continue to follow it up for any considerable time, have either committed self-destruction, doubtless from remorse at their misdeeds, or lost their mind and reason in a great degree, or, indeed, many of them have become totally insane, and therefore fit subjects for lunatic asylums. Whilst, on the other hand, of those who have retained their mental faculties, many have become sunken so low in the scale of morals, that they have become addicted to every species of vice and crime and degradation, such as embraces and fills up the whole catalogue of evil doing, the very character of which may be readily identified with the two-horned beast described in the Book of Revelations, 16: 13, 14, which speaks of "the spirit of devils working miracles," etc. Hence Spiritualism and its adherents plainly bear these marks of Satanic agency.

The doctrines which they teach are from the lowest and foulest depths of the pit of lies. They deny God. They deny Christ. They deny the Atonement. They deny the Bible. They deny the very existence of sin, and all distinc-

tion between right and wrong. They deny the sacredness of the marriage covenant.

But in order to make this chapter as brief as may be, we will refer the reader back again to Chapter V, that the leading Spiritualists may be heard to speak for themselves on the subject of Spiritualism and Spirits' teaching, as viewed by themselves. We sometimes hear it said that Spiritualism is unworthy of notice ; that it is only a silly delusion, of little consequence, etc.

But this is a great mistake and a grave error, to attempt to dispose of a question of such vital importance and magnitude so lightly ; for little as some may think of the subject, it is, indeed, making more converts to its dreadful teachings every day and every year than all other sects of religionists combined, or all the churches in the land together.

Its votaries might be numbered by the millions, among whom are some of the most intelligent, educated, and refined in our land ; and, we might also add, some of the most degraded, infamous, and vile that have ever escaped the walls of the State's prison or the hangman's halter. Need we, then, wonder as to what the final results of such associations will be ?

CHAPTER XVII.

The Divinity of Christ. His Resurrection, Miracles, etc., Viewed from a Christian Standpoint, in Contradistinction with Spiritualism and its False Teachings.

IN commencing this short chapter, we need hardly remind the reader that Christianity, as believed and taught by Jesus himself, is of no modern origin or new thing, and is not therefore contending for a foothold on the earth. Even before this earth of ours was made, or even the light separated from the darkness, and all was chaos, even then was Christ, the son of the living God, in the bosom of the Father.

And when he, YEHOVIAH-ELOHIM, addressed himself to the pleasing task of making this planet of ours a fit dwelling place for man, in bringing order out of chaos, and said, "*Let us make man,*" it was to his only begotten Son that he thus spake. And man came forth from the lifeless clay, fashioned in the likeness of God the Father, and God the Son, "into whose nostrils God breathed the breath of life, and he became a living soul."

In this we behold the display of the knowledge, and wisdom, and mighty power of God ; and here we behold Man, the noblest work of his creation, in his dual or twofold nature, viz, *body* and *soul*. First, the body was moulded or fashioned from the dust or earth, simply a lifeless form, and a receptacle ready for life and animation ; and then God gave him the *breath* of *life*, and he *now* became a living soul ; and hence this body and soul, now united, composed the two natures or divisions of sensation and appetite, or animal and sensitive parts.

But man's creation was not yet complete, nor did God stop

here, else man would have remained simply a mere living machine, with a body and life only, and therefore but little else than an automaton, and not a single degree above the brute creation, except so far as his human form was concerned; not to say human nature, too.

But the third and crowning act of man's perfection in his creation was, that God gave him *mind*, reasoning faculties, even wisdom and knowledge, thought and speech; and then it was a perfect creature, in the similtude of God, his Creator; and hence his tri-partite or threefold nature, in full possession of the Divine Spirit or *essence*, *efflux*, as it came from God in this, as it were, his re-generation. And now, we see, he could not only *think* for himself, but could even *walk* with God, and *commune* and *talk* with him.

Here, it will be seen, we have very briefly, but pointedly, outlined man's origin; and without dwelling at great length on this most interesting subject; which is productive of such deep thought, we trust the foregoing will be sufficient to enable the reader to at least comprehend our views; and as man therefore was created in his completeness in the likeness of his Creator, and as Christ the Son was also the express image of the Father, and was with him at the creation of earth and of man, we therefore see, as already remarked at the beginning of this chapter, that Christ and the Christian religion is no new thing, but its roots have already penetrated deep into the soil, and its mighty power and energizing influence has long been felt, and is still being felt, and must so continue, till time itself shall cease in the final consummation and closing up of all terrestrial scenes.

And then it will continue to go on through the never-ending

ages of eternity just the same, though all the forces of Scepticism, Infidelity, Modern Science (so called), Socialism, or Spiritualism, and all other Satanic powers of earth and hell, combine to overthrow it, or quench its onward course.

The Bible comes to us as a Book of Revelation, handed down from God, its Author, and Creator of all things. It moreover claims to be given by inspiration of Him to man. It is the oldest, well-authenticated history of which the world has any knowledge today. And the redemption of man and his future salvation, as founded on the birth, the life, the death and resurrection, is taught throughout its pages, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations.

And to establish its teachings and perpetuate its claims has cost the spilling of the blood of millions of the best men and women that have ever lived upon earth. And this, too, alas! strange as it may seem, has been caused in thousands of instances, not by the enemies of Christianity, *per se*, as it would seem, not by relentless tyrants and human monsters only, who were arrayed in opposition to its promotion and establishment, but, on the contrary, by those who were its professed followers, through ignorance, bigotry, and a mistaken zeal for its cause, as well as for the purpose of placing themselves at the head of the Church, wearing the surplice and pontifical robe, and thus showing themselves to the world, that they were, and are, the Anti-Christ foretold by Christ himself and his Apostles, as those who should come into the world even in these last days, as well as in ages past.

Of the *divinity* as well as *humanity* of Jesus Christ, our Lord, Scripture teachings throughout the Old and New Testament prophecies and revelations are so clear, and pointed, and

conclusive that we need only say to the cavalier or sceptic and infidel that any arguments to substantiate these proofs that might here be given further, would indeed be folly in the extreme, and very probably time—of which we have none to spare—lost, and can therefore only further add, just here in this connection, that if they—the Atheists, Deists, Sceptics, Infidels, Spiritualists, etc.—will not accept the word of God and his prophets, and the teachings of Christ himself, and his Apostles in earlier times, not to mention the present, “they *will not* believe even though one might arise from the dead.”

We have revealed to us, who do and will believe in this sacred volume, that the immaculate and miraculous conception and birth of our Saviour *did* take place, and at the very *time* and *place* and in the manner foretold by holy prophets of old, even thousands of years before the time it *did* occur; that he grew up to manhood; that he preached the true word and fulfilment of prophecies that had been long foretold, both of past ages, the present, and of things which are yet to come to pass.

That he accomplished his mission and commission, for which he was sent by his Father, and our Father and God, no reasonable or sensible question of doubt can possibly arise in the minds of intelligent, sane men and women, who have not been given wholly over to Satan to believe his lies, that they might be damned.

That he, Christ, did perform miracles innumerable, and the most wonderful that can possibly be conceived of in a brain of the most fertile and vivid imagination, even to the actual raising of the dead and decomposed body of man to life and health again, after having lain for four days in the grave, and when decomposition in the lifeless clay had already taken place.

This we have referred to as a single instance recorded. Of other almost as wonderful and miraculous manifestations of Divine and Almighty power, which are recorded and corroborated by eye-witnesses, are more than we can here find space to refer to, substantiated by the testimony, too, of such witnesses as would be taken as *prima facie* evidence in any of the judicial courts of our own country.

That he was afterwards betrayed, even by those same disciples who afterwards testified of all these things ; was offered up a sacrifice for sin ; that he died upon the cross the ignominious death of a malefactor ; that his body was taken down and buried in such a way and under such circumstances that there can arise no dispute that after it had so laid in the bolted and barred tomb, which had been hewn out of solid rock, and closely guarded by a cordon of Roman soldiers for three days and nights, he—the SON OF GOD—burst those strong bars of death, and did again arise from its cold embrace, and did come forth and show himself immediately, and for forty days afterwards, unto many, even hundreds at one time ; that he again walked, and talked, and ate, and drank like other men in mortal flesh.

And at last, as the great crowning act of all, he again ascended up to heaven, from whence he came in the presence of living witnesses, among whom were those same disciples (all save one) who had once betrayed him, and who afterwards sealed their own lives with their blood for writing, teaching, and testifying of these things. Is there anything more wanting? Or can anything more be said? We *think* not.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Age in Which we Live, Viewed in the Light of Prophecy and its Closing Scenes.

WE are living in an eventful age, an age of wonders, and the prophecies of the Old and New Testament Scriptures clearly teach that we are living indeed in the very last days or *Æons* of the world, or of this Gospel dispensation. And the very things which Christ and his Apostles warned us against, are indeed even upon us now, but alas ! we are too blind to see and too deaf to hear them, but they are manifestly clear to every careful student of the Bible, and the end to their fulfilment is rapidly drawing near.

It is only necessary for us to turn to Paul's second letter to the Thessalonians, and 1 Timothy 4, and II Timothy 3, as well as to Matthew 24, and lastly Revelations 16 ; and read carefully, to satisfy the mind of any intelligent person who is not a sceptic or infidel, etc., as to just what age we are living in, and as to the things which lie immediately before us.

In Matthew 24, the Savior tells his disciples : " There shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and they shall show great signs and wonders, insomuch that, if it were possible, they would deceive the very elect."

And John the Revelator tells us, (Chapter 16 : 13-14), he saw " three unclean spirits," to which we have already referred, and he also tells us " they are the spirits of devils working miracles," etc. The Apostle Paul also informs us, in one of the passages here referred to, of a certain class, having a form of Godliness, but who deny the power thereof, and adds :

“From such turn away.” “For this sort,” says he, as we have mentioned in a preceding chapter, “are they, which creep into houses and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning, and never able to come to a knowledge of the truth.”

And as we have already observed before, surely Modern Spiritualism could not be described more plainly than this; and knowing this as the Spiritualists do, need we wonder that they should curse Paul and Christ and all his Apostles and Prophets? True it is, just as Paul expresses it, SOME among them at least, are EVER LEARNING and even number *many* of the *learned* of the age among their believers; and whilst they profess and pretend to dive down deep in the *arts* and *sciences* and penetrate even into the most secret recesses of the hidden mysteries of the earth beneath and of the heavens above, and mount up in their lofty imagination, as it were on eagles' wings, till they penetrate even the very veil of futurity, and look into the Spirit world, and there claim to behold the secret things of God, and contemplate the far-off planets and their inhabitants.

And then again, returning to this mundane or terrestrial sphere of ours, they undertake to solve the problem not only of human and animal existence, maintaining that all have simply been evolved from the mollusk or protoplasm, and therefore never was created, or made, and that the Creator, God himself, is only an imaginary being, and therefore only dwells in the foolish imaginations of the disordered minds of those who believe in him, or if there be any such a being, he is simply a fraud and a cheat.

They also attempt or undertake to solve the various sciences, such as Electricity, that great vicegerent of God,

which moves the whole universe, Philosophy, Physiology, Psychology, Mental Science, Medical, Magnetic, Mathematical, Political, and lastly, but not least, Spiritual Science.

And yet, with all these things, not one of them has ever been able to come to the light, or to see the truth as it is in JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD, or even to believe the Bible, much less in the name of its divine Author. The Apostle Paul also adds : Now, as Jannês and Jambriês withstood Moses, so do THESE ALSO RESIST THE TRUTH." O, Shame, where is thy blush ! Oh, how sad to contemplate such a religion as this, in this enlightened age !

But how did Jannês and Jambriês withstand Moses ? We read in Exodus, 7 and 8, that when Aaron, Moses' brother and spokesman, cast his rod down, and it became a serpent, so did the magicians cast theirs down also, and they became serpents likewise.

And as he stretched his rod out over the rivers, and the water became blood, so did these magicians in like manner turn the water into blood. And when he brought up frogs out of the river till they covered the land, so did the magicians of Pharaoh also.

The reader will here no doubt remember our having called attention to these particular miracles in Chapter XI, to which we have reverted for the purpose of refreshing the mind on this interesting subject ; and thus we see that what those magicians had accomplished was not in debate with Moses and Aaron, nor in personal encounter with weapons of any kind in withstanding them, but simply by imitation of what they saw Aaron do, or, as it reads, " And the magicians did so with their enchantments, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt."

And so do Spiritualists today, as we have stated in a preceding chapter, imitate the practices of the Church, at least so far as it practices the teachings of Christ and his Apostles while on earth ; which, alas, we are sorry to say, might be done even more and better.

For who can name the Church today, out of more than one thousand different sects and denominations, each claiming to be the TRUE CHURCH, that does teach, and preach, and practice as CHRIST and his APOSTLES commanded, and taught, and practiced? If there is one who reads this book who knows of such a Church, and belongs to it, let him hold up his hand, and tell us which it is. Here we add a little anecdote, which will not, we trust, be regarded as *mal-apropos*.

The story, goes, that after the late War of the Rebellion in the South, a certain carpet-bagger from "down East" was making a tour through the Southern country, and one day, on a train headed northward, he discovered a well-dressed gentleman sitting alone in his seat ; and although there were plenty of vacant seats in the car when Brother Jonathan from down East came in, the temptation to hold conversation with our Southern friend was too great, and he crowded himself down by the side of the latter.

The gentleman at once drew himself a little closer into the corner and scowled a little upon the carpet-bagger, knowing well by his earmarks and the bag he swung in his hand who he was and from whence he came. But Jonathan began at once in the following strain or colloquy : "Wal, stranger, you seem to be travelling,"

The gentleman hitched himself a little more into the seat, as though preparing himself for what he well knew was coming, and answered. "Yes, sir."

"Neow, and where mought you be from ?"

"From the State of Georgia, sir."

"And where mought you be going ?"

By this time our Southern friend had stood about all he could, for they never do like being questioned very much, or

having their private matters inquired into, by strangers especially, in any way, and so answered the Yankee as follows :

"Now, sir, I not only know who *you* are, but fully understand you, and further know just what you wish ; and, to save you the trouble of asking any further questions, and myself that of answering them, I will simply tell you all very briefly. I am a Southern man, as you see, and live in the State of Georgia, as I have told you, and I am a gentleman of very extensive means, owning large landed estates, etc., and am now on my way to New York City to look at the place, and if I like it, I purpose buying it ! And now I hope you are satisfied."

At this Brother Jonathan dropped his chin, and, apparently a little dazed, looked down his nose, at the same time throwing a glance at the great millionaire who sat by him, and observed for the first time, on carefully scanning his person, that he had an empty sleeve and was therefore minus an arm, which he had no doubt lost during "the late unpleasantness" between the North and South ; and this was too much for our friend with the carpet bag, so he made one more pass, at a venture, at the stranger, saying,

"Wal, stranger, I—I—reely don't like to be inquisitive, or trouble you further asking questions, but I—I would like to know how you lost your arm?"

"Well, sir," said the stranger, "I will tell you this, too, on condition, however, that you will promise me positively that you will ask me no more questions."

"Wal, I'll promise you that I will not."

"Then, sir," said he, "it was bitten off !"

This was a stunner to the interlocutor, but he rallied again, and in very great anxiety, and with an apology, ventured to ask one more question, viz : "I—I would like to know *what* bit it off?"

And just so with anyone who believes that he belongs to the only true Church of all sects, names, and denominations, and feels confident of this, we would like to know which it is ? And just here, before proceeding further with the subject before us, lest some very sincere and earnest Christian might be misled, by inferring from the little incident related, humorous as it is, that we are disposed to treat the above matter lightly,

we wish to at once disabuse their minds now and altogether of any such misapprehension ; for the Christian religion is too sacred and of too great moment to be handled or disposed of in any such manner. And how sad is the thought and reflection that the foregoing is, alas, too true, and that it should, indeed, become necessary for any Christian man to ask any such questions—one, too, who has been over the world, and seen and learned much, and has both observed and studied the question very closely, viz : that of what may be styled modern and popular Christianity at the present day.

And it is yet a still sadder thing when we, as professing Christians, contemplate such a commentary upon the *spirituality* of our Churches and of Christianity, of whatever sect, or name, or order. May the Lord send a mighty awakening throughout this land and country of ours, and other countries, so as to reach the hearts of his professing people, and stir up the churches who call themselves after his name, and a thousand other different names, with all their cold and lifeless forms and ceremonies, their creeds and confessions, and cause them to more earnestly seek after, and learn, and obey the truth once delivered to the saints ; causing them to awake from their slumbers and become united, even as one man, strong and mighty against the enemy which has come like an overwhelming flood against Christianity, so as to the better enable God's people of every name, and in every place, not only to take upon them THE NAME of Jesus and of Christ the Lord, but to be able to give battle against the great common enemy now stalking abroad throughout the land.

And without seeming personal in any reflection we may further make, or inveighing against the Churches, yet we would

say that every intelligent, earnest, thinking Christian man or woman, minister or priest, who may read these pages, must KNOW that what we may here further say on this subject is in accordance with facts, and facts altogether lamentable, and even painful, as they may be to many, viz : that multiplied thousands of Churches today are only "synagogues of Satan," and have as GREAT NEED to be *cleansed* as did the holy temple of God in the days of the Savior, when on entering into it he took the scourge which he had made of cords, and whipped the vile, mercenary hypocrites, and thieves, and robbers, driving them out, and overturning the tables of the *money changers*, and them that SOLD INNOCENT DOVES, telling them that this was "the house of God, but they had made it a den of thieves."

And if the blessed work was begun today, it would be a good one, even in some of the costly and magnificent temples which have been erected to God, but are more often made the house of merchandise than anything else, where not only money is exchanged from the pockets of the people into those of the minister and priests, but also where the very souls of men, and women too, are bartered and sold.

And if the scourge were first to fall upon the backs of some of the priests and ministers, it would only hit where it justly belongs. Are we not, we ask, at the present, in the very age, the doleful age, of which the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, Hosea, and Micah tell us, "And it shall be *as with the people*, so with the *priests*." "And it shall be like people, like priest." "The heads thereof judge [or preach] for reward of filthy lucre, and the priests teach for hire, and the people thereof divine for money." Yet will they lean upon the Lord and say : "Is not the Lord among us ?" "*No evil can come unto us.*"

Dear readers, this is indeed an awful picture which has been drawn, but, alas, how true, even to the very letter ; and there is not a Christian man or woman who may read this who does not know it to be true, if he or she will only stop to think or reason a little on this matter.

Nor need we stop to recite even a single instance among the thousands which occur daily, to prove to you the verity of these statements. Surely not. And yet all these things of which we have spoken are simply *playing into the hands* of Atheists, Deists, Infidels, Spiritualists, etc., just as they would have it do, and they secretly exult and rejoice over it. Let a fashionable and costly Church be begun tomorrow on one of our prominent streets, and probably the very next day Satan will put it into the hearts of his emissaries who are in his service to lay the foundations of and build one of his and their synagogues. And, peradventure, before that Church is completed, they will have two or three, or even half a dozen, of their vile dens of infamy and shame all finished off and in full sweep of the destruction of human souls, such as the theater, the opera, the whisky murder mill, with the low dance hall and gambling hell often attached to it, to make it more complete. And to make it still more attractive, they will add the abode of her "whose feet take fast hold on hell."

All of which vile dens are gilded in the most gorgeous and costly manner, to make them as attractive as possible, to allure, beguile, seduce and lead the young man, and young woman, too, on to sin, and often to hell. On the Island, and in the State Prison of San Quentin, Cal., we have been told that quite three-fourths or four-fifths of the inmates are young men. Need we stop to tell you how they came there ?

But by and by the fashionable temple erected to the worship of God is finished in a most gorgeous and costly manner, and a most imposing and beautiful piece of architecture it is to behold, and many a man has no doubt been sadly imposed upon in some way or other, by having money extorted from him by various ways and means to help on with its completion.

The pews are all cushioned and upholstered in the most costly manner, with crimson silk or rep; the day is appointed for their sale. The rich and fashionable church member goes, pays his money and takes his choice. But where may we look to find the same fashionable pew-holding church members afterwards?

More frequently in one of those gilded saloons and vile dens of infamy such as we have already described, than in their pews at the proper time in the church. But what signifies it, so he continues to hold his pew, pay the rent, and thereby keep may be, some poor man or woman out of it.

And what cares the priest of that temple or church, does he not teach for hire, and is not his salary a fixed and large one? Then why should he care whether his pews are filled or empty? But appearances go on just the same, and we all know the old axiom: "There is nothing like keeping up appearances." Many have tried that very thing for years and know just how it pays in almost anything, it matters but little what, but in matters of religion especially. And just here in this connection we remark, that Infidels, Spiritualists, etc., as well as Satan their master, whom they serve, are very well satisfied with many of the Churches at the present day, and can, indeed, harmonize with them in a very great measure.

But how? In the simple fact, we will answer, in all we have said about those Churches, and the priests, elders, deacons, members, and ministers, being strictly true. And the Spiritualists, being mind readers—some of them at least, or if not just that, all having eyes and ears—can see just how far professing Christians are earnest and sincere in their pretensions and in all they say and do

A FREE SEAT.

He was old, and poor, and a stranger
In the great metropolis,
And he bent his steps toward the portal wide
Of a stately edifice.
Outside he enquired, "What church is this?"
"Church of Christ," he heard them say.
Ah! just the place I'm looking for,
I trust he is here today.

He passed through the spacious column'd door,
And up the carpeted aisle ;
And as he passed, on many a face
He saw surprise and smile ;
From pew to pew up one entire side,
Then across the broad front space,
From pew to pew down the other side
He walked with the same slow pace.

Not a friendly voice had bade him sit
To listen to gospel truth ;
Not a sign of deference had been paid
To the aged one by youth.
No door was opened by generous hand,
The pews were paid for—rented,
As he was a stranger, old and poor,
Not a heart to him relented.

He paused a moment outside to think,
Then passed into the street,
Up to his shoulder he lifted a stone
That lay in the dust at his feet,
And bore it up the broad, grand aisle,
In front of the ranks of pews,
Choosing a place to see and hear,
He made a seat for his use.

Calmly sitting on the huge stone,
Folding his hands on his knees,
Slowly reviewing the *worshippers*,
A great confusion he sees.
Many a cheek is crimsoned with shame,
Some whisper together sore,
And wish they had been more courteous
To the stranger, old and poor.

As if by magic, some fifty doors
Opened instantaneously,
And as many seats, and books, and hands
Are proffered hastily.
Changing his seat for a crimson pew,
And wiping a tear away,
He thinks 'twas a mistake after all,
And that Christ came late that day.

The preacher's discourse was eloquent,
The organ in finest tone,
But the most impressive sermon heard
Was preached by that humble stone !
'Twas a lesson of lowliness and worth
That lodged in many a heart,
And the Church preserves that sacred stone
That the truth may not depart !

CHAPTER XIX.

Continuation of Subject of Preceding Chapter, Further Showing the Vivid Imagination of Spiritualists, Together with a Narration of the Author's Personal Experience on the Subject.

BEFORE proceeding with this chapter, it will, perhaps, not be uninteresting to the reader to give a short narration of a single instance of the author's own personal experience, which occurred a few years ago, and is of a highly Spiritualistic nature, of which I was not only an eye-witness, but indirectly took some little part.

I was spending some time in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, on account of poor health, and while there the thought occurred to me that I would do a little missionary work, for the love I bore toward my fellow creatures and for my Master, who has always done so much for me all through life's journey, and often much more than I was capable of appreciating, or as thankful for as I should have been.

And what I am going to relate, though seemingly of a trivial nature, will assist at least, in illustrating the subject before us. The town I was living in had several churches of various denominations, and I was accustomed to preach occasionally for first one, and then another, as well as practice medicine for the people, and of course charged nothing, either for preaching or practice. In the meantime the thought occurred to me, that a Young Men's Christian Association might also be gotten up, and I went to work with considerable energy to accomplish this end, and with no small effort and some coöperation on the part of others, finally succeeded. Having organized and got the institution in working order, committees were appointed among the members to perform certain duties, among which were those of visiting committees appointed to hold weekly prayer meetings; and being one of that number, another member and myself on a certain evening visited an old lady and her daughter, the younger of whom was a helpless invalid, and had been so for many years.

When we arrived at the house, we also found a little wiry New England lady, who had recently arrived from the East, and she having heard of our intention before the meeting, sought the opportunity of being present on that occasion, and as might be supposed and hoped, had come to assist in the meeting also, which, as will presently be seen, she really did, in such a way, however, as is perhaps seldom seen on such occasions.

After introductions had been exchanged in due form, and a few minutes' pleasant conversation, the meeting was commenced by singing rather a spiritual Gospel song or two, and then prayers, kneeling. After singing again, I read, I think it was, the 4th chapter of the first epistle of John, as follows:

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world." 2d. "Hereby know ye the Spirit of God; every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God, and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God; and that is that spirit of anti-Christ, whereof ye have heard that it should come, and even now it is already in the world"; and so on to the end of the chapter.

Then after adding a few practical remarks bearing on the lesson read, I called on my friend, a good Baptist brother, to lead in prayer. Our little lady from the East, whom I have mentioned, had, however, by this time become quite restless, and so about the time Bro. Sanford (as he was called) got well under way with his prayer (which was well emphasized, and certainly *loud* enough to be heard) the little woman sprang to her feet all of a sudden, and began gesticulating with her arms very excitedly, at the same time saying "Shoo! shoo! shoo!" and apparently driving some (to us) unseen object before her, and through the open door leading into the room where the invalid lay on her couch. Then she stationed herself there, as it were to guard the door during the rest of the services, which however, soon came to an end, and so must this, my story.

I then asked her what the trouble was: that I had noticed that she seemed a little excited. "Oh!" said she, "I was; I saw such dreadful, wicked spirits coming through the door here, right into the room, and so I drove them and kept them back, till you got through with the meeting, for fear of trouble."

She then told me she was a Spirit Medium, and of course could control them at will; the doctrine of Spiritualists in this

respect, as you will at once see, remembering what is shown in preceding chapters, being directly to the reverse of the proceeding in this case.

But whether the little woman actually imagined she saw wicked spirits, or did all this for effect or not, I, of course, am unable to say. I, however, asked her why she did not let them come. "Oh," said she, "it would never have done; there would have been trouble. They were much displeased with our meeting, and the Scripture you read, and what you said, etc."

The dear little lady seemed to think they had a great spite at me especially (which, however, I had always known to be true), and were seeking to do me bodily harm. I might have told her I was used to that sort of thing already from them in various ways, and had been for a long time.

She herself also assured me she was not satisfied with that Scripture either, nor with the way I had commented on it, and wished I would listen to her explication of it. I told her it would be of no use nor do any good, for I had already been through the schools. And that if she still continued to follow up that doctrine of Spiritualism, it would soon land her in the insane asylum, for she was fast verging in that direction then.

Kind reader, it is needless for us to tell you that many of them do become insane, for they have told us with their own lips that they actually see, or imagine they *see, hear* or *feel* all manner of absurd things.

When I was investigating Spiritualism, and trying to find out what there is in it, I myself have seen sights and wonders, too, at their circles and seances, that were, indeed, marvellous to behold. Whilst I did not believe even my own eyes and ears, yet quite every one else present as firmly and honestly believed everything we saw and heard as they believed they were drawing the breath of life.

I might recite instances by the hour concerning these things, if space would allow. I heard a New York lawyer, who figured prominently in Washington, and among Spiritualists, tell that

he had actually seen the eyes of a portrait painting of a deceased friend, that was hung upon the wall, move distinctly in their sockets, winking and blinking at him, whilst he was gazing at it; and it was looking at him just as the original had done in life; and that he was confident that portrait was alive then.

In this most extraordinary *seance*, held by this highly distinguished lobbyist, politician and infidel (we have not said it was Bob End-or Saul), who saw the portrait on the wall thus winking and blinking at him so *true to life*, we are forcibly reminded of the childish, innocent little song of the jay bird, perched on a swinging limb.

SONG OF THE JAY BIRD.

A Bluejay perched on a swinging limb,
And he *winked* at me, and he *winked* at Jim.
He looked so cunning and cute, you know,
As he flapped his wings and winked at Joe.

He winked at Joe and flapped his wings,
And sang us a song about different things.
And winking at me, he seemed to say,
"If you (John) can catch my *tale*, you may,
 Ri-dalda, ralda, riddle-dal-day."

As I (John) looked up, he gave one more flop,
And, just then, I let my eyelids drop,
When lo, on the brim of my broad chip hat,
I heard a twig, leaf, or something come—spat.

Again I looked up: "What means this, Mr. Jay?"
But *winking* once more, he seemed slyly to say,
With a knowing look, to Joe and Jim,
"Boys, don't you see how I *headed him?*"



With one more wink at Jim and Joe,
And a flap of his wings, he off did go.
But if I (John) had had but a handful of salt
To throw on his tail I'd have made him halt.

But the above is but a small matter to what many Spiritualists do profess to both see, and hear, and feel, and there can be no reasonable doubt in the mind of any intelligent man or woman who has ever considered this subject, that Spiritualists do, indeed, actually see wonderful sights, as well as hear and feel wonderful things. Even the Scripture evidence we have referred to in the cases of Saul and Eliphaz, not to mention others, are sufficient of themselves to prove this to be a veritable fact.

CHAPTER XX.

Subject of last Chapter continued, with Spirit Manifestations Disclosed.

AT this moment, on entering on the subject of this chapter, another mysterious incident or two occurs to my mind, which came under my own personal observation, and which, indeed, happened to myself.

On returning from a sea voyage to Turkey and Asia Minor, or Syria, as it is more familiarly known, in mid-winter, we found the sea exceedingly rough, as it almost invariably is at that season, so much so, indeed, that the vessel could not effect a landing at the ancient City of Joppa, nor at Port Said; so we were compelled to continue on directly to Alexandria, and there also found the coast and harbor so rough that we were compelled to cast anchor, and lie to for some time before going ashore or pursuing our voyage, the destination of which was the coast of France. In a few days, however, the tempest which had been raging seemed to subside a little, and so our vessel weighed anchor and steamed out again on her onward course. The termination of the voyage, which we ought to have been able to make in three days, took us, however, more than six, on account of rough weather and yet rougher seas.

Although the vessel was a strong screw steamer, of the Russian, Oriental, and Peninsula Line of mail steamers, yet she seemed to be more under the ocean a great part of the time than above it, owing to the rough Mediterranean seas and the Adriatic "chop waves," as they are called, coming in cross directions, which caused our vessel to be almost continually shipping heavy seas over the decks, and ploughing, bow foremost, down into the waters of the deep.

So, altogether, it was a very disagreeable voyage, to say no more of it; not quite so bad, however, as St. Paul experienced on his way when prisoner to Rome, which also occurred in winter and in these same waters, and during one of those dreadful tempests which lasted fourteen days and nights, during which time, the record tells us, neither sun, moon, or stars shone out, and which finally ended in a dreadful shipwreck, causing the

loss of the vessel and its entire cargo, the lives of those on board only being saved, and during which time they ate nothing ; and the last night, he tells us also, while being tossed to and fro, up and down upon the raging seas and those troubled waters, he saw an angel (or spirit) who came and stood by him, telling him to be of good cheer, etc.

I, however, neither saw angel nor spirit on this occasion, and I am sorry to disappoint you in telling you this. But I was dreadfully sick, not being well when I started on the voyage, and, having entirely lost my appetite from exhaustion and feebleness, had eaten nothing for some days ; so, together with fasting and sea-sickness, I had become so weak that I could not easily raise my head from my pillow.

The steward, coming into my room one morning, and seeing my feeble condition, took pity upon me, I suppose, and concluded he would try to get me to take a little nourishment of some kind. But unfortunately he could not understand a word of English, nor could I understand a word of Russian, which was his mother tongue, nor did there seem to be a living soul aboard the ship who could speak any other. I, however, greatly felt the absolute necessity for some food, or I should hardly live to make the voyage ; and I thought if I could get a little champagne and take a few sips, it might enable me then to take a little food, of whatever kind I might be able to get. And so I tried to ask for a bottle of it, and by a great effort got him to understand that ; but I could think of nothing I wanted besides, unless, perhaps, a bite of bread and a soft boiled egg ; so I tried to get him to understand this, but neither English, French, or Italian now served my purpose. In a word, they were dead languages to him. Suddenly a happy thought came into my mind, as a rather singular device, and taking a pencil and a card from my vest pocket, as I lay with my head propped up a little on my pillow, I drew upon the card as well as I could the picture of a fowl, and underneath a few oblong Os, and handed it to him, when with a knowing look and smile he darted off, and in a few minutes returned, with not only soft-boiled eggs, butter, and bread, but part of a tender-broiled chicken also ; and I then felt that I had certainly been favored by a kind and merciful Providence, as well as by the cook and steward.

And I am not quite sure, though I have often thought so since, that this little matter, trifling as it may seem, probably

saved my life on that voyage, as I certainly was very much reduced. This was one of the instances, at least, in which I think a few sips of champagne did good, without giving a rousing headache afterwards, or causing me to double up.

And now, by permission, I want to relate very briefly another instance, when I am not so sure that champagne did good; and this is really only a prolongation of the same story, the most interesting part of which is yet to come. I am only sorry I have had to consume so much space before reaching it, but the rest will be more briefly told.

On arriving in port a few days after, and taking a train for old Rome, my place of destination, and being whirled along over the rough roads, across the Alpine and Pyreneean mountains in the south of France and Italy, hundreds of miles, for two or three days and nights, through the cold, without any sleeping car, I arrived in the Eternal City.

And now I found myself in rather sad plight again; and so, that evening, at the *table d'hôte*, which takes from two to three hours to discuss a meal or get a few bites to eat, I felt such a general weakness and goneness, somehow, that as the champagne had served such an excellent purpose aboard the ship, I concluded I would try it again, and so ordered it brought. I poured a small quantity into my glass, and passed the rest around to the guests who sat near me at the table. After sitting a little while, and taking a light meal, I soon retired to my room.

On entering it, after climbing with considerable effort several flights of stone steps, I thought I heard incoherent sounds like a female voice in an unknown tongue, coming from the room immediately overhead, as it seemed, and as if some one was in great distress; and presently heard knockings and poundings, as if whoever it was might be trying to get out of some close confinement or enclosure. However, I was too "tired, and sleepy, too," and so put myself "in my little bed," without paying much attention to the noises overhead, first taking the precaution, however, to both lock and bolt my door carefully. I blew out, not the gas (for they have none in Rome), but the candle.

I was very soon resigned to the arms of old Morpheus, in a sound, deep, sweet sleep, just such as Eliphaz tells us "falls upon men," and having slept for some time, I know not how long, but perhaps for several hours. all of a sudden, without

being aroused or waked up, I saw a female dressed in white, just as plainly as I see this paper before me upon which I am now writing, and who came very stealthily and quietly to the head of my bed, staring at me steadily with piercing dark eyes; and just as she was in the act of slipping her hand under my pillow, I called out loudly, "Who's that?" when she as suddenly flitted across the room, and making a circle round it, vanished through the door.

I, in the meantime, just at this moment, had raised up; and on sitting up in bed, and rubbing my eyes a little, to be sure I was quite awake and had not been dreaming, I then thought to myself, "How is this? I don't quite understand it, and perhaps I had better investigate a little."

So I got up and lit the candle in order to reconnoitre, and first went to the door to see if the bold, bad woman had slipped the bolt and unlocked it. But to my surprise, as well as relief, I found bolt and lock securely fixed, just as I had left them on the inside, and the key just where I had put it on retiring to bed.

I then began to think there must surely be some mistake about my having seen the nocturnal visitor in my room at all. But to make assurance doubly sure, I looked under the bed, and under a lounge, and in a wardrobe, and in the bureau, which were all standing in my room, simply to find—not in all of them, but in one—just nothing at all.

So then I began to conclude that I had not seen any body in the room, and yet I was just as certain and sure that I had, as I ever was in my life of having seen anything I had not seen. But I blew out the light and returned to bed, after first looking to see if I had been robbed; and while lying there and musing about the circumstance and the strangeness of the whole affair, I began to speculate as to what could have produced such an apparition? And now the thought occurred to me, "It may be, and may not she be, that *champagne*, after all."

The reader is perhaps aware that when one drinks champagne, at the particular time of the act, you drink the "sham," and then, generally during the course of the night or following day, you get the "pain," and it usually comes in the shape of a rousing headache, or a terrible doubling up in the region of the "O, my!"

The Apostle Paul tells us to "try or prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good," but somehow I never could "hold on" to champagne. I have not tried it very often, but

whenever I did, I found that it was more likely to "get away" with me, than I was to "hold on" to it, and so I have quit it altogether.

But Paul did tell Timothy to take a little *wine* for his stomach's sake and often infirmities, and that was right, for I have no doubt the dear boy needed it, and it was a very good prescription, provided he did not become too fond of it. But I doubt very much if Paul, or Timothy either, ever tried champagne !

But perhaps some who read this, having a more enquiring mind than others, would ask : Was it a Spirit, or ghost, or apparition, which I saw in my room ? And to this I can only answer, I do not know, but I think it was—not.

In the Apocalyptic vision of St. John the Revelator, the record tells us, he "saw a two-horned beast rise up out of the earth." John tells us "he had two horns like a lamb, and spake as a dragon." (Chapter XIII.) Here we see this two-horned, lamblike creature, quietly "*rise up out of the earth.*" "And he exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him, and causeth the earth and them that dwell therein to worship the first beast," etc. "And he doeth great wonders," etc. "And deceiveth them that dwell on earth by means of those miracles which he hath power to do," etc. All prophecy and Revelation seems to point to the fact, and students and writers on the subject who have carefully studied the matter seem generally agreed, that this continent of ours is the spot upon which the two-horned beast first made his appearance, quietly coming up out of the earth ; and without entering upon an extended discussion of the subject at great length, we may add that it is also agreed that this beast answers accurately to the origin, rise and progress of Modern Spiritualism in this country also. We have not space to describe how in the "two horns like those of a

lamb," we recognize a symbol which fitly represents our government, in its very origin, and the foundation upon which it was established as to first principles, nor to follow it in its unfoldings and developments, into what we now find it.

But as the horns of this beast are particularly mentioned to describe the character in which the beast first made its appearance, so, also, is its voice, which is afterwards mentioned as "speaking like a dragon." All prophecy and Revelation on the subject also points to the present, and again writers and commentators are agreed that we are living in that age when the second coming of Christ is near at hand.

And the Savior tells us that before that time "there shall false Christs arise, and false prophets, and shall 'show great signs and wonders,' insomuch that if it were possible 'would deceive the very elect,'" etc.

And Paul tells us in II Timothy 2 : 9, 10, in speaking of the second coming of Christ, "Whose coming is after (KATA—at the time of) the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish, because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved."

And what are the manifestations we so constantly behold? And are we not plainly told in the above, as well as throughout Scripture teachings relating to these things, that the wonder-working powers and agencies lying back of all these manifestations are to be Satanic—"the spirits of devils"?

Well might the prophet exclaim, in prophetic vision, as he looked down the vista of Time and saw what lay before him : "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea, for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he

knoweth that he hath but a short time." "Stand aghast, O earth, tremble, ye people, but be not deceived."

Satan, it would seem, is indeed loosed, and from the depths of Tartarus myriads of demons swarm over the land. And the Prince of Darkness and of the Power of the Air manifests himself as never before. But how? Alas, in more ways than can be numbered, though his crowning acts in showing "signs and wonders" are fully developed in Spiritualism in the following manner: First, as we have plainly shown, from Spiritualists' own utterances and teachings, which have the voice of the dragon. Second, in the many achievements of which we have space to mention only a few, viz: Various articles have been transported by Spirits alone from one place to another; charming music produced without any visible human agency, and without even the aid of visible instruments; many well attested cases of healing been performed; persons have been carried through the air by the Spirits in the presence of many lookers-on; tables have been suspended in the air with several persons sitting upon them, and Spirits have presented themselves times unnumbered in bodily form, and talked with an audible voice.

Bodily, tangible, human forms have again and again been *evolved* or materialized (we *think* by expert, manipulating mediums) from intangible, and ethereal, and invisible Spirits. Joseph Cook relates that during his late visit to the great German philosopher, Prof. Yollner, he demonstrated the following facts, some of which are of frequent occurrence. Messages were written between doubly and trebly sealed slates; coins were passed through the solid table in a manner which illustrated the suspension of the laws of the impenetrability of matter; straps of leather were knotted under Yollner's hands; the im-

pressions of two feet were given on soiled paper, pasted inside two sealed slates, whole and uninjured ; wooden rings were around the standard of a cord table, over either end of which they could by no possibility be slipped ; and finally, the table itself, a heavy, beechen article, wholly disappeared, and then fell down from the top of the room in which Prof. Vollner and his friends were sitting.

A writer in the "Spiritual Clarion" speaks as follows of the manner in which Spiritualism has arisen, and the astounding progress it has made : "This revelation has been with a power and a might, that, if divested of its almost universal benevolence, had been a terror to the very soul ; the hair of the very bravest had stood on end, and his chilled blood had crept back upon his heart at the sights and sounds of its inexplicable phenomena. It comes with foretoking, with warning. It has been from the very first its own best prophet, and step by step it has foretold the progress it would make. It comes, too, most triumphant. No faith before it ever took so victorious a stand in its infancy. It has swept like a hurricane of fire through the land, compelling faith from the baffled scoffer and the most determined doubter."

We have likened this mysteriously strange phenomenon to the two-horned beast of the Apocalyptic vision, as being in exact similitude in its figurative character and presentation, especially so far as relates to its origin or first appearance on this Continent, of which we will have more to say in the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

A brief History of the Origin, Development, and Rapid Progress of Spiritualism, and the Alarming Attitude it has Assumed, etc.

THE careful reader will remember that in the preceding chapters and others, we have referred to a certain beast or beasts in the prophecies of Daniel and Revelations, as prefiguring the coming and manifestations of Spiritualism. And by turning to the 13th chapter of Revelations, it will be seen that two beasts are here described : The first, we are told, was like unto a leopard, and his feet like the feet of a bear, his mouth as the mouth of a lion, and the dragon gave him his power and seat and great authority, etc., and we will here add this beast and the dreadful and terrible beast seen by Daniel, (chapter 7 : 7, 19,) and although "diverse" from anything he had yet seen, and quite different in its general configuration to the one just described in Revelation, yet quite all commentators and writers on prophecy are generally agreed that both beasts are intended to represent one and the same, and that each refers to the Roman Hierarchy or Pontifical power.

Further comment on this subject, we have neither time nor space here to give, nor does it indeed come within the scope of this present matter, but will be considered at some length in our forthcoming work on "Prophecy and Revelations." But in the 13th chapter of Revelations referred to, we also have the two-horned beast, which has already been mentioned, described, "*which came up out of the earth*, and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon," and exercised all the power of the first beast before him, etc. "And he doeth great

wonders, so that he maketh fire to come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men, and deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the means of those miracles which he had power to do in the sight of the beast," *i. e.*, the first beast before him. Of the "mark" here referred to, we have no time now to explain the meaning to those who are not familiar with the prophecies. In applying the above, however, to Spiritual manifestations, so far, at least, as relates to the bringing of fire down from heaven, the nearest anyone has ever come to that, or in the actual accomplishment of it, as far as we have ever learned, was Ben Franklin, with his kite to which a silk thread was attached, the end of which descended into the neck of a bottle. Hence the saying, "Franklin chained the lightning, and Morse, the inventor of telegraphy, taught it the English language." Spiritualism, however, answers unmistakably to the above prophecy of the two-horned beast, as we might abundantly show, having begun in a little town called Hydesville, near Rochester, N. Y., in the family of one John D. Fox, with his daughters, whose moral characters were not above reproach, as it has been said that of "Cæsar's wife" should be.

These manifestations, which occurred in 1848, were in the form of certain mysterious raps which were heard from time to time, but, however, were afterwards discovered to be a cunningly arranged trick which those girls had got up for sensational purposes, the exposure of which mattered not, however, and many at once *believed*.

And from this insignificant origin, known as the "Rochester knockings," began to spread the most wonderfully mysterious and strange art that has ever cursed a land or nation, until it has now assumed such proportions in rapid movements and

gigantic strides from the East to the West, as well as from North to South, and also in other lands and countries, until it has not only become marvelous to behold, but even alarming in its threatening aspects.

At the present time this monster, which has so recently reared its head, now numbers its votaries by multiplied millions, the exact number of whom it would be quite as impossible to arrive at as that of the drops in the ocean. Among these are not only ex-Presidents, Congressmen, and other statesmen, both now in office and who have been, in this country, but also doctors, lawyers, and clergymen, in great numbers, Protestant and Catholic bishops, reverend presidents of colleges, judges of our higher courts, foreign ambassadors, etc. And now, crossing the Atlantic Ocean, we find yet to be added to the distinguished multitude Her mighty Majesty and Sovereign, Queen Victoria, the late Emperor and Empress of France, the late Queen of Spain, Pope Pius the Ninth, deceased, Alexander II., the Grand Duke of Russia, Alexander III., and many others who might be added.

That the Spiritualists, as stated in a preceding chapter, anticipate and even now have the organization of such a general Order as clearly represents the mark of the beast to which we have referred. We read that "it spake as a dragon, but looks like a lamb." Its appearance we see, yet its voice is dragonic. What is the voice of the dragon? Simply none other than that of the devil or Satan, whose voice is the teaching of adverse doctrines to those of Christ. For his work is to oppose the truth of the character of God, of Christ, and of the religion of Jesus, or even that of the Christian religion, as generally understood and taught at the present day. And with great swelling

words and bold blasphemy put into the mouths of his servants, the leading Spiritualists and mediums, we have the efflux or pouring out of the dragonic teachings already spoken of in Chapter XIX on the teachings of Spiritualism.

And our firm convictions are, from the teachings of the prophecies and Revelations, that these doctrines and powers of Spiritualism will ultimately become universally taught and practiced. "And he exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him," (viz, the Roman Hierarchy). "And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, bond and free, to receive a mark," etc. This mark here referred to (of the beast) we understand to be that particular recognition sign adopted by the "Order of Eternal Progression," known as Spiritualists, such as signs, grips, and passwords.

And now that they have already organized themselves into a religious sect or order, called the "NEW CHRISTIAN SCIENCE," it requires no vivid imagination to see and understand that this "SUPREME ORDER OF ETERNAL PROGRESS," now brought forward before the Christian world, is intended to become the GREAT NATIONAL AND UNIVERSAL RELIGION of the whole world. For Spiritualists do not hesitate to declare their expectation of this universal, predominant faith.

This beast, to which we have already referred, is a miracle-working power. "And he doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men. This, the reader need not be surprised to behold any day, as the Spiritualists and their mediums claim direct intercourse with the departed Spirits of such men as Franklin, Morse and others ; and whilst they deny their ability to have any direct control over spirits generally, yet, on the other hand,

they do absolutely claim to be able to control certain spirits at their own will and pleasure, and when they will, *provided that the light of day has been withdrawn, or the artificial light is but dimly shown.*

The beginning of these fire working wonders seems to have been seen in the celebrated "fire test" of D. D. Home, in England. He took live coals in his fingers, plucking them out of the bed of fire in the grate, and placing them on his naked hand, or on the hands of others, and in their hair, without leaving a mark of smut much less a burn, or without singeing a hair. It was seen also in the State of Michigan, some time ago, at a place where a young medium worked as a domestic, that fire would break out in trunks which had been unopened for months, and in carpets where there had been no stove or fire for months.

All this was attested by many. It has also been clearly shown in the State of California, that similar instances have occurred repeatedly, one of which at this moment presents itself to our mind: that of a boy some twelve or fourteen years old, of whom it was positively declared that he had been seen to set fire to haystacks when he was quite a distance away from them, simply by looking towards them, and burn them up. The same also with barns and stables, and he actually did set fire to and burn up his father's barn, house and stable.

He also was expelled from school, having been seen, while sitting at his desk, to not only cause fire to break out by a look into the desk, but on throwing his eyes toward the ceiling of the schoolroom, it was seen to take fire, and had to be extinguished to save the house. In the same way, he caused a fire to start inside of the closed closet in the schoolhouse, which had not been opened or used for some time. He also set fire

in the same way to one corner of the schoolroom outside, which also had to be extinguished ; and by this time the teacher began to conclude it was not safe to have such a mysterious, strange young *salamandrine* on the premises, and therefore expelled him incontinently.

From the foregoing, it would seem that there are many very startling and strange things in this present evil age, though golden it may seem to be, and is so believed by many. This most wonderful Order, of which we have spoken, viz, the "Supreme Order of Eternal Progress," but more familiarly known generally and locally as "Sanctuaries," "Supreme Sanctuaries," being organized into Counties, States, etc., all of which are presumed to be supplementary or tributary to the great, grand, "Supreme Order of Eternal Progress." And like its great pattern, the seven headed beast, known as politico religious Rome, it, too, must have a head, a leader; and that leader a human being claiming supreme powers, as we have already shown ; and he, too, must be an anti Christian ruler, who will govern according to his own desires and will, and execute as a despot his own inflexible purposes, "none daring to molest, or make him afraid" ; and he is to be recognized as the "Supreme Head of the Universal Church," or "Order of Eternal Progression."

John the Revelator tells us, "Here is wisdom : Let him that hath understanding count the number of the deep," etc. Be it remembered also, that this Universal Church, which Spiritualists purpose establishing, is to be founded upon the ruins of an overthrown Christianity, which they regard, and teach concerning, as having already had its day, and now is looked upon by them as so much rubbish or effete matter, ready to be cast

out, or as an old and overworn garment, which should at once be laid aside. And their plans are manifestly clear and plain to every intelligent reader and thinker at the present day, showing that they expect to accomplish the conquest of the world and the overthrow of all systems of religion, peaceably, if they can by absorption, but if not in this way, forcibly, if they must, even with fire and sword, together with all the panoply of warfare, in order to establish universally their "New Dispensation."

And of all this there can be no question or reasonable doubt, according to the signs of the times which we are now in the midst of. And that the Spiritualists do expect a "coming man," to take the reins of government very soon into his own hands, is not simply a whispered thought by Spirits through the mediums to Spiritualists generally, but it has already become an outspoken, public, and fearless announcement.

And, in conclusion, though we may not be a prophet such as lived of old, who could foretell with certainty coming events, even thousands of years before they transpired, yet we do believe in all seriousness and candor that we can see sufficiently clear before us just now to prognosticate with unerring certainty future events yet to be fulfilled, which lie immediately before us.

CHAPTER XXII.

What the Author Thinks he Believes, and What he Thinks he Does Not Believe about Some Things. Addressed to Every Reader, Personally.

READER, the above two lines will at the first glance, no doubt, appear paradoxical, which, however, it is not intended to, and might, perhaps, be more plainly expressed as follows : What we believe, or think we do, and what we do not believe, or think we do not !

It is sometimes marvelous to contemplate what a single misplaced comma, semi-colon, colon, period, interrogation point or exclamation point, or even the accentuation of a single word in the wrong place, or the mis-spelling or omission of a letter in a word, will result in, often changing the construction or meaning of a word or sentence so as to render it paradoxical, ambiguous, or complicated, vague and uncertain as to the actual import or meaning, and thus result often in untoward mischief, causing serious losses or damage, or even possibly the loss of valuable life.

So, also, as to matters of actual belief or unbelief, or a single incident, which, however trivial it might seem at the time, may be the direct or indirect cause of the most marvelous events, even in the history of nations or the whole world.

It will be remembered that corroding jealousies, frantic rage, poisonous rancor, adulteries, self-murder, and sanguinary wars, grew out of the abduction of Helen of Troy, and also from the episode of Marc Antony and Cleopatra, and thus has it been from that epoch of the Egyptian sorceress down to our day. Some will also remember, perhaps, Pascal's remark, that if

Cleopatra's nose had been longer or shorter, the course of history would doubtless have been changed. Had Jesus, the son of Joseph and of the lineage of David, never been born, the Christian religion would not have been established even in his day, and if his chosen disciples had not believed in his resurrection from the dead and ascension up to heaven, that religion never would have been perpetuated down to the present time; and if Cleopatra had not been a beauty, or if that charming and often fatal gift had not been inherited by others of her sex, or in other words, if beauty had not been given to woman with all other fascinating charms, none can doubt that sorrow and wretchedness untold never would have sprung to curse the earth and creature man on that account.

But then on the other hand, could the species of man have been propagated without a helpmate—woman—all family ties and other similar associations never would have existed, and man therefore would, indeed, have but been one single remove, if indeed so much as that, from the brute creation, and therefore lived only as a barbarian. Or if the marriage covenant had never existed, or should it even now be abolished, an unmeasured amount of petty tyranny grinding toil, heart-breaking anguish and bereavement, and the most brutal treatment often from husbands to wives, never could have existed or would exist now. Then as to the matter of human government, what is it after all, but one long record of the most cruel oppression? We cite the cruel deeds of tyrants, of the Pharaohs, the Neros, the Napoleons, and even of the Czar of Russia, and many other governments which have existed and do still exist, continually waging the most cruel and bloody wars instigated by their rulers, and such a bloody record of the dynastic strug-

gles that if they were all written down, the world would scarcely contain the book. And yet we would ask any rational and intelligent reader, even though he be an Infidel, Atheist, Deist, or Spiritualist, Has human government ever been a bane, or is it still, *per se*?

We would also ask the same reader, if he be a Sceptic, What is there bad in religion? (That religion we here refer to being a belief in the Tri une God, which we understand to be love both to God and men, the requirements of which are, "to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." (Micah 6 : 8.) What harm then can it do, therefore, to practice it? Is it hurtful to a neighborhood, town or city, or civil community? Can any one read history with the least attention, and fail to see the beneficent influences growing out of the Christian religion? To vindicate Christianity therefore, would seem like eulogizing the sun, by asserting that there was light before the sun first rose in heaven. In the darker ages of Paganism, and in the gladiatorial exhibitions in the bloody amphitheatre of old Rome, the colossal ruins of which still stand as a monument of the dreadful curse of heathen idolatry, and worship of Bacchus and the sun-God, when unfortunate hundreds and thousands of innocent victims who had been brought under yokes and chains, as trophies from bloody conflicts on battle fields, and cast into this arena, there to be mangled and torn, and devoured alive by ferocious and hungry wild and savage beasts, let loose from the dark and yawning subterranean vaults beneath, while the bloody tyrants, monarchs, decemvirs, priests, potentates and kings, together with the dense multitudes, numbering many tens of thousands, upon their encircling seats, gazed with admiration and unspeakable

delight, and with savage yells cheered the hungry beasts as they devoured their living victims of human flesh and blood. Hence, the ancient historian in thus chronicling such scenes, "*Homo ignoto lupus est*," (Man is a wolf to the stranger).

Had the Christian religion, as taught by the meek and lowly Nazarene and his disciples in their day, then prevailed in pagan Rome, surely such scenes as we have described would not have been enacted to blacken the fair pages of ancient history. We learn of but one only—Seneca, a Roman writer—who disapproved of gladiatorial fights. Even the younger Pliny applauded the provisions made by a certain person, as well as by Trajan, for these bloody amusements; and though Trajan is called mild, and so he was in comparison with many of the emperors, after his victories on the Danube he put ten thousand men in the arena, who continued for months to soak the sands with their blood. In those days, the number of male children supported were ten times that of girls, which clearly indicated that the infanticide of the female was prevalent. Children deserted by their parents were reared by a special class of slave dealers, in order to sell them as slaves.

At the same time, Aristotle and Plato were philosophers of the greatest repute. Aristotle defended slavery, on the ground that the slave is an animated tool. Plato discountenances any interest in the poor when they are sick. The laboring man who could not recover, the tradition was either to abandon or experiment upon. By referring to the Jewish religion in those days, we learn that among them alone the spirit of fraternity and charity prevailed. He (the Jew), alone, according to his ritual and sincere belief in his God, left in his field the sheaf of grain or scattering straws for the gleaner, and in the vineyard

the bunch of grapes for the needy. When the States of antiquity fell, the Stoic dreamed of a cosmopolitan State, but it remained only a dream.

Christianity then came into the world with a new commandment—to “LOVE ONE ANOTHER.” It brought in the principle of the brotherhood of man. It broke down all barriers of country and clan. It united the Greek and barbarian, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the master and slave, all around the Lord's table, where all differences were merged into fraternal unity. They dispensed alms with an open hand to the poor and needy, wherever found. Self sacrifice among Christians was one of the noblest of common virtues. The indigent, the oppressed, the desponding invalid, the toiling slave, took heart and hope. There was sympathy for them here on earth, and a bright hope beyond the grave.

And would to God that the same Christian principles, as taught by Jesus and his disciples, were more fully exemplified by those who profess his name in this our day and age. Christianity survived persecution. It was stronger than Rome, stronger than pagan fanaticism, stronger than all the arts and wiles of Satan and his emissaries combined to overthrow it. It displaced the old religion. Amidst the decay of all to which the hearts of men had clung, the bright, the shining star of Bethlehem, which lured the wise men on their way to behold the place where the infant Jesus laid, now shone forth as never before, and Christianity became the sole stay and hope of a fallen world.

But what is Christianity? In answer to this question, we maintain it to be facts and doctrines underlying and ennobling the infallible Word and universal Truth. But what is Truth?

Under the most trying circumstances, the vacillating and cowardly Pilate asked this same question of the suffering Jesus, and without awaiting an answer, he turned away.

Christians believe in the supernatural mission of Jesus, in his divine Sonship, in the authority of his teachings and of the teaching of his Apostles, in his spotless excellence and purity, in his miracles, in his death and resurrection, and in his ascension up to heaven.

They also believe that God has established a Kingdom in the world, a Spiritual Kingdom, the foundations of which were laid in the remote past ; that it began even in the creation of man, or before "the morning stars sang together, or the Sons of God shouted for joy." That it embraced within its folds Adam and Eve, our progenitors ; also Abel, Seth, Enoch, and Noah before the flood. And that it was further propagated in the separation of one man—Abraham—from surrounding idolatry, and in the segregation of the multitudinous nation which sprang from him from the idolatrous people.

That this Kingdom, founded and sustained by a spiritual or supernatural Providence, was carried along from stage to stage, and generation after generation, until its consummation or attainment to a fully ripe and universal form through Jesus Christ. We understand that Science is from the Greeks, and Law is from the Romans, but that "Salvation is of the Jews."

And though strange and mysterious as the ways of God may seem to many, from among the Jews Christianity sprung. Religion was the one absorbing idea and interest of that people, as it never has been of any other since the world began. "And the Son of Man was the Son of David."

From the foregoing remarks, it will be seen that we are nat-

urally brought to the important facts of the gradual progress of divine revelation. And hence we see that the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and its unfoldings down to its complete development, was, "First, the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

We now think and believe that we have pretty clearly established the facts as to the spiritual existence of the true religion of Jesus Christ and his disciples, as we believe.

And it now remains to simply mention before closing this, the last chapter of this book, some things which we do *not* believe, and this we will do as briefly as possible. But we will just here add, before proceeding further, not altogether by way of apology, for it will be apparent to every reader that the object of this little treatise has not been that of discussing orthodox or heterodox (so-called) subjects, pertaining to the Christian religion, or the subject of polemics, as relates to Scripture teachings, but, before closing, we feel impelled, from our own convictions and other outside pressure that has been brought to bear upon us, to clearly vindicate, as far as may be able in so brief a space, our own individual views, we were almost ready to say, as we have seldom, if ever, heard the subject discussed as we ourselves believe and maintain.

And, to come more directly to the subject which pertains to the immortality of the soul, we will relate a single instance of our own personal experience which bears upon the subject, and which occurred some years ago in the City of Rome, while residing there.

Having suffered for some days and nights the most intense and poignant anxiety under heavy pressure of mind, such as few persons have ever lived to endure, so intense was the suf-

fering, lasting for a whole week, during which time no food, no rest, no sleep was taken. And the nature of the anxiety was such, that although the occasion of all this seemed to be, and was believed by many, actual or real, yet it was attended with the deepest and most dreadful suspense. During this time, the physical wants having been overlooked and forgotten, and the whole mind, soul, strength and body having, as it were, been completely wrought up to the utmost tension, and then wholly absorbed, together with the exertion of every human effort, either physical or mental, that could possibly be brought to bear upon the accomplishment of a single object, or the awaiting of final results.

But not to hold the reader in longer suspense, we will not here state the immediate cause, but it will be found in the closing pages of this book.

And after the mind had become in a great measure relieved, and the heavy pressure upon the brain taken off, the bodily functions were now found to be in such an abnormal condition, from what seemed to many supernatural over-endurance, that a re-action of course must necessarily follow. But this, unfortunately for me, came in a much more severe and dangerous form than I had reasonably expected or possibly could have anticipated, viz : that of a most virulent fever, known as the "*Febris perniciosa Romana*," *i. e.*, the pernicious fever of Rome. This fever, as it is well known, is generated from the lagoons and low lands in the Campagna, and has existed from time immemorial ; and although many of the peasantry and natives of the city and country take the disease, and often recover from it through treatment from the native physicians, yet it has become proverbial that a foreigner who contracts the disease in Rome seldom, if ever, recovers from it.

On finding myself in a critical condition, I was conveyed to the hospital, where I remained for many weeks, hovering as it seemed to me, between life and death, if indeed, I were alive in the body all the time. How soon after I was placed there, I lost all consciousness and reason, I know not. Nor do I know how long I remained in that place or that condition, before the very first impression of consciousness returned, which I well remember to this day, and which was that I found myself exceedingly ill, and so feeble that I could neither move hand or foot, much less raise my head from its pillow. And then I began to sensibly realize my condition and the thought occurred to me : Am I yet alive, and if so, how long may my life last in this condition? And whilst thus musing, a dim light shone in the room. I glanced around for the purpose of better surveying the place which I now occupied. The weather was very warm, the windows and shutters were thrown wide open, but cross-bars were placed over the openings. On glancing through one of them as I lay on the bed, I beheld in the distance, as far as the eye could reach, a beautiful smooth sea of water ; but suddenly all became dark except the dim light which shone within, and the bright stars and blue vaults of heaven above, as far as I was able to see. Suddenly I beheld in the distance, one beautiful, bright star, and some unknown and inaudible voice said to me, " This is the star of Bethlehem " ; and at the same moment, a beautiful little vessel, decked with complete sails, and with a guide who sat within, drew near to the opening through which I looked, beckoning to me, and seemed to say, " Come." But the thought at once occurred to me, How could I? My body was too weak to move, and even if it could, it could not possibly pass through the small opening through

which I looked. And whilst thus musing both in some suspense and anxiety too, another thought occurred : Why need I trouble myself about this mortal body anyhow, for its use will be of very little consequence just now ; when the good angel or whatever spirit it may have been, seemed still to beckon to me and say, " Let the body remain, and you come away without it." And becoming at once impressed with the thought that this was possible, I made an effort to thus rid myself of a cumbrous and almost lifeless clay, and so suffer myself to be spirited away ; and so pressing what I had already believed to be the spirit or immortal part through the opening, I at once seated myself in the little boat, which speedily moved off, not as I at first thought it would, upon the level sea, but the whole scene now seemed to change, and instead of gliding along upon the surface of the level ocean, it took an ascending flight.

Onward and onward, upward and upward, beyond what seemed to be the confines of space, and through the realms of higher plains far away, till other worlds, to me very strange indeed, were reached. During this time, the beautiful star of which I have spoken seemed to guide the way. And just here, dear reader, I pause and ask you to pardon me for not leading you further on, to behold with me scenes which lie far beyond this earthly sphere which we now inhabit, and having gone thus far must draw the veil. Of a verity, truth is indeed stranger than fiction, and the reader can implicitly rely upon the strict truth of everything here written, or that may yet be written in the closing pages of this book.

And now to return more directly to the subject, viz, the immortality of the soul. We will here remark that we were raised up in the belief, and were so educated and taught, *that the soul*

is immortal, and can never die. And we continued on in that belief for many years, till quite two score of years had passed by and over us, and until experiences in life had taught us many things ; and much study and reason, and with it, as we trust, more knowledge and even wisdom from that Divine source from which all knowledge and wisdom comes, when we then only began to think, as it were, for ourselves, as well as read and study for ourselves. And although we had read the Bible over and over, again and again, and as Paul said of Timothy, had been “trained in the Scriptures” from our youth up, and had even gone through the curriculum of a course in theology ; yet, not having become fully satisfied on certain points in theology, as accepted, and believed, and taught by the orthodox school, we now determined to study into this matter more deeply than ever before, and, if possible, thereby learn a better way of thinking and believing than that which we had already been taught, and had, indeed, attempted to teach others, and which was more in harmony and accord with the inspired Word of God.

And we now feel ready to praise and bless his Holy name that we have been brought, as it were, from thick darkness into light, such as we had never experienced or seen before, and to see and understand many things that are contained in the Holy Scriptures in very different light.

And so we have learned *not to believe* many things we once did believe, and *not to believe all* we may hear preached or spoken by those claiming to be teachers, who know no more, or at least seem to us not to, than we ourselves once knew, and believed, and taught. But we have not the time or space, nor, indeed, is this the proper place, to discuss any one of those gross errors to which we might refer, and which are to be found in

books of discipline and confessions of faith which govern the various creeds and sects, and their teachings and practices, which many of them so honestly and sincerely believe to be true, and in strict accord with Divine revelation and Scripture teaching.

We have said we cannot find time or space to notice any of these, unless it be one only ; and this single one, which bears directly upon the subject that lies before us, condemnatory of the false teachings, as predicated by those who thus believe, be they whom they may ; and for the better showing up to the general reader of these absolutely false premises, this book has been evolved, viz, *The immortality of the soul*. And just here, we can at once see the average Christian reader, at least, at the very first mention of such a thing as a disbelief in this pleasing and almost universally popular doctrine, feel and express amazement and even seem shocked that any sane person should possibly think or believe otherwise ; and that certainly no Scripture proof can be found, from the very beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations.

And now we here ask of you, in all candor and sincerity, to be *true to yourself*, which, as you know, means a very great deal ; and if you have the least desire to learn more and become further instructed on this wonderfully important subject—far more so than you may now think—we now ask you to let the Bible, the inspired Word, be our *vade mecum*, and let each one of us follow it, for only a few moments at this time, and so learn, indeed, what it does teach on this grave and very important subject. And this is certainly *fair*, is it not ? and surely no Christian reader can object to this !

Then let us to the brief but pleasing task now before us.

And first, we will turn to the sacred record as we find it reads in I Timothy 1 : 17 : "The King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God." Here we see God is immortal.

2. But you ask, "Are not all men created immortal?"

Ans. God "*only hath immortality*."—I Timothy 6 : 16.

3. Is this immortality revealed by nature, or is it through Jesus Christ and his Gospel? Ans. By the appearing of our Savior Jesus Christ, "who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light *through* the Gospel."—II Timothy 1 : 10.

4. "Who hath power to *bestow* immortality upon man?"

Ans. "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Romans 6 : 23.

5. Will God give the gift to *all* persons, whatever their works may be? Ans. "God will render to every man according to his deeds."—Romans 2 : 6.

6. What will be the end of those who obey not the Gospel? Ans. "Whose end is destruction."—Philip 3 : 19.

7. To whom will God impart immortality? Ans. "To them who by patient continuance in well doing, *seek* for glory, and honor and *immortality*."—Rom. 2 : 7.

8. What shall be their reward? Ans. "*Eternal* life."—Rom. 2 : 7.

9. Upon what conditions may we obtain this? Ans. "Fight the good fight of faith, *lay* hold on *eternal* blessing."

10. When do men obtain immortality—is it at death or at the resurrection? Ans. "The dead shall be raised incorruptible."—I Cor. 15 : 52.

11. How shall those who are *not dead* become incorruptible? Ans. "We shall be changed."—I Cor. 15 : 52.

12. How *suddenly* and *when* will this change take place?

Ans. "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump."—I Cor. 15 : 32.

13. Will this change be of the internal, or external and physical and corruptible man. Ans. "This corruptible must put on incorruption."—I Cor. 15 : 53.

14. What, then, or what part of us, becomes *immortal*?
Ans. This *mortal* part must *put on immortality*.—I Cor. 15 : 53.

"Then shall be brought to pass the saying which is written, *Death* is swallowed up in *victory*."—Isaiah 25 : 18 ; 1 Cor. 15 :

54. "*All* that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth. They who have done good [*shall come forth*] unto the resurrection of life. And they that have done evil shall come forth unto the resurrection of *damnation*."—John 5 : 28, 29.

"There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust."—Acts 24 : 15. Which shall take place, however, two separate and *distinct* times—first the righteous, then, after that, the wicked.

Will a man's final destiny be in accordance with his previous life on earth? It surely will. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap."—Gal. 6 : 7. "He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap *corruption*. And he that soweth to the Spirit of God, shall of the Spirit reap *life everlasting*."—Gal. 6 : 8.

Where, *now*, just at this present time, is the *life* of the *Christian*? (Whether he, that is, his body, be *dead* or *alive*, it matters *not* to us, so we prove the point we wish to make clear.) "Your [the Christian's] *life is hid with Christ* in God."—Col. 3 : 3.

"Let us, then, not be weary in well doing ; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—Gal. 6 : 9.

But what shall be the fate of those who *sow* to the *flesh* ? "They shall *utterly perish in their own corruption.*"—Gal. 2 : 2, 12. Can anything be more pointed and plain? When *any one* or any creature has *utterly perished*, that certainly must be the end of that person and creature. Is it not? "The wages of sin is death."—Rom. 6 : 23.

Is this death here referred to merely a *bodily death* ? "The *soul* that sinneth, *it shall die.*"—Ezek. 18 : 20.

But is it possible for man to be *destroyed* literally and absolutely—both soul and body ? "Fear *Him* is who *able to destroy both soul and body in hell.*"—Matt. 10 : 28.

"If the wicked man turn away from his wickedness which he hath committed," *i. e.*, repents with a *godly sorrow*, "and turns to God," what then ? "*He shall save his soul alive.*"—Ezek. 18 : 27, 28. "*He shall surely live ; he shall not die.*"

But "when a righteous man turneth away from his righteousness and committeth iniquity and *dieth in them*, for his iniquity he shall *DIE.*" But how about this? If he *dieth in his iniquity*, he is now *dead*, is he not? And yet the text says immediately following, for his iniquities which he hath committed, shall he *die* : this certainly refers to a *second death*. For, as we read, he first *dies in* his iniquity which he has committed, and then afterwards *dies for* his iniquity.

What else can this, then, be but "the second death" spoken of in Rev. 21 : 8, and reading as follows : "But the fearful [or dreadful], and unbelieving, and abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers and idolators, and *all liars*, shall have *their part* in the *lake which burneth with fire and brimstone*, WHICH IS THE SECOND DEATH."

“Brethren, if any of you *do err* from the *truth*, and one convert you [*i. e.*, *bring you back* again, or enable you to *see the truth*, and then accept and follow after it accordingly], let him know [*i. e.*, such a one know] that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his ways shall *save a soul from death*, and shall hide [conceal or put away out of sight forever] a multitude of sins.”—James 5 : 19, 20.

What is the command of God to all? “Cast away from you all your transgressions, for I have no pleasure in the *death* of him that dieth, saith the Lord God; wherefore, turn yourselves, and *live ye*.”—Ezekiel 18 : 31, 32.

What was our Savior’s complaint and lamentation concerning mankind? “And ye will not come to me that ye might have *life*.”—John 5 : 40.

How does God manifest his love to men? “God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that *whosoever believeth* on him should not [and shall not] *perish*, but have *eternal life*.”—John 3 : 16. And “There *is no other* name given, under heaven or among men, whereby ye *can be saved*.”

Reader, I call heaven and earth to record this day, that I have set before you *life* and *death*; which will you choose? We have plainly shown you in the foregoing that God alone hath *immortality* dwelling in the light or in him, as he only is the light; and if man in his mortal state possessed this *immortality*, why should he be required of God to *seek* for it? Is it not therefore more reasonable to believe that the gift of immortality is from God, through Jesus Christ our Lord?

But when shall we obtain it? And we just here pause to remark, that it seems strange teaching to us, at least, of many theologians at the present day, that they should warp and twist

certain texts and passages of Scripture so that they should be caused to bend to their own peculiar views and erroneous doctrines, preconceived, inculcated, and derived from certain traditions, dogmas, creeds and confessions, and not the Word of God. To illustrate: Must the words "life and death," for instance, mean happiness and misery? When found in other books that have ever been written, they would simply mean "existence," and "cessation of existence." Again, is it reasonable to suppose that the vast numbers of passages of Scripture in which God the Father and Jesus Christ promise *life, eternal life*, to his followers, did not mean literally what he said? This Christ certainly could not have done, if all men had *immortal life* by nature. For in that case, the wicked will live through eternity as well as the righteous, which we expect to clearly prove before we are done with the subject, is not and cannot be the case. Are we to suppose that death, as threatened for the punishment of the sinner, in the multitude of passages of Scripture in which it occurs, simply means loss of happiness? Can it be supposed that infinite wisdom, through divine inspiration in his revelations to man, would only have used such words or language to mislead mankind, keeping them in doubt and uncertainty when ignoring the way of salvation? as is frequently done by Doctors of Divinity, "Holy Fathers," so-called "Reverends," and right Reverend Archbishops, all of which titles they have arrogantly assumed to themselves, but belong to the Deity only; and true, every word.

Would it not be more reasonable to suppose that God would have given to his creatures *learned or unlearned*, such a revelation of plain common sense as people could easily understand? Or if the doctrines are taught anywhere in the Bible,

that men and women go to heaven or hell immediately at death, and then hundreds or thousands of years afterwards, are brought out of either place to be judged so as to determine which fate they deserve; can the rational mind conceive of anything more irrational or unreasonable? Would it be right to consign a man to the State prison for any period of time, either long or short, and having remained there for a definite or indefinite time, bring him out again for trial, to ascertain if he deserved such punishment? Why should such prominence be given in Scripture teaching by those who attempt to interpret it, to the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, if the *soul* is as capable of happiness or misery, without the body, as with it?

Can there be any reason in talking *about a "death that never dies,"* when there is not one word in Scripture to sanction such a contradictory phrase? Would it not be just as reasonable to speak of the reward of the righteous as *a life that never lives?* Can there be shown in Scripture teachings the forms so constantly used both in sermons and prayers, such as "immortal souls," "never-dying souls," "deathless spirits," and similar expressions, anywhere from Genesis to Revelations? If so, we have never yet seen them, and we have tried to read carefully. Is it reasonable to say that *eternal death* and *eternal torment* are synonymous terms, as many theologians tell us? Or how in that case are we to read in Revelations 21 : 4; "There shall be *no more death*"? And now to come directly to the point. Can we reasonably believe that there is a hell of fiery torment and ceaseless misery, "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth," dreadful blasphemy, and cursings of God, which is to exist throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity, when God tells

us through his inspired servant (Rev. 21 : 5), "Behold, I make all things new"? Can we believe in the eternal torment of the wicked, and yet believe the Scriptures, when we find in them more than 200 passages which plainly affirm that they (the wicked) shall DIE?

That "they shall be CONSUMED." That they shall be "DEVoured." That they shall be "DESTROYED, BURNED UP." "*Shall consume away like smoke.*" "Be as though they had not been," etc. Are we taught to believe from Scripture teachings, that God is such a vindictive being, that his justice cannot be satisfied with the DEATH of the offender, but that he must be constantly pouring floods of liquid fire and consuming wrath upon the wretched being whom he has created, however sinful and desperately wicked he may have been while he lived on earth; and that this must continue through the ever rolling cycles of Eternity? And finally: the Apostle Paul is the only writer in the whole Bible who makes use of the words "*immortal*" or "*immortality*." Nor does he ever apply them to sinners. Nor does he apply it to righteous or wicked, in this world; he never applies it to *men's souls at all*, either before or after death. He speaks of it as an attribute of the King Eternal only. 1 Tim. 1 : 17. He declares that he is the only possessor of it. 1 Tim. 6 : 16.

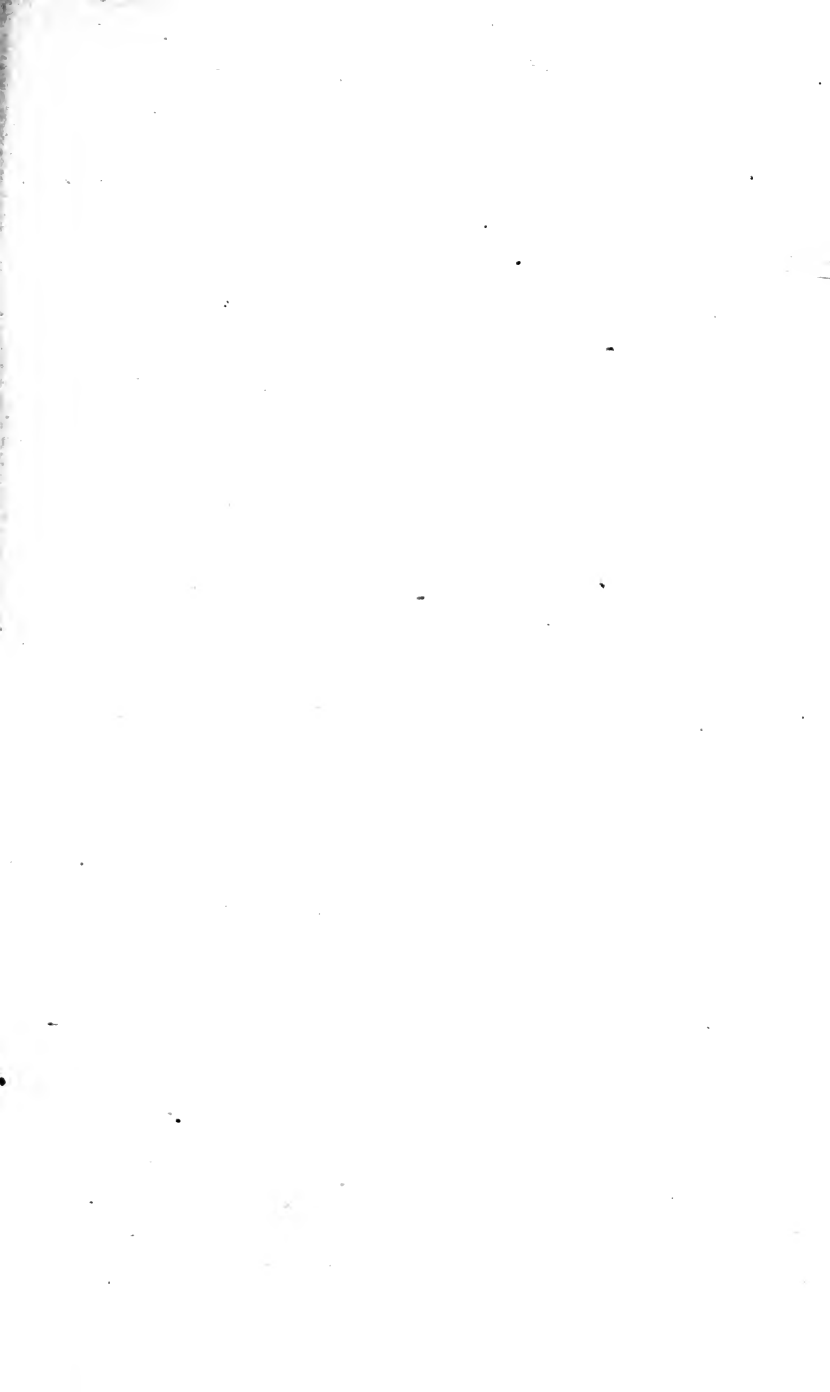
We have already shown you that it is only offered as an object which men are "*to seek after*" by patient continuance in well doing. Romans 2 : 17. He speaks of it as revealed, or brought to light. Not by heathen philosophy. Not by Modern Spiritualism. Nor anything else of the kind, but in the Gospel of the Son of God. 2 Tim. 1 : 10

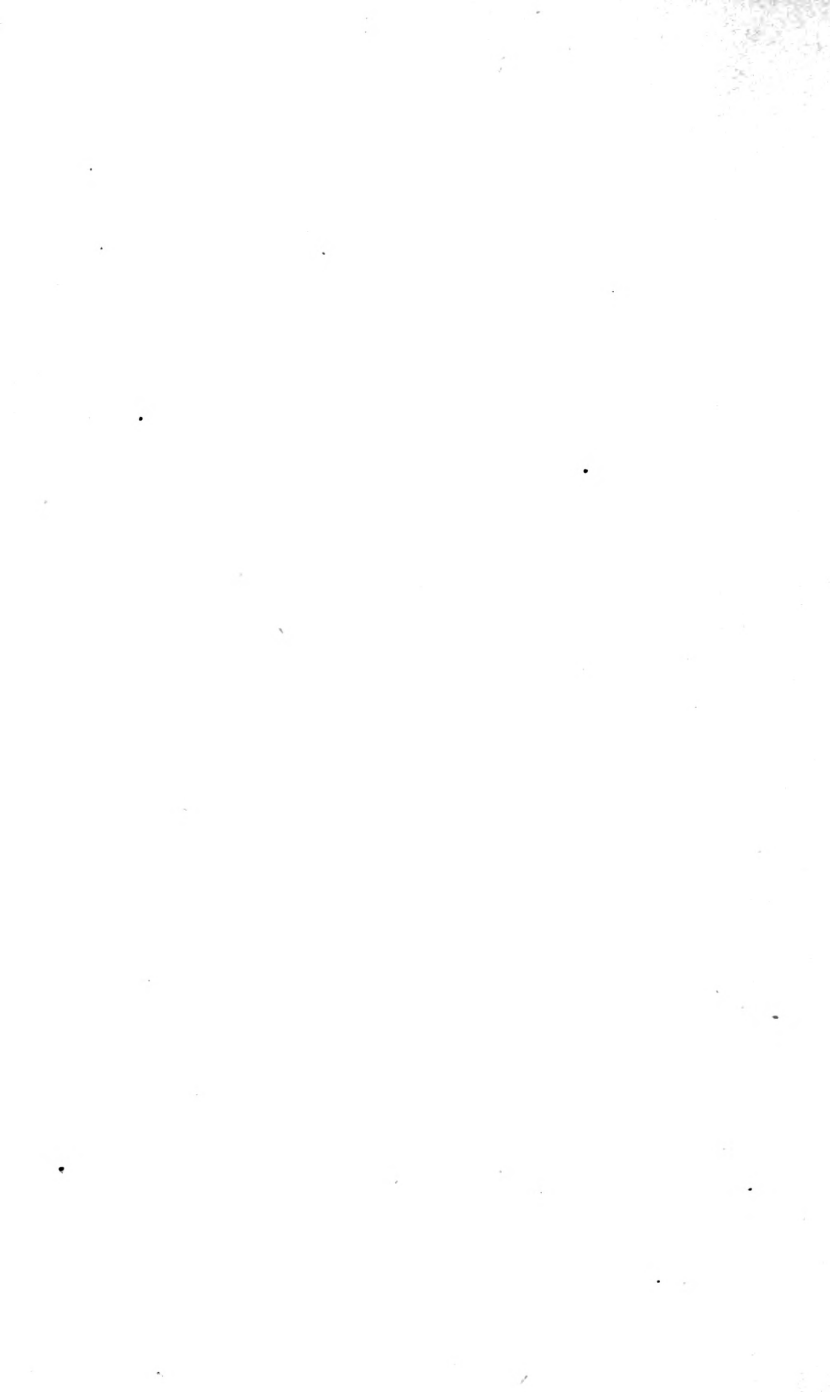
He also *defines* the *period when it shall be* "put on" by the

saints of God only, and fixes the time at the resurrection of the righteous, when "Christ, *who is our life*, shall appear."—I Cor. 52:54; Col. 3:4.

Therefore we plainly see he never taught the immortality of the soul, as it is now taught by Spiritualists and others; and hence, when he declared that *sinner should be destroyed, perish, die, or be burned or devoured by fire*, he did so unquestionably, without any mental reservations or modern theological definitions, such as have been taught by Papists and others. In a word, he said just what he meant, and meant what he said, and so wished to be understood.

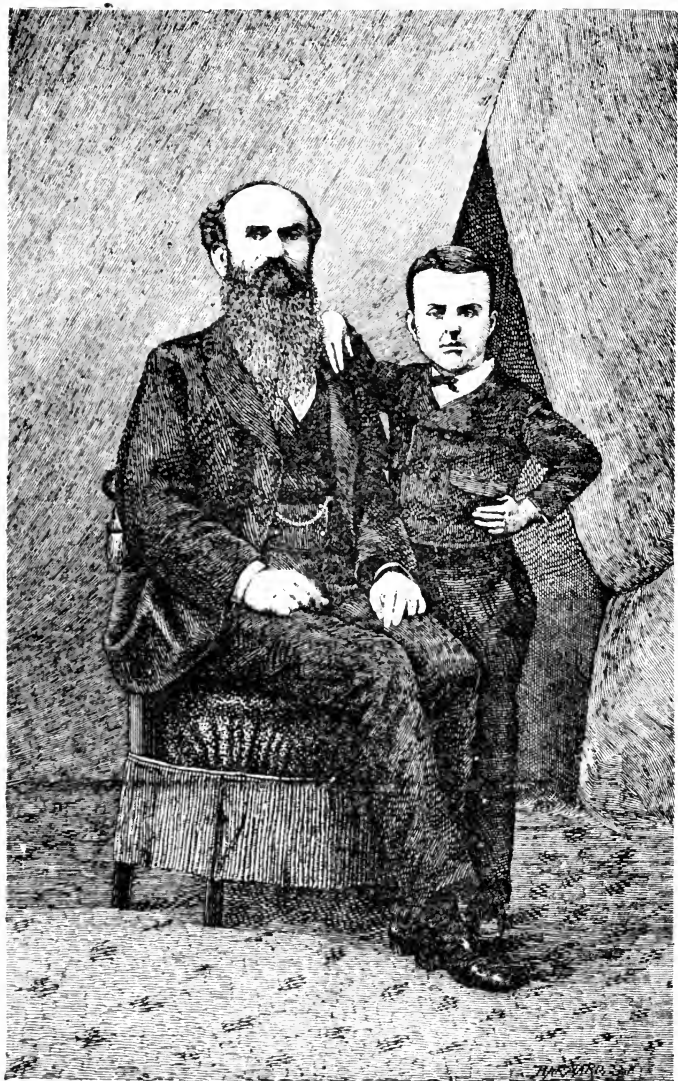
Kind reader, we will now leave the subject with you, having, as we believe, clearly shown from the Scripture teachings, irrefragable evidence that ought not to be misconstrued, that we have proven the doctrine we maintain, and which we set out to defend in this chapter; and if such, indeed, be true—and to our mind it cannot admit of reasonable doubt or further controversy—then we have taken the last and only prop away from Spiritualists, destroyed their sheet anchor, and therefore left them nothing at all in support of their doctrine or to lean upon.*





PART II.







PART SECOND.

CONTAINING

Appendix, or Continuation of Part First,

ALSO

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR, SKETCHES OF HIS LIFE,
AND TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN
THE UNITED STATES,

ALSO IN

PALESTINE, ASIA MINOR, ITALY, FRANCE AND GREAT
BRITAIN.

ADDRESSED AND DEDICATED TO HIS SON.



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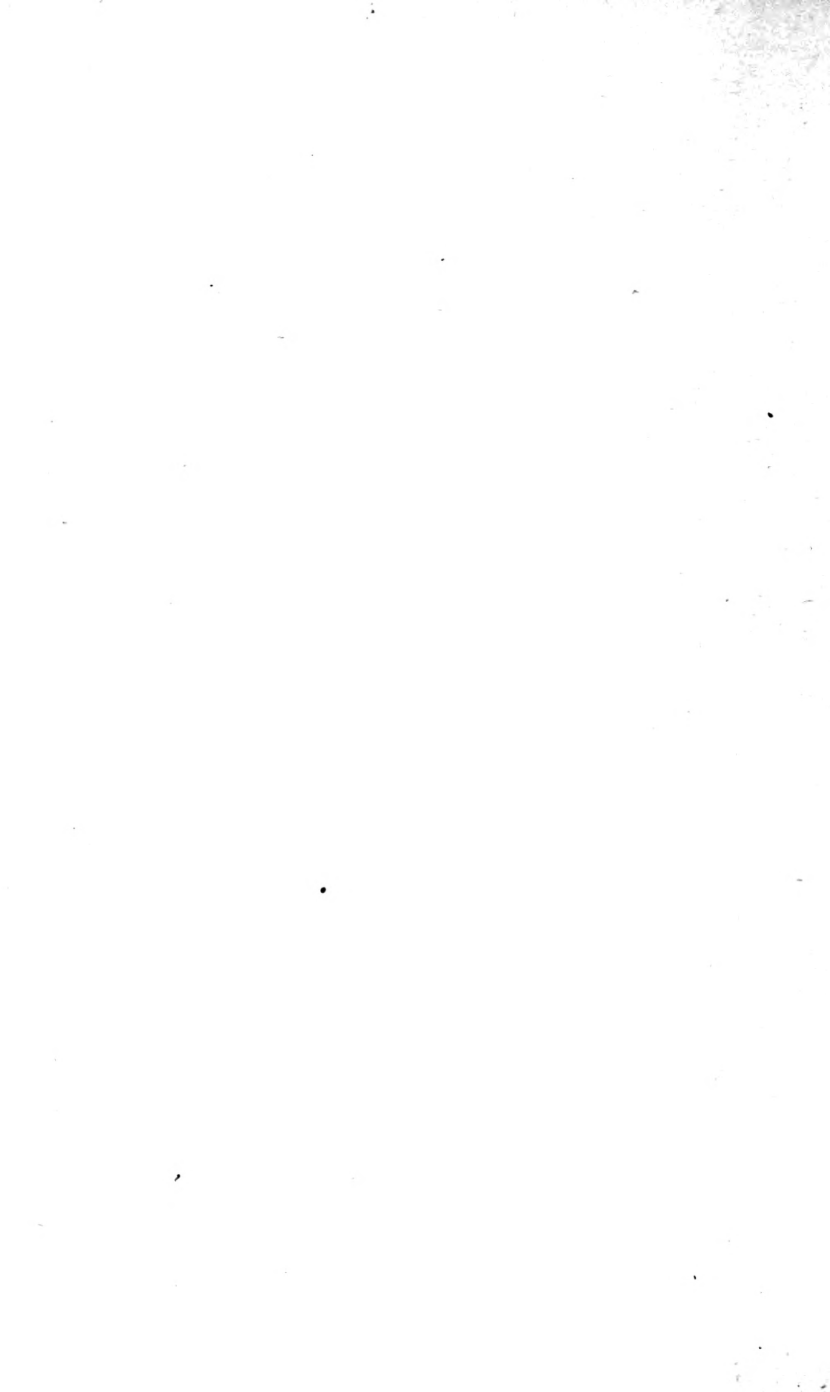
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PREFACE TO PART II.

TRUSTING that time and labor have not been spent entirely in vain, in the first part of this book, and that many will have read and yet will read, with some interest at least, before turning to the following pages, and having done so, will feel that their time has not been wasted in their careful perusal.

And however widely some may have differed with the Author on some points and in some things, when beginning to read its pages, or later in the work, and however much some may continue to differ with him after reading, he earnestly trusts that he has been sufficiently explicit and clear in all he may have said or written, to be quite plainly understood at least, and that he will have justly merited the credit of being sincere and candid, if nothing more. His earnest desire, further, is that it may also appear that he has manifested a disposition both for truth and honesty, as he himself conscientiously believes, and has so endeavored to teach.

And however widely, kind reader, you and he may still continue to differ, touching many of the views and doctrines herein set forth, and even though we are now strangers, and may ever so continue to be, all he now asks, or indeed can reasonably expect of you, as an intelligent man or woman, (it being presumed that these pages will hardly be read by many of the very illiterate and ignorant,) is that you will endeavor to divest yourself after having read, if you did not before, as far as you may be able to do, of all prejudice against the Author, in whatever

way, or for whatever seeming cause, so that you might thereby if possible, be the more edified and instructed by having read, than could otherwise have possibly been the case. Nevertheless, if you have indeed failed to do this thus far, we would most earnestly request you not to read any further, without first turning back to the first page, and carefully re-reading the entire volume, with the full determination that if there is indeed anything good in the book you will see and understand, and thus be the beneficiary. And if you will do this, the Author promises with confidence that *you shall not be disappointed*, even you yourself afterwards being judge.

The Author, of course, lays no claim to infallibility, any more than another, or indeed any other, is entitled to ; therefore it is only reasonable to suppose that errors may appear in many ways. Nor is it any more reasonable to suppose that all who read will be well content with what they read, or indeed quite appreciate, or fully understand, all that has been said or written. Such however is not always the fault of an author or writer, any more than of the reader, and may perhaps be the misfortune of both. This we have learned from personal experience, that much valuable thought and information may often be gained from a second, or even a third reading of many books, which has been entirely overlooked, and lost altogether in the first reading. And as prejudice is always akin to if not the twin sister of ignorance, such a course is especially recommended, where such a sad weakness of the human mind exists in the reading of any book whatever.

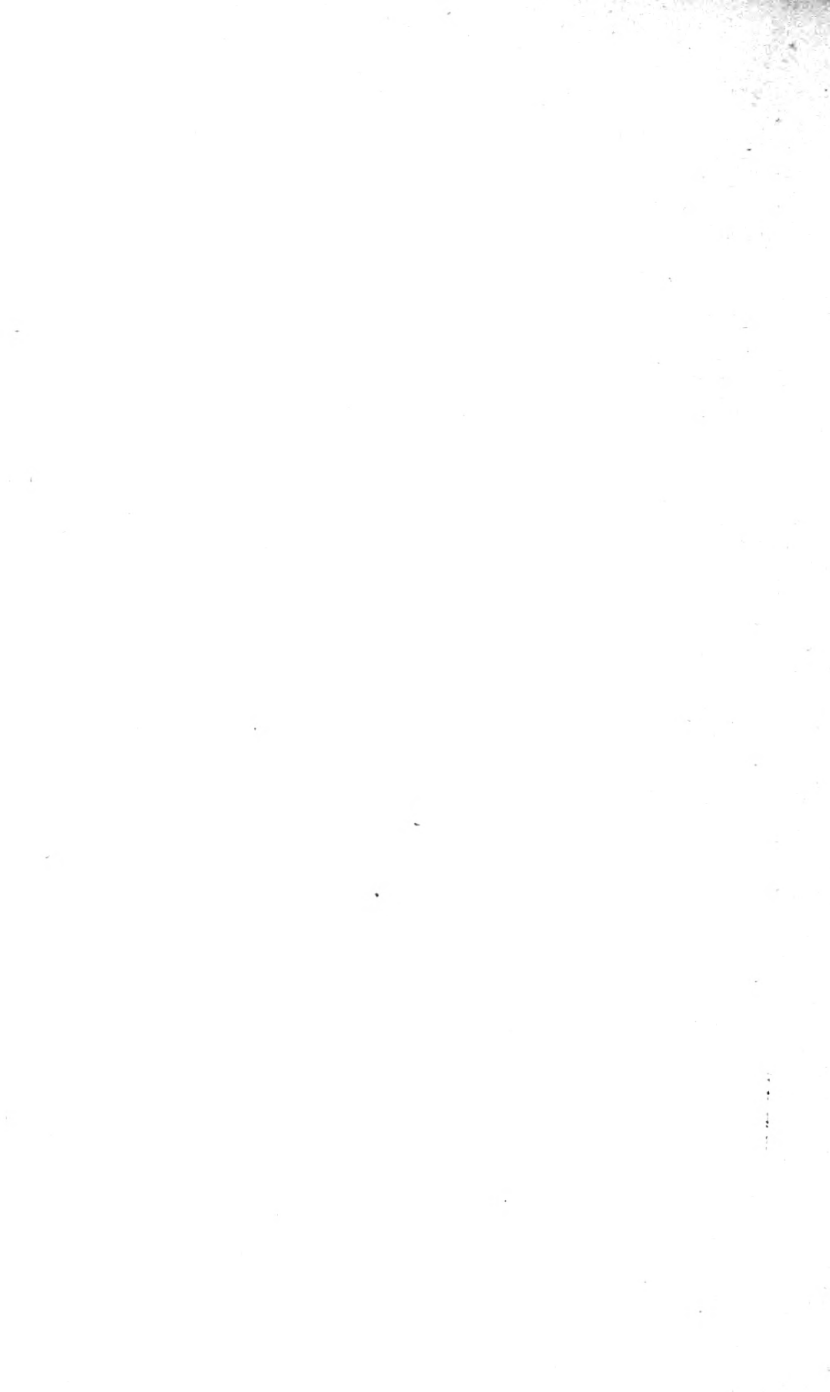
Trusting that the foregoing is sufficiently explanatory, and being so, will not only place the Author in a more favorable light, perhaps, with some than heretofore, as well as prepare

the mind of the attentive reader for a further perusal of this small volume, and of these succeeding pages, the Author would again subscribe himself, your obedient servant and friend.

Earnestly trusting that if you have not been led to see more light than ever before concerning the things of which the foregoing pages treat, that you may yet be enabled by DIVINE AID step by step, to be guided in the way of ALL TRUTH by Him who alone is the FOUNTAIN AND SOURCE OF ALL LIGHT and LIFE. AND THEN, YOU SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Ever Truly,

THE AUTHOR.



APPENDIX.

“WHAT is man that thou art mindful of him?”—Ps. 18 : 4. Why God should take knowledge of man is a very important inquiry for him to make, for it should be a very great concern to him. In the last chapter of Part I of this book, we discussed, as far as space would allow, his mortality, giving Scripture references to show what we believe concerning his natural state of existence. And the question would again naturally arise, before advancing further on this subject, Have we a principle which will live forever, independent of our own character or of the direct act of God? And to answer such questions correctly largely involves our views of other Scripture subjects, and controls them accordingly.

To illustrate. In Revelations : “That sinners shall die, and that they shall be cast into a lake of fire.” If, then, man is to live forever, this terrible punishment is to be eternal in its duration. We also read (Rev. 5 : 13) of a time when “every creature in all the universe of God shall unite in ascribing praise to him.” If, then, *all* men are to *live* forever, the time must come when all will be in harmony and fellowship with God. And hence universal salvation must also be true, or else we find that the Scriptures are contradictory on this profound subject.

The reader is, no doubt, aware that these conflicting views have caused much trouble, both to Christians and others who are not; and are, indeed, the foundation of the teachings of Confucius, of Buddhism, and of other pagan forms of relig-

ion, also of the Greeks, Roman Catholicism, etc. For example, Where else does the doctrine of Maryolatry and worship of Saints find its origin?

But now let us take another view of the subject, viz, that of man's mortality, and we shall at once see that these difficulties will all vanish. And the Scriptures will also be seen to be harmonious, and correct views can also be held of both the goodness, wisdom, justice, and mercy of God. But *is man mortal?*

Let us examine a little further the Word of God on this point, and then see if the Scriptures do, indeed, speak with authority and with plain teaching on the subject or not? In a former chapter of this book we have noticed in modern theology that such terms are often used concerning the immortal soul of man, such as "the never dying spirit," also "the endless existence in the future," etc. But these expressions, we have also assured the reader, are not Scriptural. The word "immortal" occurs in the Bible but once only, and then it is applied to God. (I Tim. 1 : 17.) The original word from which it is rendered occurs six times, and in every instance applied to man's future condition beyond the grave. The word "immortality" occurs but five times in our English version, and six in the original, and is never applied to natural man, but refers to the future state only. Some, however, maintain that immortality is self-evident. But is such the case? For, as we have seen, it is an attribute of God, "who only has immortality," and can and does impart it, as he will, and even as he did to Christ and the angels; but we have yet to find that he has (according to Scripture teachings), yet imparted it to man. But this we have shown: that it is something to be earnestly sought after by him.

It is needless here to add that the account of the creation in the Book of Genesis is not only discredited by many, but often absolutely denied, which practically leaves God entirely out of the question in determining man's creation and origin. Therefore we see a constant disposition towards the doctrine of evolution, Darwinism, Spiritualism, etc., viz : that our race sprang from the lowest order of animated nature, commencing even in the mollusk or protoplasm, as we have before mentioned, until we were gradually evolved or developed from next to nothing, step by step, and degree by degree, till we now find ourselves what we are.

Hence, this view of the subject, we shall at once see, leaves out entirely the creative work of a being superior to man (which has been widely remarked by another). Some men hate to acknowledge their Creator, and make the man of today not only vastly superior to the first pair which God included in his creative work, and pronounced "very good," but also make him superior to God, the Creator himself. We are taught by Scripture that "man was created in God's own image." But the claimant for man's immortality says that this is proof sufficient for the same, and reasons as follows : first, God is immortal ; second, Man is in God's image : therefore, Man is immortal. This, we see is a syllogism.

Let us try it again. First, God is omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent, all-wise ; second, Man is in God's image : therefore, he, too, is omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent, etc. And from this parity of reasoning we not only see that it places the creature, man, in a highly exalted position, but makes him quite equal with his Creator, God. The foregoing, however, we at once see, proves too much, and according to all rules in logic,

that which proves too much proves just nothing at all. As we have already maintained, God has a form and person, however different this may be from the teaching in the Westminster Catechism, which tells us, "He is without body, parts or passions." Christ, we are taught, is "in the express image of his Father's person"; also, "that man was made in God's image"; but this cannot be taken in a spiritual sense, as that view would give him *all* of God's attributes instead of a *single one*.

We have also referred to the creation of man out of the dust of the ground, and of the breath of life, which was breathed into him by God, his Creator, "and he became a living soul." And this, we understand, many honest Bible readers and others claim for man as the origin of his immortal soul. Such, however, is not so much as hinted at in the record.

As we have already told you, when first created, man was simply a lifeless form of inanimate clay. In the perfection of art and beautiful mechanism, he was perfect and complete in all his parts. But this lifeless body yet needed the direct act of his Creator to put this machinery in motion, and this was done when "God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," and man *now* became a living soul. Thus, we see, when the vital principle was imparted, man lived; before this took place, he was dead. But, as we have before remarked, his Creator did not stop just here, but yet added the crowning gift to this dual form—the tri-partite nature.

Hence, man's superiority in his intellectual capacity of thinking and reasoning over the brute creation, and with this intelligence and knowledge which God has given him in his enlightened condition, enables him to realize his responsibility to his God.

We read that "he became a living soul." Are we to understand, or not, by this, that he had a dead soul before the breath of life was breathed into him? Let us here examine a little more closely the meaning of the terms "soul" and "spirit," as used in the Bible. There are four terms translated "soul" and "spirit." "Nethesh," as defined by Parkhurst, a celebrated scholar, signifies breath, vital principle, life, etc., and this answers to "soul." When Elijah prayed that "the soul of the child might come unto him again," the word is Nethesh, defined *breath*. Repeated instances of the same might also be given. "Ruach" is also another word translated "soul" and "spirit," and has the same primary meaning as Nethesh. The Greek words, Psuche and Pnuma, also translated "soul, life and spirit" in the New Testament, are likewise defined "*life principle*," the "breath," etc., but also have different meanings or shades of meaning; no one definition can therefore be universally applied. The words "soul" and "spirit" sometimes refer also to the affections, aims or objects in life, vitality, animation, etc., and not in a single instance are they called "immortal" or "deathless."

In the above, it will be seen that we have called the reader's careful attention at some length, that he might be better enabled to comprehend the great importance of this matter.

By turning to Ecclesiastes 12 : 7, we read : "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it"; and this passage is often referred to, to prove the separation of soul and body; the one to moulder back to the dust from which it was taken, the other to dwell on unceasingly.

But does this prove the fact? The spirit, we are told, goes

to God who gave it. Was it a living entity or of Divine essence, if you please, when God gave it? If such indeed is true, the preëxistence of souls is also true, and if this be true, why should we not remember things which have occurred before the soul ever came into our mortal body?

The spirit, we understand, which goes back to God again, is the same which he gave, and the record in Genesis shows it to have been "the breath of life." Job tells us (34 : 14, 15), "If he gather unto himself his spirit and his breath, all flesh shall perish together, and man shall turn again unto dust." Hence we see, the spirit returns to God; he gathers it unto himself, **AND MAN DIES.**

Thus far we have spoken of man in general, wicked as well as righteous, and as some one has pertinently remarked, "If the foregoing proves the conscious existence of man after death, it brings the wicked to God at death, and therefore dispenses with a judgment, or else makes the judgment at death. And then, if all men are judged at death, where is the need of a future judgment such as we read is yet to come? Will there be mistakes rectified then?"

We read, Ecc. 3 : 22, "that one lot, death, is common both to man and beast," and the question is raised "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward through the earth?" Here we see again the Hebrew word for spirit is "Ruach," which means the *breath of life*, which is common to both man and beast.

But as we are plainly taught in the Word of God, man has a possible future, which the beast has not, and as we have said, in this particular is above the beast, and his future is in the hands of God, and if he seeks for immortality beyond the grave and

eternal happiness in the life to come, he has the promise unconditionally that he can obtain it if he will.

But that he must come into judgment after death and the resurrection of the body, whilst the brute beast will not, is clearly taught in the Sacred Scriptures. Hence the contrast of upward and downward is made between the breath of man, and that of the brute.

“Fear not,” says the Savior, (Matt. 10 : 28) “them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul ; but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.” Just so, says one ; that is a good text to prove that though the body may be killed, the soul still lives on forever. But does this text prove any such thing ? for it certainly does not say so. And is it not rather a proof of the final extinction of life with those who do not fear Him, who is thus able to destroy ?

We have already mentioned further back the circumstance of Moses and Elias appearing on the mount of transfiguration. Elias, we read, was translated without seeing death, (Matt. 17 : 1-3) and so far as relates to Moses, we have already discussed that in a preceding chapter.

The eminent scholar and commentator, Dr. Clarke, takes the position, which seems reasonable, that Moses was indeed resurrected (see Jude 9), after his burial (no one knows how long), and that whilst Elias represented the righteous, living at Christ’s second coming, Moses represented the resurrection of saints, also at Christ’s coming. (Cor 5 : 8 and Phil 1 : 23.)

Many seem to understand that when the Christian dies he becomes immediately present with the Lord ; and the Spiritualists of the “New Church of Christian Science” teach that angels, just at that particular moment, are hovering round ready

at the last departing breath to, at that instant, take possession of the *disembodied spirit*, and convey it HOME, lest, perchance, being left alone, it might *stray away* somewhere else, or into some unknown realm of space, or to some unknown planet *beyond the confines of space*, other than where it should go, and so perhaps get lost altogether.

Hence the beautiful poem—some reader may remember—whose lines run in some such way as follows :

“How cheering the thought that the angels in bliss
May plume their bright wings for a world such as this ;
And leave their blest abode in realms above,
To bring some sweet message to the friends we love.

Aye, they come, they come, to snatch some poor soul from death’s
cold embrace,
And safely convey it to their own sweet resting place,” etc.

All of which sounds very sweetly, and may even be comforting to those who may believe such things. But what does it *prove*, or does it indeed prove anything ?

In the above texts alluded to, Paul is here speaking of the glorious expectation of the *time* when he (now in the assurance of *faith*) will be *absent* from the body and *present* with the *Lord*. “Wherefore we *labor*,” he tells us, “whether *present* or *absent*, we may be *accepted* of Him.”

And although he was now groaning, while in this (body) tabernacle, on account of heavy *burdens*, yet, whenever *that time does come*, be it when it may, “to be called upon,” he wants to be *sure* he is *ready*. And in that wonderful lesson in I Cor. 15, beginning with the 42d verse, he tells us just what the *body* is when it *dies*, and just *what* it *is* when raised in the resurrection, and just *how* it is raised.

And then, after assuring us, in the 50th verse, just what can *not* be, in the 54th verse he assures afterwards just what will be. And (I Thess. 4:17) he tells us what the Christian shall be, viz: "So shall we ever be with the Lord." And then again, in Phil. 1:23, he expresses his earnest desire to "depart and be with Christ," etc.

But he does not attempt to tell us how *long* a time would elapse between his "*departure*" and his being with Christ. Then, let us consider a little further what he says in II Tim. 4, after delivering his charge and counsel to his beloved and faithful young follower; in the 6th verse he says, "For I am now ready to be offered, and the *time* of my departure is at hand," etc. *Henceforth there is laid up a crown* of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at *that day*," etc. See, also, Chap. 1:12, 18. If Paul had *believed* he was going directly straight to heaven at *death*, do you not think he would have told us so? But he tells us, "*Henceforth there is a crown laid up for him*," etc., which he *shall receive*—when? At the same day the other saints get theirs, viz, the day of Christ's appearing. (Verse 8.)

If the question should be asked, "Why does Paul connect his 'departing and being with Christ' so closely?" we answer, Because in point of fact, and practically, they are just so close to each other. But how close? And to illustrate a little more fully, the same, dear reader, as if you were to lie down at the close of a tired day, and drop into a sound, sweet sleep, and the next morning, at early sunrise, you wake up again, to behold the beautiful bright sun, in joy and gladness, and in vigor of health and life. You have slept the *long night* through, without having awakened till *morning*, though you might have

been roused from your slumbers at any hour, as it was only the taking of natural sleep of *tired nature*, and *not* the *sleep* of *death*, which knows *no waking* till the resurrection morn. And just so we understand it to be with that illustrious old saint and martyr, and all the saints before and since then who have "FALLEN ON SLEEP." And the matter of *time* in the *sleep* they are taking, and which we, too, shall take, cuts no figure whatever; though it be one hundred, a thousand, or ten thousand, years, it is only one quiet night's *rest*—a single unconscious nap of sweet sleep! So you, too, slept during the whole night undisturbed, and very probably when you awoke you even thought that the night had been a very short one, as to you it seemed. And so it is, we have said, with all who *rest* in their graves till the resurrection day for the *dead*. "They *know not* anything." (Eccles. 9 : 5, 6 ; 12 : 7 ; Ps. 146 : 3, 4.)

We regret we have no further time or space to pursue this profound and deeply interesting subject to greater length, but trust that enough has already been said in these and preceding pages to set some *to thinking*, at least, who have perhaps never before given this particular *phase* of the subject a careful and thorough investigation. And we now purpose closing these pages by adding a few more thoughts further, but very briefly, ON THE FINAL DESTRUCTION OF THE WICKED. OF SIN, ITS CONSEQUENCES, AND ITS ULTIMATE END.

It is a fact so well known as hardly to need repetition, that nearly or quite all "orthodox" teachings among the multiplied sects and denominations of different names have always maintained, and still maintain and teach, the doctrine of *eternal punishment* for the wicked; or, in other words, that they are to be cast into a lake of fire, to be burned, and there to burn and

undergo the most dreadful tortures that can be conceived of, throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. And this doctrine we were taught to believe, and therefore did believe, from early infancy or childhood for forty years; probably because we simply took it for granted, for the reason that very many others, and indeed quite all we knew, believed and taught the same. And this was, indeed, a very dreadful thing to thus think of and believe.

But in later years, and after more careful thought and diligent research, and almost constant study of the inspired Word of God, and much earnest prayer for guidance and direction in the way of *all truth*, our mind has, indeed, been forced, as it were, not only to undergo a decided and marked change on this particular subject, but also on others of equal or, perhaps, even greater importance, concerning the actual and correct teachings of the sacred record. And now we most affectionately invite the reader to let us carefully and impartially examine the subject for a few moments, with due regard to such texts of Scripture as we may find bearing upon it. And before proceeding further, we will just here lay down the following propositions, to be proven by plain Scripture teachings, as our premises :

1st. A day of judgment is to come at the end of the world, when the ungodly or wicked men and devils will be judged. 2d. Neither class are to be judged till then. 3d. It will take place on this earth; and 4th. Then the wicked will be *destroyed*, and the earth restored as the abode of the righteous. All the above is *not a new* doctrine to us, but has been fully believed for many years, not only by us, but many others, while large multitudes of Christian men and women of today

quite *believe* the same, but are somehow loath to acknowledge it, because it is not perhaps so popular as other doctrines taught on this subject. But let us at once to the proof. Acts 17 : 31 tells us that "God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world." And Jude 6 tells us "that *fallen* angels are *reserved* unto the judgment of the great day." In John 12 : 48, the Savior speaks of those who reject him, that shall be "judged in the *last* day." 2 Peter 3 : 7-10 and Rev. 20 : 11-16 also teach us plainly and show conclusively, that the judgment is at the end of the world, and in connection with the resurrection, as well as the destruction of this world and of the wicked ; and such Scriptures can not be denied without denying the *plain* teachings of God's Word. And such are the teachings, and so plain that it would seem that even "the way-faring man though he be a fool, need not err therein," or in correctly understanding, and yet, as we have already said, the doctrine has been and still continues to be taught, that wicked men go to hell at death, and Christians go to heaven. And, then, as we have already shown, we have the strange spectacle of the wicked afterwards coming up from hell, and the righteous from heaven, to be judged, and then sent back again to their punishment or reward. Could there be anything more inconsistent than this? Think of it ! Send a man to a place of punishment for guilt, before he has had any trial or been sentenced. What would be thought of such a court or high tribunal even in our land? Nor is one word of any such doctrine taught in the Bible. In 2 Peter 2 : 9, we are told that "the unjust are *reserved unto the day of judgment* to be punished." Rev. 11 : 15-18 tells us "after the kingdoms of the world *have become the kingdom of CHRIST.*" the *time then* arrives or has ar-

rived, when is "the time of the dead that they shall be judged."

And Jude 6 reads: "And the angels which kept not their first estate, he hath reserved in chains of everlasting darkness, unto the judgment of the great day." The general doctrine also taught is, that the devils are now already undergoing their punishment together with other wicked spirits, somewhere in a place called hell. But if so, how comes it that many, as we have every reason to believe and know, are now getting in their devilish work throughout the length and breadth of the land, and just as Christ found when he came upon earth eighteen centuries ago, when they were heard to call out and say: "Art thou come to torment us before *the time*?" (Matt. 8: 29.)

Can the devils be in hell and be allowed to come out and traverse this earth, committing their hellish deeds, and then again return at will, or as they will? See what inconsistency. By turning to Matt. 25, and reading from the 31st to 46th verse, we learn that even while many righteous are unexpectedly to receive their heavenly reward, the wicked will quite as unexpectedly be sent to hell to receive their reward. Can we believe that they have been there all these 1800 years, and not have found out till Christ comes with his holy angels to judge the world, that they are *lost*? Surely, if they have been in such a place all these long centuries, they would have known ere this their eternal doom.

Read the 20th chapter of Revelations, and we learn that "after the sea and the earth give up their dead to be judged," that *then*, or *after that*, "*the wicked go into the lake of fire.*" But *where* is this lake of fire? Proverbs, 11: 31, teaches that "*the righteous shall be recompensed in [on] this earth, much more*

the *wicked* and the *sinner*." "Ah," says the Universalist, "that's my doctrine; that suits me." But *is it?* And *does it?* Let us see.

First, *you* claim that *all* men of every class get their reward in this life as they go along, and *deny* future *punishment*. The *text* does not say *they shall be recompensed in this life*, and in the next *all get home together*. Not one word of this. But the time of recompense is in the life to come, and the *wicked* and the *sinner* "*much more*" (abundantly). And as we are taught and shown, as in Rev. 20, and Peter 3, hell is to be on (or in) this earth; the wicked will no doubt find out all about it when the time comes. See II Peter 3, and in 13th verse look for "*new heavens* and a *new earth*, wherein dwelleth righteousness." "Behold, the day cometh which shall *burn* as an oven, and *all* the proud, yea, and *all* that do *wickedly*, shall be as *stubble*, and the day cometh that shall BURN THEM UP, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them *neither root nor branch*." (Mal. 4 : 1.)

We need add no comment here; all is plain and positive, without any spiritualizing. It is here plainly shown that the utter destruction of sin and sinners takes place in the last great conflagration, when the trail of the serpent has been destroyed, and the earth made a *fit* abode for the *righteous*. No *figurative* fire of a "*guilty conscience*" is here spoken of; not a word of it anywhere to be found in the Bible. The fire which *consumes* the *wicked* also "*destroys the world and melts the elements*." Simply a *guilty conscience* can never *purify* this sin-cursed earth; for "*the wages of sin is death*."

As we have before shown, numberless texts speak of the *wicked* being "*destroyed by fire*." They *shall perish*." Does

"*perish*" mean *live* forever in *torment*? "They shall be as *ashes*," etc.: "*shall be consumed*," etc. But just here we are met by the objector, who tells us "they are to *burn* with *unquenchable* fire." Does an *unquenchable* fire *burn forever*? Should your house or barn be set on fire, it would only *continue* to burn till it was *consumed*, unless you were to *quench* the fire by water or any other possible way. Therefore, such would be an *unquenchable* fire till it finished its work, "forever and ever." And so with the *fire* which shall *consume* the wicked, because no one can *quench* it. And so the wicked, says Obad. 16, "shall be as though they *had not been*." And so are the "*fires of Tophet*," which were ordained of old in the valley of Hinnom," near Jerusalem, and which were kept "*burning unquenchably*," till there was nothing more put into them to burn, or until they were changed into "the *valley of slaughter*," and so "*became no more*." See Jeremiah 7 : 31, 32.

There seem to be only three texts in the Old Testament Scriptures that are so much as claimed to prove *eternal punishment*, by those who maintain and teach it. Let us briefly examine these a little, and see just how far they may be thus construed.

The first of these occurs in Psalm 9 : 17 : "The wicked shall be turned into hell [and], all the nations that forget God" ("and" is omitted here in the original Hebrew). Here we have the plain, simple declaration, which we *believe to be true*. And as it is the first that occurs after the world's and man's history in the Bible for more than three thousand years, and more than half the Scriptures were written before the inspired prophet uttered these words, we find, if allowed to reason by analogy, and may so infer, that all who lived during this long period *died*

without ever having been warned of their impending doom, which is *not* God's way of manifesting either his *displeasure* or his *love* towards the children of his creation. Besides, this text reads "*shall be*" as an act *yet* to be performed, and *not yet* having taken place. Nor does it mention a word about their *eternal burning*, even when this occurs. And this being the case, is it not only reasonable to suppose, if the *length* of time or its *duration* had been definitely fixed in the mind of the psalmist, he would have been very likely to have mentioned it? But as he is silent on this point, so shall we be.

But as we have already abundantly shown from other texts, "*They shall be burned up*," "*Utterly perish*," "*Be consumed*," &c. The second text in order is Isaiah 33 : 14 ; "Who among us shall *dwell* with *devouring fire*? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burning?" Verse 13 in the context might also be added.

In this chapter we see that the inspired prophet is setting forth the threatenings of God's judgments against his enemies and "The *sinner*s and *hypocrites* in legion"; *i. e.*, the ungodly and the hypocrites who are mixed in among the righteous in his Church; and should indeed be a very solemn warning to the multiplied tens, and hundreds of thousands in the Churches to-day, who have taken upon them the NAME OF CHRIST, and have never been *converted*, and are *living on in sin* and the *life of a hypocrite*, and *well know it*; and yet are trying to hide those sins with the cloak of the CHURCH, or a *form* of godliness.

But *be sure your sin will find you out*, Num. 22 : 33. And the *world*, the *non-professor*, *not only will*, but *has already*, "*found you out*"; often indeed, perhaps *before* you even knew yourself. Ask the Sceptic, Atheist, or Infidel what *first* led them

into such beliefs, and they will frankly tell you, "Dealings and intercourse with, and a certain knowledge of, *false* professors among the Churches." But this fact, however well they know it, will not excuse them.

Daniel 12 : 2 is the third and last of the Old Testament Scriptures we would call attention to. "And *many* of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, *some* to *everlasting life*, and *some* to *everlasting contempt*." Here we are plainly taught that the *dead* are *asleep*, and that they *awake* when the *time comes* to *receive* their rewards, whenever that may be, or whatever may be their rewards. And this most indubitably will be at the *resurrection*.

The righteous, we see, *awake to everlasting life*; the wicked to *everlasting contempt*. But is it necessary they should *live forever*, and so receive punishment *forever*; so as to be held in shame and *everlasting contempt*? To illustrate, take the case of Aaron Burr or Benedict Arnold. More than a century has passed since their acts of infamy and shame, and the perpetual record of their deeds is as fresh today in the minds of the present generation of American people, as a month or year after the betrayal of their trust took place, and will so continue *imperishable*, and outlast the pages of modern history, and is therefore "*everlasting*."

And so it is with the wicked, not by the *righteous only* but God and angels too. And now, having as we trust, made this quite clear to all, we will briefly consider the remaining texts in the New Testament, of which there are only half a dozen, claimed to establish *eternal* duration of punishment to the wicked, whilst hundreds might be quoted to prove *their annihilation* or *destruction forever*.

Matthew 3d reads : " He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire " ; *i. e.*, the *chaff* shall be burned with fire that shall *not* be *quenched* or *put out* till the *chaff* is all burned, and then, it is both natural and reasonable to suppose the *fire* will *go out* of itself, having nothing more to *burn* or keep it *alive*. That is what it does, or, at least, that is according to the usual course it takes.

Who ever heard of a house or barn, or any combustible matter, continuing to burn on and on, after everything was *consumed* into smoke and ashes? Even the great fire in Chicago, some years ago, did not do this, but naturally died out, or was *quenched* after having *consumed* everything within its reach.

Jerusalem, though destroyed according to the prophecies and threatenings of the Lord (see Jer. 17 : 27), some thirty different times, as history tells us, and seventeen times out of the number, the total destruction was by fire that should "*not be quenched.*" And yet Jerusalem still stands today on its ancient site and debris of the old ruins and conflagrations, which so often swept it away ; and now scarcely a trace of such is to be seen.

So, also in Mark 9 : 44, 46, 48 : " Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Popular pulpit and Sunday school teachings make the "worm" here mentioned the "*immortal soul.*" But is it? Let us see how about this. And if, indeed, it does mean it, we would be glad to know the truth of it.

First, is there supposed to be anything *immortal* or *indestructible* about a worm? Surely, no more so than we might expect to find "*wisdom*" in a *serpent*, as we read in Matt. 10 : 16 : " Be ye wise as *serpents*," etc., when it should and does so read in

the original, "Be ye *wise servants*," etc., which you see makes a marked difference. Is there any *wisdom* in a *serpent*? There is plenty of deadly poison, as well as *devilish cunning*, but certainly very little *wisdom*. "Worm," therefore, is simply made use of as a *figure* to express—express what? Certainly *not* either the *human* or *immortal soul*, no more than fire here mentioned is to express the remorse and gnawings of the sinner's guilty conscience, however great that may be and often is.

In verses 43, 45 and 47 of the same chapter, the *hell* here mentioned, instead of representing the same term "*Sheol*" in the Hebrew, or *Hades* in the Greek, in this instance, as well as in others also, is derived from the Greek word *Gehenna*, and directly refers to the same which we have before mentioned, called "*Tophet*"—the *hell* in the valley *Hinnom*, on the south of Jerusalem, outside the walls; which valley is clearly pointed and described to this day, as we were plainly shown when visiting the spot. "*Gehenna*," i. e., *hell* in "*Hinnom*." (Greek.)

Let no one who reads this be longer led astray on this subject. Here, this *hell* (fire) was kept up *day* and *night*, from generation to generation, *never* being *quenched*. And into it were cast the bodies of animals after death, and in every stage of decomposition, such as caused them to be infected with *living* "*worms*," which fed upon them. Does any one suppose they continued to live on in this fire, any more than the dead carcasses of animals remained *unconsumed* when the fire was sufficiently intense to burn them up? No doubt they were often deposited there in great quantities, even when the *fire* was *low*, (or only smouldering, but *not quenched*), for be it remembered fuel was even then, and ever has been exceedingly scarce in that land, where they had to gather stubble and thornbrush and dry camel's dung, and place them in their earthen ovens, as they

do to this day—as we often saw, when exploring that land—in order to heat them, that they might bake bread.

No coal beds, gas, or petroleum there, as in some parts of Europe and all over our own country, and wood always scarce. And we pause here to remark, we have sometimes since wearied and grown tired, and even impatient, with such *nonsense* as the general interpretations put upon such texts of Scripture as the above and many similar, even by commentators, theologians, and writers of great learning, profound scholarship, etc., and their knowledge would seem unbounded on almost *every* subject and in almost *every* way, except the one simple and single way only, viz, that of COMMON SENSE, in trying to interpret and expound such passages of Scripture.

And, although we have not tired of the great importance of the subject before us, viz, the *eternal salvation* of the righteous, and the *eternal damnation* of the *wicked*, and *believe* and *know*, *i. e.*, if we *know anything*, that both are *true* and in strict accord with the teachings of God's inspired Word ; and although we have in this compendium to the foregoing treatise dwelt upon these matters of such deep concern to every one, and though we might continue to add and multiply text after text of Scripture, all of which would corroborate and more fully substantiate our Scripture views as to correct and true Bible teachings, yet we must here come to a close, after adding a few more very brief remarks further, concerning the general pulpit doctrines as taught for some generations past, and are still being taught. And without attempting to here point out many which we are taught from divine teaching to understand and believe to be gross errors, we will only refer to a few, and let this suffice for the present, at least. First, what we conceive to be one of the greatest errors to start with, viz :

The True Character, and Attributes, and Essences of God, the Creator, as Taught in the "Westminster Confession," and so accepted and Taught by the "Orthodox Churches," so called generally, as follows :

"There is but only one living and true God, who is infinite in being and perfection, a most pure Spirit [true and right altogether thus far, but] *invisible, without body, parts, or passions.*"

* * * Can any, sane man, in his senses, reason out the *appearance* and *nature* of any such creature in the whole universe of God, much less the DIVINE AUTHOR and CREATOR of ALL THINGS? Only think of it! He is first very truly and justly acknowledged to be a "*most pure Spirit.*" And yet this Spirit is "*without body* [or form], *without parts*, and *without passions.*" Does the Bible teach it? We challenge all the learned schools of theology and divinity to show us where? Here we see at once God is robbed of at least three, not to say four, of his attributes, and thus made to appear as a *nondescript*, diverse from any creature ever known or heard of, and that cannot possibly be described, only as an intangible, incorporeal ENTITY, not to say *non-entity*.

But, does the Bible so teach us? When we are as plainly told, as words and language can express it, in Gen. 1 : 26, 27, (and in other places): He "MADE MAN IN HIS OWN IMAGE," "*in the image of God* CREATED HE HIM," etc. What can possibly be plainer than this? And who shall deny it, except it may be those who accept the Darwin theory? And is it any wonder indeed that there are many such today who do, and that their numbers are multiplying by the millions, when theologians, themselves, preach and teach such things? And the

same, we may again add, of the *immortality* of the Sinner's Soul, and his *eternal punishment*, never to come to an end.

Can it therefore be wondered at, that *religion*, as taught, is sadly declining, and churches becoming less attended, although *professors* may be constantly increasing? But, where is the SPIRITUALITY in the Churches of today, that burned and glowed in the hearts of its *believing* children, even in the days of LUTHER, CALVIN, WESLEY, WHITFIELD, KNOX, BUNYAN, FLETCHER and others, not to go back to the early days of the Martyrs? Truly indeed, may it be said, as has been, by some of the ministers of today, that religion or the conversion of souls has become a lost art. And who or what has made it so? I here pause for an answer, and now close the book, first however, by dropping a single suggestion, which my earnest prayer to Almighty God in the name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is, that it may find its way to the hearts of not only all professing Christians who may read this, but to ministers especially, which may serve to assist in striking the keynote to this deeply mysterious and seemingly strange problem, and thus aid in its solution by simply adding, that when ministers ask: "How shall this alarming fact be met and remedied?" we answer: "By preaching the TRUTH as it is taught in the BIBLE, and by CHRIST and his APOSTLES, even as they preached and taught; and then you will have done, not what alas! too many now do, but what Paul and other Apostles did, viz: — DARED to declare the TRUTH." And may God enable all his ministers so to do, is the earnest prayer of your devoted brother in Christ Jesus our Lord.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

His Early Days—Addressed to His Son.

My dear Boy: As you have, I trust, arrived at an age, and have sufficient mind and education, to enable you to understand and appreciate the following pages, from which you will learn more of your Father than you have before known or been able to learn, it will now be my pleasurable task to proceed at once with the subject in hand ; and will begin by telling you that which you perhaps have been too often sadly aware of, as well as myself, viz, that through some unforeseen and continued overrulings of an ever merciful and uncontrollable Providence, our separation from each other has often been many thousands of miles, over land and seas, even for a number of consecutive years. And at the present time of this writing, quite three thousand miles lie between us, and more than two years have rolled their cycles back into eternity since our last meeting. And although in much of the past, which to me seems short enough, yet perhaps to you very long, I have often suffered great affliction, and may truthfully add, have passed but few well months ; and the same, indeed, might be said of my condition ever since your life began. As chronic sufferers, however, seldom elicit much sympathy from those who enjoy almost uninterrupted health, I have therefore learned, perhaps earlier in life than many do,

that it is better to refrain from complaining, or making my actual condition generally known ; and, consequently, endure all as far as Divine strength has enabled me, with as little complaint as possible. And now, having said quite enough relating to this matter, I will endeavor to recount certain incidents of my life, even from early childhood, all of which, however, shall be related very briefly. And, doubtless, before I shall have arrived, say at about your present age, in my history, you will have concluded, of a verity, as has been remarked to me often by others, that my life has indeed been a checkered and very eventful one, for very often, and perhaps more times than I even know or can now remember, I have had close calls to pass over "that bourne from whence no traveler returns," but a most merciful and ever kind Providence has continually watched over me from day to day, and every hour, all through life's journey and its checkered scenes, down to the present moment, often very wonderfully and even miraculously, just as He has done for you, my Son, even most marvelously, as I shall relate to you at the proper time in these, our personal memoirs.

My birthplace, as you perhaps may have been already informed, was in Bourbon County, Kentucky, not far from the Town of Paris, (your grandfather and mother, my parents, being Virginians). And though some unimportant incidents occurred even in infancy, in that State, yet were of a trivial nature, they would only serve to amuse, rather than otherwise impress you ; and my Parents, at *my* very early age, moved from that State to Indiana.

We will pass over all till after arriving in that, then, a new country, in the autumn, and after passing a dreadfully cold win-

ter, in the following early summer, during sheep-shearing time, and I being, as well as I now remember, only four years old, was sent with another child about the same age, by my father, with a coffee boiler to what was known as a gum spring, a few hundred yards distant, to bring a pot of fresh water. The spring boiled up from the ground, and a section of a very hollow, large beech or gum tree, a few feet long, had been sunken down around it, hence the name "gum spring."

The top of this extended perhaps a foot above ground, whilst the water in it rose up quite on a level with the ground, and being slippery on account of moisture around. On my reaching over to dip the pot of water, my feet slipped, when, to save myself from plunging head foremost, I let go the vessel, and at the same instant caught on the opposite edge of the gum, with both hands, but in some unaccountable way, turned with my back downward towards the water instead of face, and in this position hung by hands or fingers rather, to the edge, while my feet hung outside on the opposite side. During these moments of dreadful suspense, the little fellow with me in the greatest excitement began tugging at my feet, trying to pull me out, which, of course, he was unable to do, and only endangered me the more, when I began to beg piteously to him not to do so, as I began to feel my fingers already beginning to give way from the opposite side, as my body and neck began gradually sinking in the water ; and then told him to call loudly for his uncle—my father, which he certainly did, as lustily as I ever heard a young calf bellow from the most dreadful fear ; and the sound instantly catching my father's ear, few were the moments or even steps indeed, before he reached the spot ; but, before he had done so, my hold was then quite broken, only holding by the

tips of my *little fingers*, whilst my body and neck, and even chin, had sunken so low as to let the water begin to flow into my mouth and nostrils, requiring no small effort to breathe, and at the same time keep from strangling. Perhaps five or ten seconds more would have sufficed to have forced my finger-holds to have slipped away, when I would have gone down, and would have plunged in head foremost, just deep enough to have let my toes or feet stick up above the edge of the gum; and whilst the situation as it was was not pleasant, the last mentioned would have been less so, although a very few moments, or indeed seconds, as it was, would have ended all. This, I scarcely need add, was my first experience of perilous conditions, and though scarcely four years old, yet it, as you see, made a *lasting* impression on my mind.

My second rather critical, but somewhat miraculous escape, occurred a few years later, when I had become sufficiently large to ride horses. In those days, the *modus operandi*, for grain (wheat) threshing was the following: Those who were able to have barns, hauled their wheat from the field or stacks to the barn, and filled up in the center of the floor quite a heap of unbound sheaves, and then scattered some of the same around it, on the outer border. The horses were brought in and started around on it, often at a pretty lively gait, too. And of course, this was fun for the small boys, for the first few hours at any rate, to ride the horses, and lead another, side by side, two and two. But when that thing was kept up sometimes, day after day, all day long, for a week or more perhaps, it not only became very monotonous, but tiresome too, and often even painfully so, making the small boys feel as if a soft cushion or even a pillow would be more comfortable to sit on,

than the sharp vertebræ of some old Rosinante. On one of those occasions, I well remember, I was one of the riders, whilst my oldest brother was general floor manager, whose position was that of a central figure on the middle heap, or near its edge, always with a stout wooden fork in hand, for the purpose of doling out the sheaves to be trodden under the horses' feet ; and whilst thus actively engaged, a snake was seen to dart out from the heap, and attempt to make across the floor, just ahead of the horse I was riding and the one I was leading, and immediately behind the heels of two horses in front. This I saw, and seeing was to determine it should not escape, and so instantly sprang from my perch on the horse, without so much as halting the gait, and down into the straw I went, at a single bound, with the avowed purpose of seizing his snakeship in my hands incontinently ; but it so happened, however, without noticing, my big brother, your Uncle Banker, had also spied the snake at the very same moment I had, and he too was equally determined with myself that it should not escape. Only he went for it a little more *secundum artem*, *i. e.*, according to the art, he, having a good stout fork in hand quite six feet long, two prongs, and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 inches in diameter, strong and well-seasoned, which he had raised to give a tremendous blow upon the snake's back or head ; nor did that blow fail to come down, nor did it fail in effect either, for just at that moment my cranium happened to be just where the snake's head should have been. The result of it all however was, a good pitchfork was spoiled, by being broken squarely in two, and a certain quick motioned, large headed, but small witted boy's head felt no better or easier, for a while at least, for that stroke from a pitchfork. In recounting that same circumstance,

to that same brother many years afterwards, it seemed to have quite passed out of his mind, and so I have ever been left unable to decide which he regretted the most, the loss of that pitchfork or the escape of that snake ; but I have never, even yet, forgotten which *I* regretted most.

At about this time and age I had become quite large enough to attend school, together with other brothers and sisters, some older and others younger. In those days a district school usually held about three months in the year, being a part of the winter season, and the district from a mile or more to the "temple of learning," which consisted of a square hewed log house, *chinked* and daubed with mortar between the cracks, to keep out cold ; a large, tall fireplace at one end, occupying the greater part of that side of the building, into which huge logs were carried or rolled and piled on, together with smaller wood, all cut in sections from the trunks and limbs of trees, consisting of the beech, the sugar tree, the hickory, etc., which generally served to keep the "*Temple*" comfortably warm even in a cold day, or at least, one's face when toward the fire, whilst the back usually had to suffer, not only from actual cold, but not infrequently from another cause, viz : the birch limb, which was often well laid on, depending, of course, somewhat upon the offense of the little reprobate, but generally more upon the fierceness of the ignorant and egotistical tyrant, whose pleasure it was to thus exercise his Neroean propensities and muscles, when not too lazy to do so, and which of course warmed up a little.

And in thus bringing the tough, well-seasoned bir chrod with brute force down upon the usually not any too well protected little culprit's back, seldom failed to not only raise the dust, but even make well defined marks over his epidermis, and

would likewise have cut the *fur* too, had there been any there ; whilst we sat upon a high bench, cut and split from the half of a good sized tree, the split side of course upward, because it was *flat*—no *back* to lean against, whilst the little feet dangled round without touching the floor ; and in this position, from early morning till quite dusk in the evening, except an hour's recess at noon, and sometimes a few minutes between the fore- and after-noon, we were compelled to sit quite steadily.

Of course, there were some large or well grown boys in attendance also, whose feet would reach the floor when sitting on the benches. But, of course, none of us ever failed to learn, some of our teachers sometimes being so far advanced as to be able to work *sums*, in the single and even double rule of 3, without being compelled to “sometimes”—“most always”—look at the key they generally carried on the sly, in their coat pocket. And I have even known *small* boys, and girls, too, or not to exceed ten to fifteen years old, begin in their A B C's, and in the course of one full session, without, perhaps, missing a day during the whole winter (unless when the snow chanced to be higher than their heads, so they could not very well wade through it, whilst the mercury stood thirty below zero, and when they could not wade were often carried on their father's or big brother's shoulders or backs all the way to school), I would remark that I have known these same boys and girls, too, some of whom not so small, after thus beginning in A B C's, to advance so far, in one full term, as to be able to not only repeat the whole alphabet of twenty six letters (I believe the English has, has it not?) from actual memory, but also to join two syllables (and in a few instances, possibly, three short ones), such as ba-ker, sha-dy, ti-dy, etc., though the word *tidy* but very few seemed

to quite ever understand, or have the least appreciation of, judging from the often unwashed hands and faces, as well as matted hair, all plainly visible ; and then the "aroma" arising promiscuously from the whole school generally, especially when doors and windows were all closed on a "cold day," and the big beech log fire booming—I say the aroma thus inhaled could not be mistaken as to the cause ; but, of course, the closely shut-up schoolhouse, say twenty feet square, with from forty to fifty boys and girls, thus shut in all day long, without ventilation, it would hardly seem was just the thing, or in accord with strict hygienic laws. As for coughs, severe colds, etc., there could be no mistake about that, as each one's nose abundantly testified, from the long appendages often seen protruding, something after the appearance of well grown, very whitish fish bait, such as is found under old logs, or even dug up from the earth, and have, indeed, been known to rain down from above, but which, however, generally found a lodgment upon the coat or jacket sleeve, which often became very smooth and well glazed from continual use, instead of a pocket-handkerchief, which very useful little appendage to the toilet was seldom seen, if indeed heard of, much less in use.

The school house floor was broad-hewn puncheons, the ceiling and roof thin oaken clap boards. Of course, the little games of ball, "prisoners' base," snowballing, etc., were always enjoyed by every boy ; and even the school master sometimes condescended to take a hand, "just for exercise," during which he generally got well pelted by some of the larger boys, none too fond of him, perhaps, on account of the too frequent markings of their epidermises, which seldom failed to leave a rather painful recollection, at least for a while.

As I have already stated, none of us ever failed to "learn." How fast I have already told you, but just how "*much*," or just "what all" we did learn, I of course have not told you, my dear Boy; nor, indeed, can I do so, now, or at any time, for my recollection on this point is perhaps less vivid and clear than it was, even in those halcyon days, which were quite a half a century ago; and that, to you no doubt, both seems and sounds like quite a while ago. But with such illustrious and highly educated (?) Pedagogues as we had to discipline us, can it be wondered at that we did indeed learn fast?

CHAPTER II.

Memoirs of Early Days, Continued.

My dear Boy, (or rather dear boys and girls, too, as these pages are addressed to every school-boy and girl into whose hands they may come, and who may take an interest in reading them), in my last letter to you I spoke of my very earliest experiences in the schoolroom.

And, although some of you may have thought it a little "rough on the boys," yet I want you to believe me, when I tell you those were among the happiest days, both in school and out of it, I have ever experienced in a life of half a century !

True, I suffered often, in more ways than one ; most children, you know, do. Often *phthisicy* ; certain seasons of the year coughing perhaps quite the whole night ; often keeping my dear Mother and Father too awake most of the night waiting on me ; giving me a little lump of loaf sugar saturated with sweet oil, or possibly spirits of turpentine, to relieve the cough and wheezing, then rubbing my throat and chest with a little goose grease perhaps, and applying the same to the soles of my feet, and then toasting them near the fire, until sometimes quite blistered, would generally give temporary relief.

At one time, I, as well as all my Brothers and Sisters, and just as most children have to do, at least once in life, had to pass through the contagion of measles. And I remember no fewer than *nine* of my father's family were all down at once, and abed with that very sickening and often dangerous disease ; and after long, tedious, close nursing by my mother and father,

days and nights for a few weeks, we all began to convalesce. Although my father had the measles when a boy, he took them again a second time, and suffered with them the same as we had done. This was a very unusual and almost unheard of thing, as measles is a children's contagion only, seldom appearing upon persons advanced in age, and the rarest thing imaginable that any one at any time in life should be attacked a second time.

The next severe epidemic and contagion, as well as I remember, was whooping cough; and this to some of us was very severe, lasting for many months, causing us to cough ourselves well nigh to death. But this, too, like the measles, finally came to an end, after lasting, however, much longer. The next, as well as I can remember, in the way of an epidemic was "itch," and although very disagreeable, to say nothing more, was also finally gotten rid of, though often tormenting while it lasted.

In those days we all lived on a farm, that being my father's vocation; and as autumns and winters came and passed away, and spring and summer succeeded each other, my age as well as size and education gradually advanced (with but little thanks however to the merciless pedagogues who had me in training), until I could not only read some in the First Reader, but had even learned to read the New Testament; and having also become large enough to weed out as well as hoe corn, and then to plow, at about the age of ten, I then thought I was getting on well enough. I also became very fond of reading, especially the New Testament, which I usually carried in my pocket to the field with me.

And as a test of verbal memory perhaps, as much as any-

thing else, before starting in to plow across the field, would take out my little Testament, read over a verse, fix the same in memory, and then start, repeating over and over in mind or words, till reaching the other end of the row, by which time it was fully committed to memory. Then fixing the next verse in my mind before starting back across the field, would commit to memory, and store it up likewise, in the same manner, so that by this means, and thus continuing all day, no time was lost but a very few moments at the end of each row, just long enough to let my horse which pulled the plow take a few breaths ; when night would come, I found I had many verses in my memory. And in this way, I remember after so continuing one whole week, on the following Sunday, in Sunday School, I stood up and recited quite one hundred verses from the gospel by Matthew, beginning with the 3d chapter, and so continuing on.

And my dear Boys, the same verses I learned then, I still remember to this day, and even repeat many of them, just as I did then ; so, that you will see, this time and effort was well spent, was it not ? Or do you not think so ? First for these reasons, if none other ; it not only assisted me in learning to read better, but also strengthened my mind and memory, the better enabling me to learn how to study and to think. But this was not all, for it taught me also very much about the Bible I never could have learned in any other way ; one of which things was, what I know no mortal on earth knew, and it is this : It told me who I was, and what I was. And it also told me that the reading of it, the Bible, would make me "wise unto salvation," and this was indeed a very great thing to learn, if one will only believe it. And if they will not, why not ? Can you think of any good reason, why not ?

Those days, Boys, as I have already told you, were often very happy days : appetite good, and sleep sound and sweet. Nor did I have much care about what might lie before me on the morrow. But times have changed with me often since then. Sunshine was pleasant then, so were rainy days, for on those days, if we could not go out to work, we could go into the barn, and "play fox and geese," or wrestle and tumble in the hay mow, shuck corn, shell corn, or what not—all was fun anyway, and so we had a very good time generally ; unless we sometimes abused our freedom and great privileges, at which times we generally had to undergo a little corporeal punishment, such as being brought under parental authority, by the use of a good, broad leather strap, which proceeding was sure to be premised by a very befitting moral lecture, which invariably hurt much worse than the strap, which was usually laid on in the lightest manner possible. I well remember undergoing no fewer than three of these inflictions one morning before breakfast, from my Father. It was on the occasion of a preacher, a very excellent man, having made us a family visit, and staid all night, and the next morning he took occasion to pay me perhaps a little more marked attention than I was capable of appreciating, from so august and dreadful a personage. And in my disposal of him, I, in some way seemed to have displeased my dear Father ; but just how, I never did exactly know, and however it may have been or was, I am even sorry for it, which, alas, is too late now. Be it, however, as it was, I well remember first and last I received no fewer than three "strappings" that same morning, before breakfast, and breakfast did not come late, either. And on receiving the last one of the three, I began to conclude if that sort of diversion or exercise had to be, or was going to

be, kept up all day just to please the preacher, I wished he would go home, which he did, after breakfast, with a well-filled "commissary department," such, as it seemed to me, but few men could conveniently stow away. I am sure the supply at that one meal would last me at least three days now, at my regular rates of feeding.

After this departure, however, things went on better with me at least, although his visit made me glad twice ; first, when he came, and second, when he went. It was perhaps a little wrong in me to have felt this way about it, but somehow, I could not quite help it. You know, Boys, no doubt from your own experience, that we cannot quite control our feelings always, any more indeed than some boys seem not able to control their actions, or a quick or hot temper, which we ought to strive hard against, for, if we let either grow upon us, it is sure to get us into trouble sooner or later, and sometimes very serious trouble too, and not always easily gotten out of. It might be well for some of you Boys who read this, to think about it a little. I know just how it once was with me, and though I may not have considered the consequences then as I do now, yet I do know it often got me into deep trouble sometimes, which even gave me sorrow afterwards. *Think about it, Boys.*

CHAPTER III.

Another Talk with the Boys.

BEFORE passing over scenes of my childhood, or boyhood's early days, I must relate a few more incidents, which though to some may seem trivial in themselves, yet to me made an impression which has never since been quite forgotten. On a certain occasion, my father gave me three little orphan pigs, which I went to work with as much industry and determination to have them grow into large porkers, and so make me rich, as ever Vanderbilt or Jay Gould went to work at their steamships and railroad speculations, when making their millions. To say I nursed those three pigs day and night, is scarcely the word for it, nor will I take time to tell how, or how fast they grew, what beauties they became, and what pets they were in a short time. In those days, the custom was, and still is in that part of the country, to make sugar in the Spring season, as winter begins to break and ground begins to thaw out, which starts the sap to circulating in the veins or along the pores, of the maple or sugar tree, as it comes up through the roots from the ground. And to extract this sweet sap or sugar water from the trees, it is necessary to "*tap*" the tree, as it is called, which is usually done by boring a couple of small holes an inch or two into the tree near the base, then drive in usually an alder *spile*, (which is a section 6 or 8 inches long, cut from the alder bush, the pith having been punched out and one end sharpened a little), and these conveyed the water into a trough or other vessel, which sits at the roots of the tree. From these

troughs or buckets, which are sometimes used, the water was collected into a large hogshead generally hauled round on a sled, and so taken to the sugar camp ; then boiled down into syrup, molasses, or stirred into sugar, having been put into large kettles all arranged in a row over a furnace. The process was always tedious, and of course took great industry, boiling often, all day and night too, for several weeks, before the season would pass by for sugar making, and was usually a most enjoyable one for the boys, watching and keeping up the boiling process, in our little camp of straw, as the bright light and heat from the mouth of the furnace shone in upon us, and at the same time, the boiling water popping and leaping in the kettles, whilst the hot steam arose and rolled away in clouds of mist. Who would not be a boy again, if he could, especially in sugar making?

And now, about the piggies, and what I was about to tell you. Well, they had become quite fond of me, and so followed me to the camp one morning, where there had been a large bed of hot coals recently raked out of the furnace, and they concluded they would try it a little, and so plunged into it, and I need hardly tell you, they became well roasted before coming out again. However they survived it, minus their tails and toes and hoofs, hair, skin, etc., after hovering between life and death for some weeks, in dreadful suffering, and finally recovered, and so grew up to make fine porkers ; though never have I seen any live animal so badly roasted, ever recover.

I have been thus minute, in describing as briefly as possible the *modus operandi* of sugar boiling and making from the sugar tree, as many who read this chapter may have never seen or learned anything about it before. And just in this

connection, another little incident occurs to me, which serves well to illustrate some things.

One season, long after sugar making was over, and early autumn, fruit ripening and gathering time had come, and as we needed a "dry kiln," to dry fruit on, I concluded I would improvise one, by using the same furnace in which sugar water had been boiled, and so utilize it for another purpose, now that we needed it no longer that season. And after all the large kettles had been lifted out, I proceeded to cover the top of the long furnace, making a flat surface over it, or nearly flat, by taking the staves of old flour barrels and first laying them bowed side up all over the surface closely : this you see made a very smooth, pretty surface to lay fruit on to dry. But, how about the wooden staves when a fire was kindled underneath, for warming purposes? Why, of course, you will say they would take fire and burn out, and so they would as I well knew, and so they did, as you will presently see. However, I had made my calculations for all this, and as I had shrewdly supposed effectually guarded against any such catastrophe, by preparing a good stiff clay mortar, and thoroughly coating over the staves very smoothly and of good thickness ; but not having patience to wait a few days for the air and sun to dry and harden the mortar, I determined to hurry that process up and so make short work of it. During all this proceeding, a number of my brothers were standing round looking on, and with gibes and ridicule, instead of taking hold and helping me, declared my whole plan would "fall through," and be a failure.

But, of course, I knew better (?) as you shall see at once, for, after piling into the furnace a good lot of dry wood, and firing up, the barrel staves were not many minutes in taking fire, and,

of course, soon burned through, when lo !—what ? Why just what any silly pated boy might and ought to have known—that then the soft mortar on top would drop down into the furnace, would it not ? and so put out the fire, and then put an end to the whole remarkable performance. One thing further, however, I well remember, and that is, that I both grew a little older and perhaps wiser, too, before I heard the last of that “dry kiln” from those boys. And for long months, and even years, afterwards, whenever I was about to *ingent* something *wonderful*, or set some great *scheme* or project on foot that would surprise everybody, and myself, too, perhaps, as I often did, I was just then very sure to hear some one of the boys say, with a knowing look and wink at the rest, “I think that will come out about like the dry kiln did—*fall through*.” But the whole story, Boys, serves, as you will at once see, to illustrate this one important fact, if no other, viz : that no matter how much genius and talent you may have, and however well disposed in putting that genius and talent into the execution of some great *enterprise*, a certain amount of patience is almost sure to be called into requisition sooner or later during the undertaking. And this you will do well to remember ; for, you see, if I, after having planned and constructed the “dry kiln,” had only exercised patience sufficiently to have *waited* a few days for the mortar to have dried and hardened, before firing up underneath (and even then *gone slow*, so as not to too suddenly bake and crack the mortar by great, sudden heat), it is very probable the thing would have been a success. What do *you* think about it ?

CHAPTER IV.

Still More to Follow.

Boys, I am hurrying all I can to get through with these rather unimportant reminiscences of early life, so as to tell you things of more importance ; and therefore shall endeavor to make these chapters short, skipping over much, of course, which might possibly interest some who knew me in boyhood and may chance to read these pages. But to tell you all would be quite impossible, even in one small book, or even a tenth part of all. I may, however, as well add here, as I go along, that, like most boys who have any life and vim in them at all, I was quite as full of mischief as most boys are, though never of a vicious nature, nor did I act, as I trust, with a vindictive, resentful, or malicious spirit ; but just only loved to have my fun and rather innocent amusements, just as all my brothers did, and most boys do.

You will notice one thing in my writing as you read along ; I use some words occasionally which may sound a little strangely to you, and which you may not quite understand, and when you come to one of those, before passing it by, pause a moment to consider, and think what it means, and then think whether or not you could not have substituted or placed some other word which would have taken its place, or even served a better purpose. Now, *e. g.*, I have used the word "vim" a moment ago, and yet I am not sure it may be found in most dictionaries, if, indeed, in any, and as I have none at hand, I am sure I shall not go to the trouble to find one so as to see if

it is there ; but the word, you know, is expressive anyhow, and you also know, no doubt, just what I mean by it, and so on with many other words ; just so with the words "ba-ker," "*tidy*," etc. And just here I will tell you of a little foolish prank I played once when a boy, which just at this moment comes to mind, the subject of which was a young lady whose name we will call "Luci-day," and an old, white, blind horse, which she always rode, called Jack. Miss Luci day was a frequent visitor at our house, as she lived not far away, and I was sometimes vain enough (and you know boys often are in their imaginations) to conclude Miss L. thought considerable of me, and I was sure I did of her, though she had a younger sister, a little fairer, whom I thought I liked the best. Old Jack was a wonderful horse, and though totally blind (the balls of both eyes being out entirely) yet he could always tell when coming near a fence, or gate, or any such thing, and it would have done you good to see how that old *Rosinante* could skip along over ground, with a sort of spring-knee'd, long-racking hop or pace, seldom, if ever, being known to stumble or miss his footing in any way, with Miss L. on his back.

On a certain day, there being already a company of young people collected at our house, Miss L. rode up on the veritable old Jack, and I, with my usual courtesy and gallantry, walked out and assisted her to alight, when at the same moment, as I led Jack away to hitch him, a thought then occurred to me. I would do something very smart by playing a practical joke, more on the young lady, perhaps, than on the animal, although he was mainly the subject. And now, what do you think it was? I got an old, worn umbrella, and went to work taking the wire ribs out of it ; and in a short time made the framework

as of complete a set of *spectacles*, such as fitted old Jack, as you ever saw ; and instead of fitting glasses in them, I took some blue or green cloth, and cutting in proper shape to fit the eyes, sewed that in, and then fastened the spectacles on before Miss L. was ready to go ; and on coming out to start home, somewhat to her amazement she found old Jack fitted out completely with a brand new pair of goggles. And to my still greater delight, the young lady, instead of being offended, showed her good sense and very aimiable disposition by laughing heartily, and enjoying the joke as well as myself and many others who were looking on.

But everything that transpired in those days was not always fun with me, any more, indeed, than was "gum spring," the pitchfork, or, indeed, the school birch rod, or even leather strap experiences ; as I shall now relate to you, very briefly, another singular instance, at least. One day, another brother (next in age, older, but little larger) and I were hauling sand and gravel from the creek bed to repair the walks about the house and yard. And although the team with which we did the hauling were gentle enough, ordinarily, yet one of them was a fine, large horse, recently broken in to work, named Hector ; and after having brought a load—or a number of them, indeed—and thrown them off, and started for another, I sitting near the horses, in front, doing the driving, whilst my brother sat nearer the back end of the wagon, and noticing one of the lines had become caught over the harness of Hector, after stopping, instead of asking my brother to go and undo it, or else hand him the lines to hold, while I got off, and went forward to do so myself, as any *sensible* boy should have done, and, it seems to me now, would have done, instead of doing this I deliberately

and hastily wadded the lines up in my arms, at the same time stepping down upon the tongue of the wagon and starting to walk forward on it, between the two horses, to lift the line from the harness; and at the same moment laid my hand carelessly on the young horse's back, at which proceeding he suddenly took affright, and instantly doubling himself up, he began to pick himself up and get away from there as fast as his feet would carry him, whilst his heels were flying in the air, and so was the wagon, together with myself, brother, and everything else. We were now just outside of the yard of the house, in the wood pasture, adjoining; and a few yards in front of the horses lay a large walnut tree, at least three feet in diameter. Over this the horses leaped with one bound, without touching; not so with my feet and legs, however, which were now dangling on either side of the tongue, which I had incontinently sit down astride of, immediately between the horses. The wagon, of course, followed the horses over the log, and throwing it on one side, causing two wheels to spin round up in the air horizontally, whilst the other two, with their hubs, plowed the ground below; in the meantime, my little brother (for we were both small) had slid off behind, before the wagon struck the log, or about that time (for all occurred in a few seconds); but, where was I? Well, boys, I will tell you, but you see it takes much longer to do so than it did to take that ride, which came very near being my last one. The horses, of course, ran for dear life, kicking at every jump, for they were dreadfully frightened; but I can not say I was, for I did not have much time to be, but seemed to retain my presence of mind; and in those few short seconds, it seemed to me I thought of one thousand things; nor did I have time to drop off the tongue down under the horses and

wagon, which would have probably been certain death if I had, so I sat still. The horses, after bounding over the large, fallen tree, made a sort of circuit in the direction of the barn, some distance away ; and not far ahead of them, and in their way, stood a sugar tree, about eighteen inches in diameter, and leaning just a little towards them, tall, and having a few dead limbs on it, as well as green. Don't anticipate now, and think I am going to tell you those horses climbed that tree, for they did nothing of the sort ; nor shall I tell you so. But I will tell you what they did do, and what actually did occur.

The near animal seemed to try to go on the left side, whilst the off horse, now a desperately wild animal, determined to go on the right ; and just at that moment the heavily ironed end of the tongue struck the tree exactly in the centre, and about three or four feet from the base, with such force as to cause dead limbs to fall from its top, and at the same instant causing the tongue to shatter into more pieces than I could count, at about the exact spot where I sat, and as the end still attached to the wagon dropped, it plowed in under the roots of the tree with a tremendous force, and so stuck fast, while the forewheels of the wagon came upon the heels of the horses, and with a breast yoke and double lines in front, and a wagon close upon them, they were bound fast ; whilst I quietly stepped out in front of them to survey the wreck, and see if I could fully comprehend the situation.

Boys, I have told you about the "Gum Spring" and "pitchfork" adventures when just a little younger, and spoke of them as being "close calls," but they were hardly a circumstance to this adventure which I have just related ; and even today, whilst narrating it, I can scarcely realize I escaped alive to tell you

about it, though more than two score years have passed since then, and many other experiences quite as great have happened to me, which I almost fear would weary you were I to tell you all. Truly, indeed, may it be said that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

CHAPTER V.

Reminiscences of Early Days, Continued.

THE preceding chapter, in describing my perilous ride, recalls to mind another incident which occurred, perhaps, some two years later, which will also conclude the fate of the famous young horse, "Hector." My father had a tenant on the farm whose name was Craiger, and though seemingly clever enough, yet he lacked for pluck and push, as the phrases go, and, on a certain occasion, it fell to his and my lot to break a young horse named "Copper-bottom," a very fine animal, but exceedingly wild, and rather vicious, too. We managed, however, to get a very long halter on his head, and a bridle, too, and then getting him into an open pasture, Craiger, being quite a stout man, held the end of the long halter, whilst I, with a whip, chased the horse in a circle around, till he got tired, and so did I, when I suggested to Craiger I would hold the halter while he mounted the animal to try to ride him. This, however, he was by no means anxious to do, but after some persuasion, he approached near enough to get hold of the bridle reins, and to lay his hands on the horse's back, and pretending to make a spring upon his back—which was only pretense—the horse instantly bounded away from him, when he, with a tremendous voice, said: "The horse could not be rode." But I assured him he could be rode, and if I once got as close to his back as he had been, I would get on it, and so handed him the long rope, when I began maneuvering to get up to the horse again, which I finally did, and after getting the reins in my hand, and the other upon his back, I made

a quick jump, springing upon him ; but I had scarcely become mounted when he determined I should not stay there, and so began rearing and pitching at a dreadful rate, bounding off at the same moment, when he jerked the reins out of my hand, at which moment I seized a handful of mane ; but the next moment he reared straight up and began falling back, throwing me with the handful of mane, which I pulled out, when I fell just back of him, at which moment he began kicking at me at a furious rate ; and having already fallen on the ground, and no time to get away, my presence of mind again served me to a purpose, for I instantly lay flat upon the ground, and let him stand and kick over me, just barely missing me every time, till he got tired of the sport—and so was I.

In the meantime the brave Craiger stood off at a safe distance, looking on to see how matters would end, and seemed much surprised, and delighted, too, when the horse left me, and it was discovered I had not been hurt.

This same horse afterwards became broken to double harness and the plow, etc., and some time afterwards he and the famous "Hector" made a splendid team, and Craiger usually had the handling of them ; and one day, when hitched to a sled, and Craiger sitting on "Hector," sidewise, while they were standing waiting for me to lay down a fence for them to pass through, the Copper-bottom horse on the off side took affright at a dog coming up behind him, causing the team to instantly start to run away.

Then Mr. Craiger slid off and away they went, and coming to a tree in the way, and attempting to pass it, poor Hector struck it with such violence as to knock the bark off from it, and off him to, as well as to break his body and bones, causing almost instant death, whilst the other horse escaped safely.

And now, Boys, having told you quite enough of adventures perhaps, on the farm, we will leave it a while, and go away from home a little. And my first experience in this was one never to be forgotten.

I was quite fourteen, and through the over-persuasion of my father by a good man, who had an over-zeal in the matter, I was sent away at a distance to college. And though I was too young to think so then, but since have thought that a mistake, all the circumstances considered. For in the first place, I was too young and illiterate to be sent to such an Institution to try to learn anything; and second, some other school at a less expense, and perhaps nearer home, would have served better. However, I went, and staid six months, or till the close of the session, when I not exactly graduated, but rather, found out I had learned very little, and that that college did not suit me.

Many things occurred to me while there, and in a general way, which of course made a lasting impression on my mind, which, however, we will pass over; except to relate one single instance concerning myself, and one concerning another.

The college I attended is known as South Hanover, and is situated in a small town of the same name, about one and a half miles from the Ohio river, in Indiana. The students very often went to the river to bathe and swim in it. And on one occasion, while doing so, I was influenced to go out over my depth, being pulled along by a fellow student, who was a splendid swimmer, whilst I could not swim at all, or only about as a stone swims. And as soon as I realized my situation in the swift running water, and began to sink, I immediately sprang upon him to save me, and clung to him so tightly he could neither help himself or me either, and so we both went down

together, but soon arose again to the surface only to struggle and strangle for a few moments, and then sink again. And on coming up the second time, by which time we were both quite drowned, a fellow student standing on a raft of logs not very far from us, shoved out a long scantling, which my companion barely reached with the tips of his fingers, as we were both going down for the third and last time, and this supported him sufficiently till a better hold was secured, and in this way we were rescued from a watery grave. But you will at once see from the narration, this was almost a miraculous escape from drowning ; and then it was again quite every scene of the past, as well as thoughts of loved ones at home and all dear to me in life, instantly rushed into memory, though struggling as I was to keep from drowning.

Some time afterward myself and room-mate had gone to the river to bathe, but as neither of us could swim, were careful to keep near shore, in shallow, slow-running water. But just at that time another young man came down from the town, stripped off, and being a swimmer, went out into deep water, and began to swim ; but in a few moments seemed to be struggling, and threw up his hands, calling loudly for help, when he suddenly sank ; then he arose again and struggled hard for life, but in a few moments went down again, when all was over with him, no one being present who could swim, and so try to save him, though my room-mate instantly mounted the horse the young man had rode down, and rushed in to reach him before going down the last time, but was too late. He then rode away as rapidly as he could to give the news at the college, whilst I remained alone on the banks of the river in the twilight, which made it quite lonely enough. But soon a large

number of students, perhaps quite a hundred or more, came down, and many of them being splendid swimmers, searched for the body until midnight, and not finding it, began again the next morning and continued until one with a long-handled rake with sharp iron teeth, in dragging it as he swam along, hooked one of the teeth into one of the eyes of the unfortunate young man, and drew him up to the surface, when the body was secured for burial. But the mourning and lamentations of that family were something very sad indeed, he being the very last of a number of children, several of whom had also come to an untimely end in some way.

CHAPTER VI.

Early College Days, Continued.

THE following autumn, after my return from South Hanover College, it was agreed I should attend Wabash College, only eleven miles from my own home, in Crawfordsville, Montgomery Co., Ind. And arrangements being made, I at once began another course of studies during that fall and winter, in that most excellent Institution. Here I got on better, and progressed more rapidly in my studies, so that by the time the session of six months closed, I thought myself quite advanced, sufficiently to teach a common district school at least. And as I now had quite a desire to try it, to see how well I might like it, I left off further collegiate education, went before the Board of School Examiners, of whom the Hon. Joe E. McDonal was President, and after what I thought a rather rigid examination from his Honor, (he being a lawyer, even then of considerable eminence). However, Mr. McDonal cheerfully gave me my certificate, complimenting me on a good examination for one so young. And the next thing was to get a school, in the Town of Crawfordsville, which I soon succeeded in doing, and taught it through with some pleasure, a great deal of trouble, and very little profit in a pecuniary way.

My next venture on school teaching was the following winter in the country, and in a neighborhood proverbial for its heathenism in a general way. I taught the term about half through and could stand it no longer, and so quit in disgust, determining I would try some other vocation for a livelihood, and the following spring and summer engaged in a small vil-

lage in a small store, to sell goods, and after frittering away the spring and summer in close confinement, doing nothing, and of course making nothing, I now determined on a more active employment, for both mind and muscle, and so went to work at the carpenter's trade. This seemed to suit me better, and therefore continued at it for a few years, until through some unaccountable and sudden "coup de main," I dropped the carpenter's tools and took up those of *Dentistry*, and set to work to learn that profession, at the earnest and repeated solicitation of a dentist, then located in Crawfordsville, my same old Town of former experiences and adventures. Of course it did not take long for me to learn, (as I thought), quite all there was in that small business to be learned. And although I have studied it, taught it, graduated in it from a regular Dental College, and practiced it for a quarter of a century, I still find something to be learned in it or about it quite every day. But, of course it is no unusual thing to find new-fledged Knight of the Forceps, "rubber dam," mallet, burring engine, etc., with just a little *fur* upon the upper lip, and just out of their Preceptor's Office or a Dental College, who know much more than I have ever learned, or indeed may ever reasonably expect to learn. And indeed even meet with patients occasionally, who will instruct me just what to do, and how to do, when they condescend to call my professional services into requisition.

Such, however, are usually those who have never needed dental services before, much less a tooth brush, or perhaps even a tooth pick; in fact, can't understand why people should have teeth, anyway. During my long and varied experiences in the profession of *Dentistry*, I in the mean time, and for some years, gave much of my time to the study of medicine as taught and

practiced in the different schools, carefully studying them all through, beginning with the "Thomsonian," the Hydropathic modes of treatment, the Eclectic, the Allopathic, and the Homœopathic schools. And after many years' study in this way, and in the meantime having grown tired of dentistry, I determined to engage in medical practice for a while as a change, and to see how well I might like it as a profession ; and with a view to this end, I went to a leading State Medical College or University, viz, the Medical State University of Louisiana, taking a regular course in that Institution. After which, however, before entering upon regular practice, I took up the study and science of Homœopathy, not having studied and investigated it up to that time. And doing so "*secundum artem*," conducting and carrying on the provings of various medicines, together with the study, I became so engrossed in it, as to quite lose sight of the old school of Allopathy, or of "*Contraria contrariis curanter*," for the new school of "*Similia similibus curanter*," and therefore adopted the new ; believing if there was indeed any true science in medicine at all, it belonged to that school ; and so entered upon the practice of it for a number of years, in the city of Louisville, Ky., where after a constant and laborious practice, day and night constantly, my health gave way, so as to compel me to abandon the regular routine of professional life, and go west into the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, for recreation and recovery.

CHAPTER VII.

Early Recollections of Professional Life.

IN the preceding chapter, I spoke of being in the Rocky Mountains, where I had been sojourning for some time on account of my health ; but in order to make these memoirs more complete, it will be necessary to return to earlier recollections and experiences in my professional life, which I think will be of interest to you.

I have already told you I was not long in learning quite all, as I supposed, in Dentistry, and after fitting myself out with a beautiful and attractive case of instruments, etc., I proceeded at once to practice. But after continuing for some time, I discovered I might yet learn more about my profession ; and though perhaps did as well as some others, at least, who were engaged in practice, yet this did not satisfy me, nor did it indeed satisfy my patients at all times. Occasionally, however, I performed operations in dentistry which were considered grand successes, and I even thought so myself, as well as others, and this, of course, not only gave me confidence, but reputation also for skill in the dental art. Continuing on in practice a few years, enabled me to acquire greater proficiency, by applying myself closely to study as well as practice, and therefore in time did learn something about dentistry.

During this time and for a quarter of a century since, in all my studies while living the life of a student, I have been trying to learn something about human nature in a general way, and of myself in particular ; and if I were to tell you I have made some

wonderful discoveries in that direction, you would at once conclude my saying so evinced some egotism on my part, coupled with vanity, and yet if you knew the facts pertaining to the whole matter, you would hardly be likely to render such a verdict. All this, however, being rather a side issue, and foreign to the principal matter before us, we will pass it by, at least for the present.

The first few years of my practice were spent in several of the Northern and Western States, after which I turned my course towards the Sunny South. Leaving the State of Iowa, where I had been engaged in practice for some time near the central part of the State; I started in winter about the 1st of December, making my way through the deep snow and chilling blasts, till I reached the Mississippi river, where I crossed over on the ice after night, taking the train on the opposite side for St. Louis, where I arrived safely. After remaining a few days in that city, and fitting myself out in a most complete manner for general practice, I then went aboard a first class steamer bound for the port of New Orleans; but owing to the river being frozen over above, and heavy ice now forming at St. Louis and floating down, and the weather being intensely cold, the river soon began to block up, which prevented our making rapid headway, as we had to stop occasionally to clear the way for the boat to get along. And on this account, it took three weeks to make the transit from St. Louis to New Orleans. However, our vessel was like a floating palace, gorgeously furnished in all its appointments, and the table fit for kings to dine at, being loaded with every delicacy such as would tempt the most fastidious epicure or gourmand. There were a large number of passengers aboard, some of whom were rather prominent person-

ages. The upper deck was piled with boxes of gold coin shipped by the government at Washington to New Orleans. An attempt was made on said coin by burglars, to extract a quantity of the precious metal by boring into the boxes through the deck from below with a large augur, supposing the coin would rattle down from above, which, however, it did not do "worth a cent."

After arriving at New Orleans and taking a general survey of that rather quaint old city, especially the Creole part of it, I became tired in a few days seeing the sights, and so went on board a Red River packet bound for Shreveport, some seven or eight hundred miles from New Orleans, up that very crooked and narrow, but deep stream, so appropriately named, for it is not only red, but muddy.

Without any great adventure worth mentioning, I arrived at the aforesaid town in a few days, and going ashore I found as comfortable quarters as the place would afford, and not feeling well I concluded to remain a while. I had not been in S. long, however, till I discovered it was a lively place, in more ways than one. But I will not stop to tell you just how lively, or in what particular way. Suffice it to say, in looking the place over a little, I found I had got quite far enough from home, and near enough to Texas, for the present at least, but thought if the people who lived there could stand the place all their lives, I would try it a while, just for variety; and was not long in securing an office, elevating my shingle among the Gentiles as well as Jews, native Creoles, sons of Ham, etc. Very soon I began to make acquaintances, with some of whom I was well pleased, and soon learned to my great pleasure and satisfaction, that a more intelligent and even highly educated, hospitable, sociable and pleasant class of citizens on the whole, I had nev-

er met before, nor do I think I have since ; the only drawback being that some of them were a little bigoted and autocratic, due to the fact perhaps of their being the F. F. V's, or of some such noble ancestry. Nor did it take me long to become warmly attached to my far-away Southern home, as well as to those around me. But alas, a few short months convinced me that for health, or for my health at least, I had struck the wrong place, and was soon stricken down with a violent attack of malarial fever. This, however, was no new thing for me, for I had already when a boy been partly "raised on it," *i. e.*, I had it so much in early life that I had become quite accustomed to it, and thought if I had only one regular shaking up every other day, till the hair would stand on my head and my teeth would chatter, that I was getting on well enough. Such terrible chills usually lasted several hours, and were then followed by raging and consuming fever, with insatiable thirst, and a dreadful headache, all of which usually lasted quite the whole day, which was followed by a most copious and drenching perspiration, as though I had been dipped in a water tank ; and if I could escape as I have already said, with the above every other day, I thought I was getting off lightly. And this sort of thing was often kept up quite the whole year round, from which there seemed to be no possible relief. But this Southern type of swamp malaria I soon found, was quite too much for me, and though frequently, after recovering from an attack which generally lasted for some time, I would be able to get up and around again, I would find myself very much reduced, with a cadaverous look, and bent over like an aged man, and in need of a cane to assist locomotion. As for my general appearance and complexion, as I have already said, that was simply cadaverous,

so much so indeed, that in passing strangers on the street sometimes, they would stop and gaze after me, remarking one to another and loud enough to be heard, "See that poor miserable fellow, he has not long to stay here," and I felt it too, as well as looked it.

As a sort of antidote to this dreadful corroding poison in the system, to say nothing of the ponderous doses of calomel, quinine, blue-mass, etc., heroically administered in those days, I sometimes found some relief by going into the pinewood country thirty or forty miles, and rustivating among the planters a few weeks, during which visits I spent some of the most pleasant and happiest days of my life. I occasionally made a trip into Texas also, lasting two or three months. But even in that country, I did not always escape malarial fever ; and on one occasion, after lying in an old hotel, suffering dreadfully from that cause for a number of weeks, after which my physicians pronounced me convalescent, the following night I was suddenly seized about midnight with a dreadful congestive chill, which came very near ending my life before assistance came and relief was obtained, and even this was followed by a second one, quite as severe or even more so. It is well known that few persons recover from a second congestive chill, and never from a third one, and many die during the first. And now, in concluding this letter, I will tell you a little incident which occurred to me shortly after my partial recovery from the foregoing very dangerous illness. I say partial recovery, for I was still very feeble when I determined to return home to Louisiana.

Having my own conveyance and a pair of good horses, I started one morning alone, and after a hard day's journey, and

night overtaking me before I found a stopping place, I found myself just at dark, not only on a strange road, and the wrong one, too, but at the summit of a high mountain, to the base of which was, I think, about three miles, and started down this mountain without locking any of the light carriage wheels, having no way, indeed, of doing so ; but I soon discovered the mountain was steep from the effort required to hold the carriage back as the horses trotted along, when, all of a sudden, the coupling which attached the neck yoke to the tongue gave way, which instantly let the tongue drop to the ground, and at the same moment the carriage ran on to the heels of the horses, which frightened them dreadfully and set them to kicking and running for dear life down the mountain.

I, of course, realized the situation instantly, as well as the perilous condition in which I was placed, the carriage being tightly closed all around, except in the front, as the autumn season was then cool, the opening being immediately over the horses, and now almost over their backs. Feeble as I was, however, I continued to pull upon the lines with all my might, which I soon found did no good, but rather helped to draw the carriage that much closer upon the horses' heels.

The road was narrow and crooked, and hemmed in on either side with forest trees and undergrowth, and a ravine of considerable depth seemed to have been washed out on either side. But to attempt to keep the road to the foot of the mountain, or even at all any distance, seemed like certain destruction ; and for me to bound out at the opening in front of the carriage, directly over the horses, seemed to me more perilous still ; whilst to stay in, sit still, and take my chances, seemed to me but very little better. All these things flitted through my mind in a

moment, or in a thousandth part of the time it takes to relate it, when a very sudden thought occurred to me, which at the same instant I acted upon, viz : drop one line, throw my whole strength in pulling upon the other with both hands, and so turn the horses out of the road into the woods, and there take the chances of escape or speedy destruction, as might occur, and so end all suspense, and this I did ; compelled the horses to wheel suddenly across the road, leap the ditch, and carry all together with them into the woods, when suddenly running into the forks and branches of a large tree top (I don't mean a standing tree, but one which had blown down with the top towards the road), hemming themselves completely in, so that they could get no further forward or sideways, nor could they back out on account of the carriage at their heels, and thus were they compelled to stand still, at which time I very quietly, and without the least reluctance, climbed out to look around a little. And what do you suppose was the condition in which I found things? Simply the fastening of the neck yoke to the tongue broken—only this, and nothing more.

As I have already said, I was just recovering from a severe spell of sickness, and was very feeble ; but I could not stay there in the cold, chilling mountain air all night without suffering greatly, and therefore concluded to unhitch and drive the horses down the mountain to some house where I could stay the rest of the night, and this I attempted to do ; but after getting them in the road and going for some distance, I then stopped and halloed repeatedly ; but getting no response, except the lonely echoing of my own voice through the wild mountains, not even the baying of a dog in the distance, and not knowing how many miles I would have to travel in this

way before coming to a house, I changed my mind, turned back up the mountain again, went to my carriage, tied the neck yoke to the tongue as securely as I could, backed the carriage into the road, hitched up, got in, and away we went, tearing down that mountain as though nothing had happened.

I don't know just how I had strength enough to go through with all this, but I did it. The first house we came to I stopped and hallooed again, when a man came to the door, and I told him what had happened to me on the mountain, apologizing for disturbing him, and asked if I could get to stay during the remainder of the night, and he said No, as he did not keep strangers; but a mile or two further on they sometimes did. I then drove on till I came to another house, and called up the man and made known my request; and he consented, on condition, however, that I would not disturb the family by having them get up to give me supper. I told him I had had neither supper nor dinner that day, but was too glad to get to stay without either.

It was now about midnight. We put the horses in the stable and fed them, and I retired, completely worn out from the day's travel and night's adventure, as well as from hunger and exhaustion. However, I soon fell asleep, first to dream strange dreams, then to see visions, at the same time to be undergoing the most dreadful torture, and feeling as if I was being plucked and pulled in pieces and dissected alive; when I suddenly awoke to realize—oh, horrors!—the dreadful surroundings, and condition and situation I was in. To say there were, numerically, almost thousands of bed-bugs, many of them of immense size, and all ferocious and hungry, at work on me and on that bed, scarcely expresses it. It was all but covered. I got up

at once, shook myself, dressed myself, and taking a quilt from the bed, shook it thoroughly, and, winding it around me, climbed into a large, high, old rocking chair in the middle of the room, tucking up my feet, and there remained till daylight, when I called the landlord, hitched up my horses—one of which I found sick—paid my reckoning (no extra charge for bugs, which he may have forgotten to include in the bill), inquired the road I should take, and was informed that I was on the wrong one, and had been for many long miles back, even before starting down the mountain. That day it not only rained, but poured down in torrents, and the harder it rained, the faster I travelled, making the journey of forty miles or more without stopping for shelter or food, and so reached the end of my journey by nightfall. And now, my dear Boys, I bid you good night till I write to you again, hoping that you will excuse this rather long letter, which I have endeavored, however, to make as short as possible, and yet so as to give facts in detail. And from this you may readily see that truth is, indeed, often stranger than fiction.

CHAPTER VIII.

Southern Life and Scenes, Continued. More Experiences Given.

My dear Boy, or I will say, Boys : for I shall include every one of you who read these pages, and want to tell you that I love all good boys, and may as well add just here, good girls too, and want to ask each one of you, and then wonder to myself if indeed anyone, old or young, or middle aged, ever saw a good boy. I can hardly believe that there are any ; I know I was not ; but think if I were permitted to try it over again that I might be better than I was. In my last letter, I told you of quite an adventure, another one of my narrow escapes with my life and limbs, and how almost supernatural strength came to my aid just at the time I most needed it, clearly showing how kind and merciful Providence is, in times of greatest need. And now I will tell you what occurred to me in the way of another narrow escape, after my return home, I think it was. I was boarding at a hotel, and one day at dinner, after sipping a dish of soup I began eating something, but in a few minutes I felt very strangely, and presently turned dizzy and almost blind, and began to feel very sick indeed, and I then realized that I was poisoned, and getting up from the table, I staggered to the door and started for my office, only a little way off, but before reaching it, I began retching and vomiting. I however, got there at last but completely exhausted, and went to my room and dropped down on the bed, and groaned piteously and loudly too, for I was in dreadful suffering. An old doctor in an adjoining room heard me, and came running in, and

assured me he thought I was dying, asking what was the matter? I told him I had got a dose of some dreadful poison, but did not know just what, and told him to get me an emetic of some kind as quick as possible, which he prepared in a very few minutes by taking a large cup of warm water which happened to be near at hand, and stirring in a quantity of ground mustard, had me drink it at once, and then began to prepare another in the same way. In the meantime, my eyelids had swollen almost shut, and become very red, my face bloated, and all over my head and body large purple spots had appeared. The first cup of warm mustard water set me to vomiting again, and the perspiration soon broke out copiously, and together with it and the emetic, I soon became much relieved. I did not recover, however, from the poison for some time. It so happened that others also, who had partaken of the soup that day, were made very sick from it, but it seemed that I got the largest dose, and therefore suffered the most. It was afterwards ascertained the greasy vegetable soup had been standing for some time in a large copper vessel, and on being boiled or warmed over again had caused verdigris, which is a very deadly poison when left to work its results, to rise on the surface. This is about the only time I remember ever being badly poisoned, except occasionally by heroic doses of poisonous drugs and medicines, administered *secundum artem*, but I had to quit the latter long ago, or I should not be alive today to tell you these things.

I might relate many other little incidents which transpired during my residence in Louisiana, though some of which were not such as to delight me at the time, but many, however, were very pleasing to me, and recalling them again to memory, as I

now write, carries me back in the fond recollection of happy days, many of which indeed, were among the happiest I have ever enjoyed since leaving my boyhood's home to try the stern realities of life, often far away from kindred ties and loved ones. After some years spent in Louisiana, I thought it better for my health to make a change. Before moving away from the State however, to remain, I took quite a long tour up North, visiting my old home and relations, and from thence went East as far as Boston, via Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and New York. This was my first visit so far East, but have travelled over the same road often since. At the same time, I took a tour over the Canadas, going as far down as Quebec and Montmorenci Falls. At Quebec, I visited the battlefield made famous in history, where General Wolfe fell. At Montreal, I crossed over upon the great Queen Victoria tubular iron bridge which was then just newly finished. My ride down the great river St. Lawrence, and through those narrow, and exceeding dangerous rapids and straits, which course their ways, leaping, tumbling, jumping and seething, and at the tremendous rate of twenty miles an hour, whilst the beautiful screw steamers that ply those waters, when entering upon those rapids not only shut off all steam, but placed four pilots at each wheel, to guide the vessel safely through and over those exceeding narrow, dangerous, and perilous falls, walled in on either side perpendicularly and of great height, with solid rough jagged granite. It was interesting to notice the pale features of many of the passengers, while running those dangerous rapids at such a frightful rate of railroad speed, when to have missed the channel at any moment for a few feet only, would have been certain destruction to all. I will not attempt to describe my feelings

on my first visit to Niagara Falls, or the impression they made, nor can I here take time to describe the Falls themselves ; but well remember seeing Blondin perform his first wonderful and perilous feat, of walking across the river below the Falls on a tight rope, and at the same time wheeling a wheelbarrow, on his return to the American shore, while many thousands looked on in awe and admiration on either side. Not being a Bank Cashier or Treasurer, or President of some Railroad Company, I had no occasion to remain in Canada, and therefore returned to our own Country via New York, in which City I remained long enough to be robbed by a set of sharpers, who were just looking out for all such soft snaps as I was, who had money.

I need not tell you just how this was done, for there are a thousand different ways, but soon after left the city ; not, however, till after going around to the Peabody Institute, at the notable place known as the Five Points, and there selecting two orphan children—a male and female—out of some hundreds of miserable little waifs, to take with me on my return home South again. This I did at the special request of my father and mother, who wanted to take them to bring up. This seemed a little strange, too, after they had raised quite a dozen of as mischievous, not to say bad, children as ever did grow up together, probably. The reader can more readily believe this from the author's confession of his own boyish exploits. And now to think our parents would even consent, much less desire, to take upon themselves similar burdens in their rapidly advancing old age ! However, they requested it, and it was my pleasure to obey. But it would, no doubt, have both amused and interested you, too, to have seen me “engineering”

those two little orphan "Five Pointers" out of New York, by way of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Baltimore, and Washington, all of which places I visited on my return ; and two wild colts, with only halters on them to be led with, could not have given me more trouble. They were not only mischievous in a general way, but diabolical little vixens. However, I managed to get through safely with them, and delivered up my charge to my parents, little realizing then any more than they did what an infliction I had brought upon them.

Having made this, my second, visit home, I shortly after returned South again to Louisiana, taking a younger brother with me, and after a long, tedious journey by rail to St. Louis, and from thence by steamer to New Orleans, and then again up Red River, till we could go no further on account of low water, after hanging on bars in the river for days, and days and nights, in the broiling sun, amusing ourselves shooting the alligators, which often appeared in sight, and seeing them switch their tails and run away ; we finally grew tired of such slow speed in getting on, so forsook the little craft and took to the woods, completing our journey overland for more than one hundred miles, and so reached our journey's end at our home in Shreveport. This was my younger brother—William's—first visit to, and experience in, the South, and, of course, everything was novel and strange enough to him.

His first experience, by way of making a sort of lasting impression, perhaps, upon him, occurred at St. Louis when going aboard the steamer. After paying our fare and selecting our stateroom, we went into it at night ; he divested himself of his coat and vest, hanging the same upon a hook, together with his watch, and leaving the door unfastened, stepped out to re-

main awhile, as the heat was very oppressive on the boat before starting. On returning to retire for the night, and looking to see the time, he found his coat and vest still there, but in some very mysterious and unaccountable way the watch had disappeared.

During the following winter, my health having become bad, I determined on making a long tour through Texas by private conveyance, leaving my brother to look after matters at home during my absence. The season, however, was a bad one for travel; cold weather, snow and rain quite constantly, with deep mud, attended my journey through, till, after becoming tired of such "health restoratives" as Texas afforded in the way of general living, with a superabundance of "climate," I finally struck a straight course for Houston, near the Gulf Coast, at which place I sold, or partly gave away, my carriage and horses, to get rid of them. I may as well here add, for others' amusement, and to complete the whole picture of my folly on this Texas trip, I let an old doctor accompany me to "take care of me," just how well I will here briefly state. Before starting, however, my "doctor" informed me that his wardrobe was a "little seedy," and that, owing to certain drafts and land warrants having failed to reach him, he "would be glad if I would give him a little order upon my merchant, so that he could replenish himself," and this I did thoughtlessly, without limit as to amount; but when the bills were brought in, I was a little astonished, but he assured me his "drafts" would be forthcoming in a few days, or shortly afterwards, and "all would be made right"; but these aforesaid "drafts" I hardly think have reached him yet, unless in "another country," to which I heard he afterwards went. On our journeyings

I soon discovered that my genial friend and newly made companion de voyage was not only a great tobacco worm, both in chewing and smoking, too, the expense of which, of course, had to come out of my pocket, but also that the "drafts" upon me for tobacco money came, as I thought, rather often, and soon learned, with regret, that "mein frendt" was indulging in "drafts" of a fluidic nature at every opportunity, till he would often become, not only "funny," but even hilarious, so as to compel me to cut off his "tobacco" supply, at least in part. But he "dressed well" all the same, you know—in fact, I discovered he could outdress me without the least effort, being the finest looking man of the two, for he was rosy complexioned and jolly.

After disposing of my carriage and horses at Houston, and parting with my friend, "the doctor," I went from there to Galveston, and from thence by way of Mobile by steamer across the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans, and from thence up the Red River again to S——. That spring I very reluctantly parted with my brother, he taking a circuitous route up Red River some distance further, and then disembarked, making his way through the wilds of Africa—or rather I should have said Arkansas—by way of Tex-arkana, Hot Springs, Little Rock, and Memphis, Tenn., and from thence back to our old home in Indiana.

I remained in Louisiana till that summer, when I wound up my affairs there and moved to Memphis, Tenn., to live. My career in Memphis commenced in the summer of 186—, when I opened an office and began to practice my profession. The outlook for success was neither inviting nor very promising, as the profession was already then a "little crowded," though not

of the higher order generally, and prices only about half of what I had been accustomed to further south, or in Louisiana and Texas. But I soon began to make acquaintances, get practice, and gain reputation.

In the meantime, that autumn however, I was suddenly taken violently ill with a new type of malarial fever, known as "Dangua," or break-bone fever. This name I thought very appropriate, for while I lay for nearly two weeks with this dreadful fever, taking scarcely any nourishment at all, or sleeping either all that time, I felt as if I had been thumped and pounded, and all my bones broken on the rack ; nor could I scarcely turn in bed, but had to lie flat upon my back ; and therefore concluded that this type of fever was not so very "gay" after all !

This type of fever seemed to be but little understood in the South just then, and especially by the physician who was attending me, and seemed by no means inclined to yield to his treatment. And being puzzled over my case, and rather uneasy lest he might lose his patient, on my questioning him a little closely, he frankly acknowledged that he did not understand my case, and suggested consultation, which I had called in at once. By this time, however, the disease had come to a crisis, anyhow, and if one suffering with it does not happen just then to drop off, the prognosis becomes favorable for his recovery. And as these two lineal descendants of Esculapius happened not to give me anything to prevent my recovery, I soon found a change had occurred for the better, and in a few weeks was quite convalescent.

The nature of this terrible fever, when it seizes its victim, is to generally hold on, regardless of treatment, till it runs its course, causing the most dreadful and indescribable aches and

pains every moment, day and night, never "letting up" on the poor sufferer for a moment, and usually lasting for two weeks or longer before running its course. This fever I learned was very prevalent in the South that fall, and in the town of Houston, Texas, alone there were no less than 500 cases reported at once; and the same paper commenting upon it, said that although break-bone fever, or "Danguea," seemed to be fashionable enough, yet it was not so entirely satisfactory as one might suppose, for in point of fact, the suffering was something dreadful.

Still the victim generally need not feel much alarm, as it was not usually fatal in its termination, and those who were thus suffering with sore and aching bones, joints and muscles, and a scorching fever bordering on delirium, but not having the fear of Tartarus held up before them, did nothing but lie in bed, and grunt and groan and *cuss*. On my partial recovery, I found my whole system much depleted and very feeble, and enervated as well as tremulous, so that for some time afterwards I could scarcely stand upon my feet or move round, and when attempting to operate at the chair, had to lean against it to keep from falling over. I eventually recovered, however, and soon began to succeed well in my profession, so that by the following summer my practice became large and even laborious. In the meantime, my brother who had studied with me in the South, had attended lectures in the Dental College at Cincinnati, and had graduated with the highest honors, getting his diploma, and then returned to engage in practice with me greatly to my delight, and at the same time added still greater strength and *éclat* to the firm name, it now being J. B. W. and Bro. instead of J. B. W. alone, and our practice continuing to increase, we soon had all we could both do, to fill engagements.

CHAPTER IX.

The War comes on, and the Southern Rebellion breaks loose.

As it will be remembered by many who are still living, there had been a perturbed state of affairs already going on in the political horizon for some years, so far as related to the great question of slavery and emancipation. And as the strife had gradually increased until the subject could no longer be agitated either in Congress or out of it without the most bitter asperity and rancor being hurled from each political party at the other. The great Crittenden compromise measure had been rejected, as well as Henry Clay's conciliatory measure, which had also been repudiated. And nothing seemed necessary, except to touch fire to the fuse which had already been laid for the purpose of springing the mine now prepared, and awaiting the proper moment. The South had already declared that if Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the U. S., war would inevitably follow. This was just what the North wanted and had been waiting for. And right glad were they to bring about such an issue by the election of their candidate. This the South understood as sounding the tocsin of war, and so went to work with a hearty good will to prepare for the conflict now speedily to come. And although the South was in no way prepared to enter upon such a struggle, nor indeed did it seem could possibly be without a few years' preparation, yet with incredible and almost unprecedented celerity, they had made arrangements to resist the very first seeming cause or provocation for warfare, either defensive or offensive as the case might be. And even before very many, either North or South

had contemplated or looked for such a coup d'état, the Rebel guns were fired upon Fort Sumter. This was indeed the tocsin which sounded in earnest, and plainly told no more child's play lay in the immediate future. Soon the whole North as well as South was in a blaze of the most intense excitement simultaneously, and the cry of War, war, was heralded throughout the entire length and breadth of our once quiet, peaceful and beautiful land.

And in less time, it would seem, almost, than for the historian to write it, the whole entire North, as well as South, seemed converted from the peaceful pursuits of husbandry, etc., into one vast drill camp. Every conceivable preparation was speedily made, and factories sprung up everywhere as if by magic for the manufacture of all manner of fire arms, sabres, swords, and all other munitions of war. Camp fires were kindled everywhere, whilst even all the towns and cities throughout both now the North and South (but I speak of the latter especially, as I was eye-witness to these things there), bonfires were kindled, torches lighted, etc., and bands of music paraded the streets, trailing the dear United States stars and stripes in the dust, with general shouting and rejoicing—at what? Simply at the inevitable doom which awaited not only our whole fair land, once peace and prosperity, both North and South, but the South especially. Inflammatory speeches were made, vigilance committees were established, martial law proclaimed, and the whole country, towns and cities, declared in a state of siege.

But, as I do not purpose writing a history of that war, I will pass on, stating, however, I remained a sort of “looker on in Venice,” and instead of joining in with a hearty good will, I stood aloof, shedding tears over the desecration and demolition

of the dear old flag of our fathers, and prophesying that the first gun fired upon Fort Sumter was not only the tocsin sounded for the most cruel, internal, intestinal, fratricidal, bloody war that has ever marked the pages of history, but that it was also the death knell to the peculiar and accursed institution of slavery, as it now existed ; and that the end of both would come by and by, but that all of us would not live to see that end. And for this outburst of sentimental prophecy I was simply jeered and laughed at, especially by some good Northern friends, such as merchants and others, then making their homes in the South, and showing their greed and devotion to the Southern cause by leading in processions, trailing the flag, etc.

Well, to make this story short, I need hardly add that no sane Northern man, then a resident in the South, seemed to treat the whole matter otherwise than as a sort of huge joke, not believing, or seemingly unable to realize, that all these things did mean war, dreadful war and bloodshed, even between brothers, fathers and sons, and forgetting that the exemplification of the fable that although "sport to the boys [now], but death to the frogs," was sure to follow. And just here it may not seem *malapropos* to quote a single line which I borrow from Pope : "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." But this indeed is no unusual thing, for we see it often exemplified in many ways and instances daily through life.

But to return again to our subject more directly. Not being naturally of very rebellious or pugnacious character, but rather more of a quiet and peaceful disposition than otherwise, when I was invited to join in, first on the rebel side, I declined, on the grounds that the fight was not of my getting up, and inas-

much as I had had no agency in the matter, I proposed to those who had brought it about to now go in and fight it out.

The time, however, soon came that a simple disclaimer like this, or even a desire to take neutral grounds, was not just the thing; and soon followed general orders either to go in, or go across over on the other side of the lines.

But even this did not suit me, so I did neither, and very soon the Conscript Act took effect. But as this was not just what I wanted either, I soon found a Northern man whom I hired as a substitute, and who went in with alacrity; and the next thing I heard was that he had "jumped the bounty" and got back up north again, ready to try it on the other side. But I knew from the very look of the man before I put him in, there could be no harm in him; for if he could have free access to the Commissary Department, and an "eye-opener" occasionally, that he would be perfectly satisfied.

However, I found it necessary to repeat the substitute arrangement before the "Yankee army," as it was called, came and took possession of our city, when I then found it just as necessary to substitute on the other side. And finding myself placed between two fires during the whole war, and thus oscillating, as it were, between contending armies, it had well nigh proved too much for me, and also came near wearing me out, to say nothing more.

However, my brother Will and I both joined a sort of "stay at home guards" company, and did our usual share of drilling just for exercise, "you know," and occasionally went on guard about town, but continued to practice our profession just the same—patching up some dreadfully shattered and broken rebel jaws, and occasionally a Yankee's, too, as it would happen.

And on one occasion in my absence, my brother had the honor of inserting some artificial grinders for the late General U. S. Grant himself, who was well pleased at the result, though he had not then attained to the degree of eminence which he afterwards did, both in the army and as Chief Executive of the United States.

When the Federal fleet and the United States army approached Memphis, I stood on the bluff of the river, and witnessed that memorable naval engagement, and saw the rebel fleet melt away before its strong adversary and formidable foe, like wax melts before the flame. The terrible fight did not last long, but it was sanguinary and dreadful indeed, whilst it did last, and many a poor fellow found a watery grave, though the number, perhaps, was never fully known. We have no time or space here to describe the scene.

Immediately after, however, Memphis capitulated to her relentless foe, and soon Federal army law prevailed. All rebel officers and soldiers there at the time beat a hasty retreat, and the corps of "Home Guards," to which I had belonged, was disbanded, as their services were no longer needed to protect the city, and a general stampede now took place with many private citizens, as well as rebel soldiers and officers.

"All to go below into Dixie's Land

And there to live or die ;

All to take their stand,

And there to stay, or look away

And live or die in Dixie."

I, however, continued to stay where I was, having, to use an old familiar Texan phrase, "came there first." In the meantime I had extended my business considerably by buying

out a large drug establishment, and was conducting that line of business also, when the Federals took possession of the city.

But this proved a very unfortunate affair for me afterwards, as I will now proceed to relate, in the following manner. The Federal army regulations were exceedingly stringent, so far as related to contraband supplies of every description being carried across the rebel lines, and guards were stationed on every road, byway and path, and, in fact, everywhere along the entire line, to prevent smuggling goods through the lines south. But with all their precaution and strict measures, supplies of every description, and in every conceivable manner, found their way south, women generally being the most successful smugglers. I never smuggled anything through the lines, nor did I, indeed, ever attempt it. All kinds of drugs and medicines were strictly contraband, especially such articles as quinine, morphia, opium, etc. And as I was engaged in the drug business, of course I and my establishment were watched very closely, especially when drugs were continually going through the lines; but it was not known by whom sent, or from what house. A most rascally and villainous practice of levying blackmail upon any and every one, regardless of whom they were, was carried on by the Federal officers in authority, who often employed thieves and pickpockets to do their dirty work. And in this way, many an innocent and unsuspecting party fell a victim to their unscrupulous designs and perfidious cunning. The consequence was that no man, no matter who or how honest, or even loyal to the North, could do business with any safety to property or person. If he had anything, those nefarious detectives and unprincipled, drunken officers wanted it; and at one time, no fewer than about two hundred of the best

law-abiding citizens and merchants were arrested and put in confinement, and their places of business locked up, for various offenses, crimes, etc., as alleged by detectives, who often perjured themselves under oath; and I found myself one among the number who had to thus suffer; and having a good stock of such articles in store as were wanted, it was determined to confiscate all I had, not for the Government, but for private consumption; and the commander of the post at that time, being a great drunkard and gambler, could no doubt find use for all the money he could raise by any possible means. And I, knowing this, soon discovered my quickest and easiest way to get out of the whole difficulty was to buy out; and this I did, on the very best terms I could, though even then it cost me dear enough to get out of their clutches, and get my place of business back again and open for business; for they, having the keys of my place during the time I was under arrest, of course had every chance to get away with all they wanted. And on taking possession again, I found "shrinkage," in the way of stealing, no small matter.

My health before this occurred being already bad, the ailment I had been laboring under had already assumed a chronic form; and my system had become so emaciated and run down that I much feared I had now become a confirmed invalid, and possibly beyond all possible recovery. And in this condition I plainly saw that my only hope lay in freeing myself, not only from the poisoned malarial atmosphere surrounding me, but in getting away from all business troubles of every kind; and in order to do this I must not only leave that place and country, but even the United States, if possible. And after having so decided, and feeling there was no time to lose, I

made my arrangements at once, and bidding my brother and clerks, for anything I knew, a final adieu, leaving my brother in charge of everything, I took my departure for Europe, going *via* Indiana, once more to visit my parents and family, and then part with them also. Going on from there directly to Washington, D. C., and procuring a passport, I went from thence to New York.

CHAPTER X.

My First Voyage across the Atlantic. Storm at Sea.

My Dear Young Friends : (I thus address you, feeling as if it is likely that you will take more interest in this chapter than your elders). In my last letter I told you that I had arrived at New York overland by rail, for the purpose of making a voyage across the ocean, but did not tell you how feeble I was on the road, being scarcely able much of the time to stand on my feet, or to walk with the assistance of a cane.

I was of course compelled to travel slowly, resting in different cities on the way, and avoiding night travel ; and on leaving the City of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia, very early in the morning, I was robbed, I think as I was going aboard the ferry, by having my purse of gold extracted from my pocket during the rush and jam by some pickpocket. I missed the purse soon afterwards, and felt the loss more, not that I had much of the precious metal with me, but what I had was valuable—a dollar in gold being worth then two and a half in greenbacks.

After crossing the ferry and getting seated in the car and on my way to New York, I bought a morning's paper, and on opening it to read, found myself so blind that I could scarcely make out the name of the paper in the large letters of the heading, much less read ordinary print. This of course, was a very unexpected and sad thing for me, just starting as I was on a long journey to foreign lands, and alone. I continued on till I reached New York, spending only a few days there making some purchases of drugs, medicines, etc., to ship back to Memphis.

Finding a steamship lying out at anchor in the bay and quite ready to sail for Liverpool, I paid my passage, went aboard, climbing up the staging step by step aided by my cane, descended into my little room, and lay down in my berth, or rather small trough in the side of the ship, to rest a little. Soon the pilot, the U. S. mail, and all else were brought on board preparatory to starting, the vessel raised steam, weighed anchor, hoisted her sails, drew in the staging, and was soon gliding out of the splendid bay of the great city of New York on her eastward course. I arose from my bed, went up on deck, and took one long, lingering, farewell look at the great city now lying behind us, and rapidly fading from my gaze, as well as the beautiful land of my native home, all of which soon appeared as a small speck in the dim distance on the horizon ; and in a little while the dearly loved continent of America had entirely faded from sight, when naught remained but the little craft on which I rode, the deep blue waters beneath and around, and the blue vaulted sky above, in the twilight of a summer's evening.

Being very feeble, and in great need of rest and quiet, I again descended to my little narrow room below, and undressing, retired for the night. Not, however, to enjoy rest and sweet sleep so much needed by tired nature, but rather to be tossed hither and hither upon the rolling waves. At last, however, sleep, balmy sleep came with its thousand thoughts and visions ; and in my feverish restlessness, I dreamed—dreamed even of companions of my youth and joyous days of boyhood ; dreamed of all dear to me whom I had left far away in my Southern home, so suddenly and unexpectedly to them ; dreamed of my dear aged parents, sisters and brothers, and of the tears shed

at our sad parting, hardly expecting ever to meet again on this side of that bourne from which no traveller returns, the testimony of lying spirits to the contrary, notwithstanding.

And after spending the night in this way, I again awoke from my dreams and visions, arose, made my toilet, and again ascended to the upper deck to behold the beautiful bright sun, that luminous world a million and a half times larger than our globe, rising up in its dazzling splendor far away out of the liquid waves of old ocean, ready prepared as a strong man to run the race of another day. And I then felt and could even exclaim with the wise preacher: "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." (Ecc. 11: 7.)

But, my young friends, did you ever stand and contemplate that bright orb of day, as it rises before your eyes in the morning, looking no larger than a good sized hoop in circumference but is really 885,680 miles in diameter, while our globe is only 8,000 miles in diameter? And in the matter of the sun's substance, it would balance 352,000 worlds like ours. Consider what immensity is this. And yet, as you well know, our little globe is no small speck. But it is well known that this bright sun which we behold, and which gives us light and heat, is far from being the largest and brightest of the orbs which drive their shining chariots in myriads more than can be counted through the heavens. And although the sun is no less than ninety-five millions of miles from us, yet far away in the depths of space, so far indeed as to appear only like mere specks or points of light, we see other blazing orbs of light, far greater in glory and dazzling splendor, and vaster in magnitude, viz: The first fixed star, called Alpha-Centaur, in the southern hemi-

sphere, is discovered to be, by actual measurement, nineteen thousand billion miles away, but the pole-star system or planet is even yet a five times greater distance from us, or two hundred and eighty-five thousand billions of miles, and shines with a lustre equal to that of eighty-six of our suns, whilst others are still larger and more lustrous still: Vega, for instance, which emits light equal to three hundred and forty-four of our suns; Capella four hundred and thirty; Arcturus five hundred and sixteen. And thus we might continue to enumerate and dwell upon this most sublime and interesting subject of Astronomy, but must return again to our voyage, and will say that we had a calm sea and pleasant weather enough for some three days and nights, when in the afternoon of the fourth day, thick, dark and threatening clouds arose in the heavens, and soon nothing but heavy clouds above and a troubled sea beneath and above was to be seen. Very soon muttering thunder was heard, with the gleaming flashes of lightning. And these were the signals to the Captain and other officers to furl sails and prepare for what might come very soon, warned by the rapid falling of the barometer, that never failing monitor of approaching danger at sea. As night came on, the bellowing thunder grew louder, the forked lightnings played round the masts of the ship and flashed with angry gleamings over the decks; when suddenly a dreadful storm burst upon our little frail ship in all its fury, and as she still continued on her eastward course plowing the angry sea, the waves, which had at first begun to lift their crested heads of white foam, now became frightful, yet still sublime in their awful grandeur, rolling up like mountains all around and on every side; while our ship reeled and staggered like a drunken man, now rising up, and mounting the

huge billows, and then after poising a moment on their summits, suddenly plunging deep down into the angry ocean, as if sinking to her watery grave; sometimes almost on her beam-ends, then for a little while would seem caught in a narrow trough of the sea between two waves, where it seemed as if she must be crushed like an egg-shell between the heavy seas, while every plank, and rib, and stick of timber in the hull seemed strained to its utmost tension, when suddenly a heavy sea would wash over the entire deck, crushing heavy rods and bars of brass, and the thick glass over the skylights, letting a flood of water pass through into the dining saloon and cabins below.

During all this time, such things as large hampers of dishes and heavy trunks were pitched and thrown in every direction below, making a general wreck and smashing of earthen and china ware. In the meantime, among some three hundred or more living souls on board, among whom were many women and children, the screaming and wailing in their terror-stricken condition was quite enough to move the more calm and reflective mind to pity, at least. But when some men "of the baser sort" were seen carousing, drinking liquor, cursing and swearing, and very hilarious while this dreadful storm was raging day and night (for it lasted two nights and a day), it was quite enough to make one think that surely Dante could not have had a more striking scene to draw his region "Inferno" from than this. It did, indeed, appear, whilst all were shut up under tightly closed hatches below deck for all this long period (except the officers and sailors at work, striving with all the mind and powers given them from above to save the vessel from going to the bottom), that Satan himself, "the Prince of the power of the air," had indeed taken possession of many of these

men's hearts ; and he, together with them, was holding high carnival and rejoicing in the general terror and dreadful suffering of terribly frightened women and children, many of whom, as well as some invalids, were deathly sick all the time this was going on. But as there must come an end to all things, so there did to this dreadful storm, which in my poor way I have endeavored briefly to describe. I felt then, and still feel, most thankful to our Heavenly Father for permitting me to live through it, and still survive to tell you the story. And in the manifestation of God's goodness and mercies in thus preserving my life, even amid these great dangers at sea, as well as in the numerous instances already referred to, amid great perils and dangers, I trust that many of my readers, both old and young, may be led to see that I have been wonderfully blessed in thus being shielded from so many dangers plainly visible, to say nothing of those unseen perils to which everyone is continually exposed. And just here is vividly brought to mind a beautiful little song which some of you may perhaps have already learned and sung ; as it is short, I will repeat it.

“ All the way my Savior leads me,
What have I to ask beside ?
Can I doubt his tender mercies
Who through life has been my guide ?
Heavenly rest, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in him to dwell ;
For, I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

“ All the way my Savior leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread ;

Though my weary steps may falter,
 And my soul athirst may be,
 Gushing from the rock before me,
 Lo ! a spring of joy I see.

"All the way my Savior leads me,
 O, the fullness of his love !
 Heavenly rest to me is promised
 In my Father's house above.
 When my spirit, clothed immortal,
 Wings its flight to realms of day,
 This my song through endless ages :
 Jesus led me all the way."

CHAPTER XI.

End of Voyage. Tour over Ireland, Scotland, Wales and England.

AFTER the terrible storm which I have described in the preceding letter had subsided, which it did after lasting about thirty-six hours, we had no longer as rough a sea for the remainder of the voyage ; but our vessel being a slow one, it took eleven days to cross from New York to Queenstown, on the coast of Ireland, where I landed, together with a few other passengers.

To say that I had been sick the whole voyage through, hardly expresses it, for being very feeble and emaciated before starting, and having no appetite, together with the terribly rough sea part of the time, and seasickness all the time, on my arrival at Queenstown I found myself in rather sad plight. I managed, however, to get on a small steamer which was lying waiting for us, and soon found ourselves steaming up that charming river Lee, immortalized by the poet who sings of

“ The Bells of Shandon, which sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee ! ”

which presents one continuous panoramic view of the grandest scenery on either bank along its serpentine course for the distance of fifteen miles, before reaching the renowned old city of Cork, where we disembarked ; and putting up at Queen's Hotel, I decided to rest a few days before making a general tour over the island.

While there, however, I visited the famous historic old Blarney Castle, also St. Ann's Turkish bathing place, some five or

six miles from Cork, and there remained a few days to try the efficacy of the baths. From thence I went to those charming hills and lakes of Killarnéy, about one hundred miles distant, and which have been so often described, both in verse and prose. No description, however, can do justice to their loveliness. After spending a few days there very delightfully, I again returned, and went up to the Giant's Causeway, and from there to Dublin, where I visited the great Medical Colleges, also other places of interest in that famous old city and its environs ; proceeding next to Belfast, in the north of Ireland, where the fine, beautiful Irish linen which we get in this country is manufactured. Here I found the Irish not only intelligent, and many of them well educated, but also Protestant, and very sociable in their nature, and speaking quite as clear English as myself or anyone else—very widely in contrast, however, with the people in the south of Ireland, at Cork, Limerick, and other places, where they speak a sort of “patois” or gibberish but little understood except among themselves ; also their poverty, squalor and wretchedness I found ten times greater than in the north of Ireland, or even in the central region around Dublin.

My stay in Ireland, though not a long one, I enjoyed quite as much as that in any country I visited in Europe or on the Continent. Nor did I find one which presents more of real interest and attraction to a traveler seeking knowledge and information. Its name, “The Emerald Isle,” is also significant, for without doubt, it is the greenest spot I have seen on earth. Everything is fresh and green, except the smooth macadamized roads, level as a floor and hard as adamant, which have been travelled over for long, long centuries ; everything green except the numerous old ruins, monuments of early greatness, crumb-

ling into decay. I will also except the numerous wide stone walls to be seen everywhere, dividing each little domain from its neighbor. These varied in size from tracts of one-fourth of an acre, to those containing many acres ; and on ascending to the summit of old Blarney Castle, and looking over the Island as far around as my eye could reach, I could only compare these stone walls to the foundations and first story of great houses which had been built just so high, but had never progressed any further towards completion, and having been abandoned, were now crumbling to decay and ruin. On enquiring the reason for so many stone walls and of such great thickness, I was informed that at an early day the whole island, or a great part of it, was thickly covered with stones, and in order to get them out of the way and to make room for raising potatoes, grain, grass, etc., they built them into immense and innumerable stone walls, as they could neither burn them up nor bury them, and so in this way utilized them for a purpose.

Some parts of the Island abound in peat, which is cut out in square chunks or blocks, and let dry in the sun, to be used for fuel ; most of the Irish huts or shanties are also built from this material, and often sodded over or covered with the same. These wretched huts make miserable dwellings, always small, no windows, fireplace or chimney ; and often the pigs, cows, children and parents occupy them together indiscriminately. Crossing what is known as the Irish Channel, in the North, I at once found myself among the Highlands of Scotland : and my visits to the great cities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, etc., also Melrose Abbey, Abbotsford (the home of the immortal bard—Sir Walter Scott), etc., and many other places of great interest to every Scotchman, as well as to the traveler, I

have only time to mention here very briefly. I found Edinburgh one of the most unique, quaint, and most remarkable of ancient cities I have ever visited in my life ; and every day and hour that I spent there afforded new scenes of marked interest, many of which are historic, and date back for centuries.

I visited the exquisitely beautiful, tall monument, towering up to a great height, and which can be ascended by its hundreds of stone steps, and from the summit of which the whole city and the most charming landscape, with the bay in the distance, can be seen, giving an immense view even to the naked eye, and still more extended when aided by a glass ; and for beauty and grandeur, being such as the eyes are seldom permitted to feast on. The old palace and castle of Queen Mary, the old church and house of John Knox, dating back some three and a half centuries, and the same old pulpit from which he thundered forth his anathemas denunciatory of Roman Catholicism, and which not only transformed, but reformed, all Scotland to the orthodox Calvinistic Protestant religion, but at the same time shook up all Europe as it was never shaken before. The great medical universities, the old cemeteries, etc., and other places of special interest, such as I cannot here take time to mention, much less to describe minutely, afforded me both present and lasting interest, which I found had not even abated on my second visit, ten years afterwards. And although more than a score of years have passed since my first visit to those charming, historic old islands of Great Britain and Ireland, and although every word I now write is from memory, not having even the trace of a memorandum to aid me, yet the scenes then visited and the impressions made were so indelibly stamped upon my memory, that they will doubtless remain till

memory and mind will be forever obliterated in this life. Going on from Scotland by rail, I went through the Dominion or rather Princedom of Wales, on my way to London. Passing through Wales, I visited places of greater or less interest, such as mining regions, manufacturing towns and cities, as well as others in England, such as Sheffield, so famous for its superior cutlery, Birmingham, the world's great emporium for arms and all manner of iron articles, etc. Speaking of Sheffield cutlery, I may remark that too often it is imitated here by worthless and trashy articles.

The hills and lakes of Wales and England, as well as of Ireland and Scotland, and the landscape views constantly changing, like those of a kaleidoscope, were all indescribably charming and beautiful. This was the month of July, and just at the right season to see everything in its most lovely aspect. I also visited the great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. After arriving in London, I spent a week or more viewing that eighth, ninth or tenth wonder of the world, with its teeming millions (now about five millions) of human souls, its more than one thousand streets, lanes, etc., its countless squares and public parks, its great zoölogical gardens, in which are to be seen every kind and description of living animal known, or to be found upon the habitable globe, or in the sea, and every fowl that floats upon the water or wings the air; every reptile, from the fatal little cocatrice or adder of the Orient, the centipede, and tarantula, to the formidable boa constrictor of South America; and in the feathered world, from the tiniest little humming bird (of which there are over six hundred species) to the great ostrich of the desert plains of Africa, upon which I have seen the black Nubian seated in a perfect state of nudity, riding at

breakneck speed. In the body of this bird, on dissection, have been found as many as forty eggs at one time, varying in size from the small embryo up to one of enormous size, the shell of which would require the use of a sledge hammer to break it, and measuring nine inches in length and six in diameter.

Among quadrupeds we find specimens from the tiny, little red-eyed white mouse to the huge jumbo elephant of the Indies, and from the innocent little pink-eyed rabbit to the most ferocious leopard, or lion, king of beasts from the jungles of Africa. Going from these gardens to the great House of Commons of Great Britain, and to the Queen's gorgeous Palaces situated in beautiful grounds, we simply behold wonders. From thence we visit the ancient, historic old Tower of London, and the British Museum. Six months, a year, or even five years, might be spent pleasantly and very profitably, seeing, studying, and learning even only a part of what is to be seen and learnt there. It would be useless for me to attempt here to describe a tenth, or even a hundredth or thousandth part of what I saw during the different visits I made, and the time I spent in this "Cosmos" within itself, or great world of wonders.

Enclosed within a high, thick stone wall, with its iron gates and ponderous bolts and bars, through which we enter with our guide, we first behold on every side of the Tower, the Arsenal grounds and the Arsenal, with a display of every firearm or munition of war that probably has ever been invented or conceived of, both ancient and modern, and we might also add ever used in any country, civilized or barbarian. Looking further, we see the ever memorable and cruel "guillotine" with its block, and gleaming, sharp, heavy blade, which dropped with a thud upon the neck of the defenseless victim, when the body and head dropped separately on either side of the fatal block.

In another large room we see the figures of ancient kings, earls, princes, and knights of valor and renown, all bedecked with heavy steel coats of mail, and helmets of the most artistic and cunning workmanship. Their lances, their shields, their spears and swords, etc., made a sublimely grand, not to say awful, display. As Scott has written of the Knights of the Border, ever ready to respond at a moment to War's alarm :

“They carved at the meal with gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through the helmet barred.”

Passing on further into the interior, we came to the chamber of the crown jewels of Emperors, Kings and Queens. Crowns and diadems bestudded with jewels of every kind, the most costly, and “of purest ray serene,” were displayed in dazzling profusion. Then again we enter the long, almost interminable corridors and halls, with every wall lined with hundreds of glass cases, filled with thousands of rich specimens of ore, metals, and minerals ; also the great cabinets of various coins, gold, silver, brass and copper, of every imaginable description, superscription, size and date, from those of most ancient antiquity down to the present time, and of every land and nation under the sun.

But we are compelled to stop just here, without taking time or space to more than mention the great library of ancient books, Mss., etc. ; the immense gallery of Art, filled with rare paintings, statuary, and a thousand other things of equally great interest. Leaving this great Cosmos or world within itself, we pass out into the open air, perhaps to descend by a winding shaft, quite one hundred feet down, which leads to the entrance of the great tunnel extending under that notable river, the Thames ; and emerging from this on the opposite side of the

river, we again ascend, then recross the river upon one of those staunch stone and iron bridges of solid structure, such as, for instance, the far-famed London Bridge, where I have stood and viewed a stream of carriages of every kind and make, extending for miles on either side and either way; crossing over, when in a moment every vehicle and every horse was brought to a standstill, caused simply by the locking of the hubs of the wheels of two carriages passing in too close proximity to each other, or from some other equally trivial cause. But a few moments only were sufficient to disengage them, when the crack of a whip or two, prefaced and emphasized with a few oaths from the Jehus driving them, and all that long stream, thus suddenly brought to a standstill, was again a moving, living mass in rapid motion, to make up for the moments lost.

People in London, when on the pavements, or crossing streets, do not walk—they simply run—and woe to the poor unfortunate victim who may chance to miss a step, slip, and fall, for the chances are at least ten to one that he or she will never rise again alive, or at least without being bruised, crushed, and mangled by the rushing mass of human beings who are compelled from actual pressure to pass over the fallen victim, or from the iron shod hoofs of heavy horses, and the wheels of vehicles as they rush heedlessly on. Statistics show that an average of one human life for every day in the year is sacrificed in this way, on the streets and crossings of London. But to hurry on, and complete our sight-seeing, etc., in this great metropolis of the world, as speedily as possible, and pass to other scenes. We will descend at one of the many stations, and take an Underground Railway train, and travel awhile without the opportunity of seeing much for the present, and in this way

may spend a whole day travelling under the great Metropolis, shut out from daylight, and yet with abundant light to see all that is to be seen. And one need only learn the distance to realize with what speed and exactness these trains run, even to the very second, and constantly from one station to another. And if the reader can imagine being shot out of the mouth of an immense cannon while in a railroad car, and making speed accordingly, he can form some idea as to how an Underground Railway ride goes ; and it may be continued if he wishes, even for hundreds of miles, before coming up to the surface of the streets and open day. But we must leave London, after a visit first to the great Sydenham Crystal Palace, known as the World's Fair, there to spend a most enjoyable day in seeing more sights than can possibly be described, as there is here, indeed, another world of wonders.

CHAPTER XII.

Paris and its Environs Briefly Described. On to Rome, via Switzerland, Germany, etc.

TAKING leave of London, the trip to Paris is made in less than a day, by rail and steamer, crossing the British Channel between Dover and Calais. These narrow Straits of Dover, as they are called, only require about three hours to cross on a steamer, (in fact, the shores of France can be seen from England on a clear day) but it is so exceedingly rough, both winter and summer, that the traveller may congratulate himself if he escapes a severe spell of seasickness while crossing. I speak from personal experience, having crossed six times to find myself deathly sick every time, and I was by no means the exception. Having once arrived in Paris and selected your hotel, the next thing is to proceed at once to see whatever there is of interest, and there is certainly plenty. But how shall we describe it? Beautiful Paris, where only man (and woman too) is vile! I have visited Paris more than half a dozen times, and even made it my residence for a while, and yet I must tell you, I know no great deal of Paris yet. To say that it is without doubt the most charmingly beautiful city I have ever been in, expresses it, so far as that goes. But the stranger to it is ready to ask how, or in what way? And I can only answer: one must see it for himself, and see it well, to be able to either realize what it is, or to enjoy it, or even appreciate it. The English language, from the most eloquent tongue, or descriptive pen moved by one possessing the most vivid imagination, is inadequate to the undertaking.

And as it is not our object in this brief autobiographical history to describe any city or country minutely, we are compelled to pass this one by also, with simply a passing notice. We will first merely mention its miles on miles of broad boulevards, paved with concrete or asphaltum, as smooth and level as a floor, and kept swept generally quite as clean, lined continuously on either side with beautiful shade trees—horse chestnut mostly. The pavements are formed of broad and smooth slabs of white marble. Stores, shops, and bazaars, the most exquisite and costly, with their great windows filled with everything to tempt the eye of the passer by; costly residences and gorgeous palaces of immense size and height, built from the most delicate and beautiful cream-colored marble, which is quarried out from beneath the city, and carved in the most exquisite style of decorative and ornamental workmanship before being placed upon the walls of the building; the almost countless number of hotels, some of which are among the grandest and most costly in the world, between forty and fifty large hospitals with their multiplied thousands of human sufferers being constantly cared for; the most magnificent and costly churches, theaters, and opera houses, large, exceedingly high, and with exquisitely carved pillars; the Tuilleries Palace and gardens; the museum, art galleries and public libraries; the grand triumphal arch, or Arc de Triomphe (destroyed during the siege by the Prussians and since restored), and a thousand other things of more or less attraction and interest, such as the celebrated French restaurants, cafés, theatrical, dancing, and singing pavilions, the brilliantly lighted gardens, such as the Champs Elysees; not to speak of the tramways leading from the city, and starting every few minutes to convey passengers to St. Cloud, Versailles, and other places, and the many hundreds of

double-deck omnibuses, carrying twenty four persons at a load, and always full day and night, running in every direction through the city, and out to and around its environs for almost any distance, even beyond the gates and walls. But we have spent more time than we intended in thus mentioning these things, and must therefore drop such pleasing reminiscences of Paris life, and take a hasty departure from this delightful city, with its many fascinating charms, for other more remote scenes on the continent and elsewhere.

From Paris we take the train for the City of Lyons, so famous for its silks and other manufactures, and from thence to Geneva in Switzerland. Here we stop long enough to rest a little, view the lakes and charming mountain scenery, and many other things of more or less interest ; also step into some of the jewelry shops and manufactories of those beautiful and excellent little time-keepers known as Geneva watches. The degree of perfection to which the fine art of watch-making has been brought is a thing almost incredible and to be wondered at. Such is the delicate and fine workmanship of some of these watches, that a good time-keeper has been manufactured not larger than the thumb-nail. Their little music boxes also excel in sweetness of tone and variety of music.

From here we direct our course into Germany, visit the famous watering places and boiling springs of Baden-Baden and Weisbaden, the renowned old city of Heidelberg, traverse Prussia, visit old Cologne, famous for its single, double, and triple extracts of perfumery, or Eau de Cologne, and, oddly enough, is also famous for its dirt, as having, according to Coleridge, "Seventy separate and well defined stinks," making the following lines apposite enough :

“The river Rhine, it well is known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne ;
But tell me, Nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine ?”

I cannot say that I detected so many, however, for the place smelled much the same all over it, I thought, and that was bad enough, for it was notoriously dirty, and stinking, too. But a sight of the grand old cathedral partly compensated for the filth in the streets. This imposing and stately pile is now said to be completed, after more than six hundred years in building.

We also made a hurried visit through Bohemia, Hungary, Holland, Belgium and Austria. And now over to Italy, and its provinces—Piedmont, Venetia, Lombardy, Tuscany, Naples and Rome. Nor would we forget to mention our visit to that charming city, Marseilles, in the south of France, on the Mediterranean coast, with one of the finest harbors in the world ; also Leghorn and Genoa, the latter so suggestive of beautiful coral jewelry, as well as Mosaic and Byzantine work, and the real cameo ; and to carefully note the exceedingly delicate, skillful, and tedious manner of carving, shaping, grinding and setting of these different works of art is a matter of special interest to any one of an inquiring mind. Nor would we lose sight of that renowned old city of Strasburg, and that most wonderful of all clocks that has ever been constructed in any age, which we cannot describe minutely, but note that after long years of most patient and enduring labor and skill, on its completion the poor unfortunate artisan was rewarded by having both eyes put out by the rapacious, selfish, and cruel wretches who employed him, so as to disable him from ever making another like

it. Nor should we forget to notice the world-renowned leaning tower of Pisa, and the historic pendulum still put in motion there, which was invented by Galileo, and by means of which he discovered and demonstrated the fact that this globe is round instead of flat, and that "*it does move.*" Also the fine and rich art galleries at Florence, filled with works both in painting and sculpture by the master artists of both ancient and modern times, and showing the highest degree of skill and workmanship. We would also mention in our ramblings the old city of Bologna, noted also for its leaning towers, of which there are two; but perhaps more noted for its appetizing and choice Bologna sausage—and the great scarcity of its *canine* inhabitants, as I saw but two in the whole city, one of which was very small, the other of good size; and also saw sausages as large round as a large breakfast plate, but do not know how long, as they had been cut transversely across, showing but half at a time. (The reader can determine for himself the *possible* connection between the above facts !)

Beautiful Venice ! "The City of Waters," also comes in for a passing notice, before returning to Rome to stay awhile. We regret the lack of space to describe fully this most remarkable, and on many accounts most interesting, city in the world, which was built up out of the Adriatic Sea, and has stood for so many centuries with its great marble palaces, churches, and other buildings, out in the ocean. The streets, if such they may be called, are simply canals or channels of salt water, just as they were left when the foundations of the squares and buildings were laid, first by driving down countless thousands—perhaps millions—of piles, made from the full length of the trunks of trees. These were driven down close together by powerful

machinery, such as heavy trip hammers, stroke after stroke, till sunken their full length into the lagoons and marshy earth and sand, so as to form a solid and level foundation for the great stones and marble to be piled upon them in erecting those tall and massive buildings, five and six stories high. Upon these piles the structure or base of those buildings was laid at the bottom of the ocean, at whatever depth it may have been, and thus they were reared upon such solid foundations as not only to have withstood the tooth of time wearing upon them, but also to defy the shock of earthquakes or other convulsions of nature. The streets, as we have said, are water, and constantly plied both day and night by the little, narrow gondolas, into which you can step from the threshold of the door of your residence, and when alighting from them, step directly in. These little, narrow, black racers (for they are all painted black by regulation of law), move swiftly and noiselessly, and furnish a by no means unpleasant way of getting from place to place, though of course more expensive than walking; but in Venice "walking is not good," generally. The palace of the immortal bard (Byron) which he occupied when at Venice, is still pointed out to the stranger, as he glides along the broad thoroughfare in his gondola, the gondolier of course taking great pleasure in pointing out every thing of interest in passing. The memorable "Bridge of Sighs" also stands just as it did many hundreds of years ago, recalling Byron's well-known lines :

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand."

We also mark the ever memorable courts, halls, prisons, dungeons, and places of inquisition, and all the dreadful implements of torture which were applied by the most cruel and

relentless hands to the unfortunate victims. Thus doomed to suffer, however innocently, often even unto death, at the sentence of those fiendish old Doges who held despotic rule, until some eighty of their number had come into power successively one after another, and so passed away during a period of long centuries. Venice is the most quiet, the " stillest " or most silent city I have ever been in ; undisturbed silence may be said eternally to reign there. Not a horse, a cow, or indeed any other animal not even a dog, unless a little house pet, is ever to be seen ; not a vehicle of any kind on the streets, except the little noiseless gondola, stealthily gliding through the still waters ; and again may we quote :

" Through the dark city the gondolas crawl,
Sable, and doleful, and coffin-like all."

Seldom indeed, is a voice heard, even from youths, above a low or modulated tone, never a loud laugh. Every living being, indeed, seems pervaded by the spirit of quiet reigning around. And yet the people seem happy, and contented to dwell on thus from generation to generation. But we must now leave Venice and return to old Rome again. And we will endeavor to describe as briefly as possible, some things of interest, at least to the general reader, who has never been there to see and learn for himself. This however, we can only do in part at this time, and in the next chapter, but will endeavor to do so more fully in a succeeding chapter before closing these reminiscences of travel, personal experiences, etc.; and our reason for reserving this for the closing chapter perhaps, is, that in later years we revisited the Eternal City and made it our home permanently for a while, how pleasantly or unpleasantly, remains yet to be told in detail.

CHAPTER XIII.

Scenes in Rome.

MY first visit to "The Eternal City," as it is often called, will be forever remembered, as well as my last visit and departure from it. On my first arrival, as you have already learned, I had just completed a long, tiresome, and tedious journey, during all which time, and long before, my health had been miserable ; and yet I had continued to travel over much of Europe and the Continent, often laboriously endeavoring to see and learn in this way, and by travel to gather such information from my own personal observation, as could not be gained otherwise. And as even travellers in good health often find such journeys and tours tiresome, and indeed exceedingly fatiguing, I of course found it much more so in my then state of health ; but so great was my fondness for travel, and the excitement and diversion of mind necessarily incident to such a tour for the first time, that I often lost sight of self and suffering for the time being, becoming so completely absorbed in the work before me as to forget everything else, and so would often continue till I would find myself completely prostrate and exhausted from actual fatigue ; and such indeed was now my condition on arriving at Rome. It was also in the hottest and most sickly season of the year, and I found the City apparently in full accord with my own condition, viz, very sickly looking, dilapidated and dirty. A long, dry, hot, dull, dusty summer was now just closing, and to make matters yet more disagreeable, heavy, warm rains began to fall just after my arrival, which made the poisonous atmosphere rank with unhealthy vapor.

However, I was in Rome; I had gone there of my own choice, not having been invited to do so by any one, and it now remained for me to "do just as Rome did," and that seemed to be to make the best of the situation I possibly could; and when I wished to stay no longer, then do a little differently from what Rome does, *i. e.*, get away from the place. And having so determined, the next thing was to secure rooms at the best hotel I could find, rest a while, then hire a dragoman (guide), a cab with its driver, and then start out to see what I could. And I might add here, that about the same thing has been done in this or a similar way for thousands of years before, and up to the time I did this, and has even so continued to be done by the multiplied hundreds of thousands, and even millions, who have visited Rome since the days when a flock of wild geese flew over the place in a certain direction, which decided the question at once that Rome should be Rome.

My first days, efforts at sight-seeing were crowned with great success, and, returning to my hotel in the evening pretty well tired out, I thought I had never seen or learned so much in a single day in all my travels. The second day passed in a similar manner, and I returned at night again in the same condition and with the same impressions; also with the third, and so on, till I became surfeited with feasting on wonders, many of which, indeed, will not be here described, I am very sure, for it is my wish to save the readers, and myself, also, all the needless infliction I possibly can under existing circumstances. However, this autobiographical history of reminiscences, etc., would not be quite complete were I to omit everything, and so will endeavor to mention at least a few of the thousands of things to be seen and learned in Rome. To attempt a history

of this, the Queen of the Universe, in however succinct or condensed a form it might be written, would require a whole volume of more than a thousand pages. The reader, therefore, must be content with the brief sketch we shall thus give in this, which is almost the closing chapter of this volume.

Rome, the metropolis of the Catholic religion, is situated on both banks of the Tiber, 20 miles from its mouth, where it empties into the Mediterranean Sea, surrounded mostly by a level, fertile plain, known as the Campagna, which was once undrained lagoons and marshes, generating the most deadly miasma from decomposed, rank vegetation, which produced what is to this day known as "*Febris perniciosa Romana*," (pernicious fever of Rome). The city is situated in latitude 41 deg., 53 min., 4 sec. North, and 10 deg., 32 min. longitude East, and may be justly ranked as the most illustrious city in the world—the historical and political capital of Italy. Its origin dates back more than 2000 years. And if its complete history, from its foundation to the present day, had been fully written, the volumes would be alone sufficient to compose a large library.

Perhaps about the first thing that will attract the tourist on starting out to view the city, is the generally very narrow, dirty streets, crooked, and with suddenly abrupt angles, and usually paved with round, rough boulders. On either side loom up unsightly piles of ancient masonry, composed of very thick walls of large, thin bricks and Roman cement, devoid of all architectural design, beauty, or comfort; and there are no sidewalks.

Second, the almost innumerable public squares or plazas, as they are called, which are simply level, open courts, in which is usually to be seen an obelisk, or large, tall pillars of stone,

with hieroglyphics inscribed upon them, more or less statuary, of various designs and representing different persons and different ages, a fountain or two, supplied by aqueducts which convey fresh water from the Alpine hills or other places, in some instances as far as forty miles. There were at one time about forty of these living fountains supplying Rome copiously with fresh, cool water ; but there are not so many now. In these public courts, also, as well as at almost every street corner, and on the roadsides leading to and from the city, are to be seen images of idolatrous worship, such as the Virgin Mary with the infant Savior, the Christ upon the cross, etc.

The next thing, perhaps, of special interest to be noticed, are the different triumphal arches, erected to commemorate the atrocious wars and bloody deeds of conquest often waged against unoffending nations, even to their utter destruction and devastation by fire, sword, and rapine, and captives were brought to Rome in chains for the purpose of being cast into the amphitheatres to be devoured by ferocious, hungry, wild beasts, or, perhaps, many of them, females especially, reserved for even worse purposes.

Notably among these still stands the arch of Constantine, the Christian emperor, so called ; and though it has stood for many centuries and even ages past, it is still in a good state of preservation. We also note the arches of Dolabella and Silanus, arch of Drusus, arch of Marcus Aurelius, etc. Having made archæology a study part of my time in later years while living in Rome, the history of these various arches, as well as their designs and numerous and varied descriptions, also the ancient Amphitheatre or Coliseum of Rome, as well as the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, near the base of Mount

Vesuvius, afford me great interest and pleasure, and regret a lack of space here to describe any of them fully. The Amphitheatre of Flavius, commonly called the Coliseum, is a monument also of the greatness of Rome in her palmier days of sin and desperate wickedness ; but as it now stands in its majestic ruins, still throws a lustre on the modern city, forcibly reminding the beholder of Rome's former greatness and glory. That the reader may form some idea of the immensity of these gigantic ruins, we quote the record, which states that it "was capable of seating some eighty thousand persons in its galleries, beginning at a height of some fifteen feet, perhaps, from the ground, and ascending upward in circular rows to the great height of perhaps a hundred feet.

The churches and cathedrals shall next receive our brief notice, and among them St. Peter's stands preëminent, in the northwest corner of Rome, on a slight acclivity, with a large, beautifully paved piazza fronting, bestudded and decorated with huge columns on every side, as well as historic marble statuary, and large pillars and obelisks of great size, height and beauty. The Temple is built in the form of a cross, the nave being over 600 feet in length, and the transept near 450 feet. The east front extends for quite 400 feet, and is 160 feet in height ; whilst the numerous pillars supporting it are 88 feet high, and $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter ; height of dome, 450 feet. It contains 46 altars and 400 statues, with twelve large pillars brought from the ruins of King Solomon's temple. This church required some 350 years to complete it, at a cost of \$50,000,000. It covers an area of eight acres of ground. St. Peter's statue in bronze is the prominent figure of worship, and center of attraction in this temple of idolatrous worship, though the bronze

statue representing St. Peter is said to be in fact that of the bloody tyrant Nero. How true this may be I know not, and only give it as "twas told to me" rather confidentially by some of the shrewd Romans, who ought to know. This I do know, however, that I have taken a stand at the foot of one of the huge pillars that adorn that temple, and with watch in hand counted till just one hundred devotees came along in single file, stooped, with bended knees, and devoutly kissed St. Peter's great toe, when just five minutes had passed, making an average of twenty to the minute. Nor was the Temple much thronged that day, nor did it seem to be an unusual day for toe-kissing, either. I need hardly add, that great bronze toe had been so nearly kissed away in ages past that but little of it yet remained. I was also told that it had to be remoulded on and remodelled occasionally, on account of the multiplied millions of times it has been kissed and thus worn away. San Giovanni Laterano, the oldest church in Rome, is the Pope's Metropolitan Church, he being its only official minister; and in this temple the Popes are crowned and thus made infallible (?). But by far the grandest and most imposing of all, according to my ideas and taste, especially as regards the interior, is St. Paul's Temple, outside the walls of the city. The Vatican, or seat of the Pope, dates from the eighth century. It stands over the Vatican hill, adjoining. It covers an area of 1150 feet by 770, and contains only 4,442 gorgeously gilded chambers, furnished in the most costly manner, many of the walls being lined with the finest oil paintings, frescoing, etc., by master artists, eight grand stairways, two hundred not so grand, but fine enough, and twenty large courts or audience chambers, together with grand museums and libraries, all filled with the rarest and most costly col-

lections the world has ever afforded. And with all these things combined, and the acres of beautiful garden, with everything in animate that Nature can provide to decorate, and adorn, and make charming, it would seem that such a place ought to be large enough for one single man, at least, and not such an uncomfortable or poor sort of prison, after all.

The Catacombs, with their immense subterannean passages, and multiplied hundreds of thousands of charnel houses beneath the ground, extending for miles and miles in their serpentine course, we lack time to further describe; nor can we more than simply refer to the many beautiful parks and gardens both outside the walls of the City as well as inside; notably among which is the Pincian Garden, on the Pincian Hill, which abounds with beautiful drives, pavilions, shade trees, rare shrubbery, and choice flowers of every variety, hundreds of marble statues chiseled by renowned sculptors, pools and fountains, etc. Here is to be seen a Clepsydra or water clock, perpetually in motion without the aid of weights or requiring to be wound up. There are 370 churches in Rome, many of which have a chime of bells, and on stated occasions it is no unusual thing to hear every bell ringing at the same moment, and making sweet harmonious music, such as the Roman church bells alone can produce. The feast days, or days of festivals, of which there are nearly fifty every year held in observance of some noted event, sacred or profane, legendary or historic, among which the ever memorable "Mardi-gras," or high carnival, as it is called in Rome; are not days and scenes to be forgotten by those who have passed through them even once, not to speak of every year during a life-time. The last mentioned usually lasts about two weeks during which all general business is suspended throughout

the city, by courts, officials, &c., of every kind; merchants, tradesmen and nearly all classes giving themselves up to social enjoyment, and conviviality in a general way.

During these social holidays the city is densely thronged by strangers and visitors from abroad. I have seen, -I think I might safely say, more than 200,000 people at once, who had taken positions on the main thoroughfares of the city, to not only look on, but join with the greatest delight in the festivities, as well as witness the most grotesque and ludicrous masquerade performances that could possibly be conceived of, and the imagination could devise for their own and others' amusement, during all of which time every one seemed to be in the very best humor possible, taking everything in good part, no matter how roughly handled sometimes, or how much their fine clothes might have to suffer from a preparation of lime made into small pellets about the size of a large pea, and hurled at them, and into their faces, in endless quantities. Nor would there in all probability be seen a drunken man on the streets during the whole time these festivals last.

There is much in Rome to attract as well as repel. Society is almost anything but what it should be, and generally low, degrading, and demoralizing in its tendencies. The young people are mostly ignorant, illiterate, stupid, and depraved in morals. Mothers usually keep a close watch over their daughters, always accompanying them wherever they go, feeling a necessity for this; while the young men are generally suffered to act according to the bent of their own minds, and indulge in all manner of vice and shame. And so far from respecting, or practicing the Catholic religion of their priest-ridden parents, they scoff at it, and are strongly inclined to infidelity and agnosti-

cism. But I can here no longer dwell upon Rome, or its scenes or doings, as the space I have allotted to this cursory notice has become exhausted; though a thousand things rush to my mind while penning these brief lines, which would no doubt be of more or less interest to the general reader, if time and space would allow. And now having completed my first visit to Rome, as well as first tour of Europe and the Continent generally, I bid old Rome and the sunny clime of Italy adieu, little thinking or even dreaming, that at some future day I would return there again to make old Rome my residence, the particulars of which I will soon relate in these closing chapters.

CHAPTER XIV.

Homeward Bound, after visiting Naples, Mount Vesuvius, Herculaneum, and Pompeii.

FROM Rome I made a visit to Naples by rail, and after carefully inspecting this, which is in some respects one of the most remarkable, unique, quaint old cities, and can scarcely be compared with any other ; and visiting places of great interest, both in the city and its environs, among which was King Victor Emanuel's palace and grounds, the great museum, which of itself would well repay a journey of a thousand miles to see it alone, with all its wonders of antiquity which have been collecting and accumulating for long ages in the past, and among which are to be seen the thousand of different things still in almost, or in some instances quite, a perfect state of preservation, having been taken from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum after having lain buried beneath those piles deep down in their ruins for quite 2000 years ; the great cathedrals, opera-houses, theaters the most grand and costly, the art galleries of painting, sculpture, etc., which I have not time here to describe.

The streets of Naples are exceedingly narrow and roughly paved, filled with *lazzaroni* (beggars) in all their filth, naked, or half clad in rags and wretchedness, and covered with vermin. The streets are also constantly reeking with decomposed animal and vegetable matter, exhaling as indescribable a compound of villainous odors as ever saluted the nostrils of man. The houses are noted for their exceeding great height, built of stone, brick, concrete, etc., and invariably flat roofed, upon which

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roofs the better class of inhabitants spend most of their time and invariably live during the long, hot summer months.

From Naples I took a drive over to Mount Vesuvius, whose base is some fifteen miles distant from the city. Then I mounted a horse, and after riding some seven miles up the side of the mountain through and over deep beds of scoria and solid lava, which once flowed from its crater in bright rivers of molten or liquid fire, until, as history and tradition inform us at the time, Herculaneum and many other cities and towns were buried beneath this mass of molten matter. It flowed in great rivers or streams for a distance of twenty miles into the Mediterranean, filling it for a distance of many miles and causing it to boil like a seething caldron. After going as far as it was possible to ride on horseback, I dismounted, and on account of being too feeble to climb, was carried up by about six of the natives in a huge old rickety arm chair provided for that purpose, two of those stout, brawny, brigandish looking fellows on either side, with the chair (and myself in it) upon their broad shoulders, and two more at the back to push and help on ; and in this way we ascended the steep cone a distance of some two miles, seemingly almost perpendicular, before reaching the summit, which was at last done after much toil and sweat, as the day was scorching hot ; and as these poor fellows sunk into the scoria, almost hot ; often up to the knees, the task was not a light one ; though I had the easiest part of it, except in the matter of lightening my pocket some, and the almost constant dread of being hurled from my high perch heels over head backward to the base of the cone, all the way along as we went.

Albeit, I felt well repaid after reaching the summit, however dangerous the ascent might seem to be—and then to gaze into

that deep, dark, yawning abyss below, filled with fire, sulphurous vapor and molten seething matter ! The scene was indeed awe inspiring, and not soon to be forgotten. I had, of course, no way of measuring the depth of the crater, or its magnitude in area ; and although I could not see to the bottom, the outer border looked as though it might be quite a mile in circumference. With my cane I raked out from near the surface a few chunks of lava, some of which appeared almost like pure brimstone ; and while waiting for them to cool sufficiently to carry them away, I stood and enjoyed the charming landscape in all its grand scenic beauty in the distance around as far as the eye could reach, aided by a field-glass. On the one hand, and immediately over and beyond the ruins of Pompeii, lay the beautiful blue waters of the grand old Mediterranean, known in Bible history as " the great sea."

Turning a little to the right, we see the great City of Naples, with its population of over half a million, and its magnificent bay ; whilst between this charming view and Mount Vesuvius lies deep down beneath the beds of solid lava the ancient city of Herculaneum, a silent city of the dead, and record of the awful doom which fell upon it so many centuries ago. Over the Mediterranean waters in the distance, we see beautiful little islands, among them the island of Caprera, then the home of that grand old hero Garibaldi, and others we might mention, with their charming grottoes and shades of pleasant retreat. We also look in the direction of old Rome, which lies however beyond our view from this summit. The scenery all round presents indescribable charms, such as Nature alone can yield ; whilst at the base of the mountain lie buried some thirty towns and villages, all once inhabited by living man, but now silent cities of the dead, without even a monument to mark the spot

where many of them once stood. Truly indeed, "truth is stranger than fiction." But we must at once descend from this lofty summit, and gathering up our now cooled lava lumps, rolling them in a piece of paper have them carried down, whilst I choose to walk, or, rather drop down, in the following manner: Discharging all my escorts except two, I take a position between them, place an arm on one of their shoulders as they stand on either side, and in this way partly bear up my weight upon them, whilst we speed down that mountain cone at a breakneck pace such as would defy a wild mountain goat to compete with, sinking into the scoria quite knee deep at every jump. This did not take long, but was "fun for the Boys," while it lasted. From there I rode to Herculaneum, and after descending a deep shaft that had been excavated through the solid lava as hard as iron and flint combined, to a great depth, we at last reach subterranean passages also excavated, and which were once streets of the doomed city. Deep down among these ruins are many things of great interest to be seen, but which we have no time here to describe, and so returning again, retrace our steps to the old City of Naples, take a quiet night's rest, or as much so as the excessive heat and the incorrigible fleas would suffer us to do, and next day finding tired nature a little restored after much fatigue, we take an early breakfast and we set out to reach Pompeii—renowned Pompeii,

Some twenty miles away
There to spend another day,

among those marvelous ruins, also of

That famed old city of which Pliny wrote,
Which the fierce volleys of Vesuvius smote,
With ashy showers and liquid lava streams
Doomed Pompeii fell amid her people's screams.

But to give anything like a minute or even general description of these grand ruins as they now present themselves after many years of excavations that have been carried on, and the thousands of different relics, and specimens of almost every thing the human mind can possibly conceive of, which have been exhumed and placed in the Pompeiian Museum in Naples, would alone require a volume to describe. We are therefore compelled to pass all over together, and after another laborious day and also a very hot one, among the ruins, evening finds us returning again to Naples, from which point we start on the following day back again to Rome, and after another short rest and making purchases of various little souvenirs, we take our departure once more by rail for Paris via Lake Como and a few other points of interest.

CHAPTER XV.

Voyage from Paris, *via* London and Liverpool, to America.

AFTER again reaching Paris and collecting my purchases made at different points, and completing the same in Paris, I had all shipped together from that place as well as London. And so, bidding adieu to the fair city with all its charms, I went direct to London, recrossing that baneful, turbulent channel. From London, after a short stay, I went direct to Liverpool, and there taking steamer, I sailed for New York, without meeting with any greater adventures, or perhaps any rougher sea, than is usually encountered on that almost perpetually rough ocean, the Atlantic, especially as the season was now far advancing into the Autumn, or about the time of the equinoctial storms.

After my arrival in New York, I remained long enough to purchase more fresh stock for my drug establishment, and, shipping the same, I returned to my old home in Memphis by rail, passing through the State of Indiana, where I again stopped long enough to visit my parents and other relations, and rest awhile, as I had done some months before, just before starting on my long tour of so much uncertainty as to long continuation of my life, or my ability to make the tour or live to return again. But my own life had not only been graciously spared, but also the lives of all my near and dear relations during my absence; but among old friends at Memphis a few deaths had occurred, which caused me sadness on missing, after my return, their familiar faces and companionship, which I had enjoyed so much

in days and years past. I was gratified in knowing also that my own health had much improved during my stay and travels abroad, however great the fatigue and many hardships I had endured almost constantly, and such, indeed, as are quite always incident to an industrious traveler in foreign countries. It also afforded me pleasure to know that under the faithful care and judicious management of my brother William and excellent clerks, my business had not only been successfully conducted with credit to the house, but had also been made profitable.

After again entering upon the routine of a laborious professional and business life, though my health was much improved at the time, yet I soon found it began to give way again, and at the end of a few months I found myself prostrate and confined to a bed of long and severe illness, which at one time came very near proving my last, through a lack of knowledge or skill on the part of my physicians, and my own ignorance and recklessness in suffering myself to be well nigh dosed to death by heroic medication from poisonous drugs prescribed at their hands "*secundum artem*," before discovering they would finally finish me if I suffered them to continue on, or did not put a stop to their empirical experiments and foolishness, which, however, I did incontinently, throwing aside all physic, giving Nature once more a chance, and so got well again, or at least able to get up and go around a little. In the meantime, the war was simply raging with unabated fury, destruction, and devastation. And about this time Sherman was making his grand march, cutting a broad belt all the way through the South, from its border States to the Atlantic seaboard, spreading the wildest and most dreadful consternation and extermin-

ation to everything in his way, with fire, shot shell, and sword, regardless of age, sex, or previous condition. All had to share alike the fortunes, or rather destruction, of war, before this modern Alexander, Napoleon, or Nero. And whilst fertile fields, dwellings, barns, cities, towns, villages, and plantations, with their inhabitants, their plentiful supplies of grain and other food, their cattle, mules, horses, sheep, hogs, poultry, etc., were in the front ; in the rear was only to be seen devastation and smouldering ruins, and one vast desert plain, swept over, and no longer inhabited by man, beast, or "contraband." And this, indeed, did "break the backbone" of the rebellion.

During the winter of 1864-'5 and before the close of the rebellion, having lived the rather lonely life of a bachelor till I had grown tired, I determined to make a change in my domestic relations, which I did by marrying a young lady, Miss Julia C. Farnsworth, who had been educated and raised in Memphis. My health, however, still continuing poor, we spent a part of our time abroad from home, in the Central and Eastern States, at different health resorts, such as are to be found in Cleveland, Ohio, and Round Hill, Northampton, Massachusetts, New York, and other places, but afterwards returned to Memphis, to remain permanently.

Some four years and a half after our marriage, our babe, (a little son) was born, but in half an hour after, his mother's mortal life on earth ended, leaving a helpless little motherless babe to my charge, and to the care of other near and dear friends and loved ones. Over this saddest part of the history of my life I would gladly have drawn the veil of obscurity, but for the necessity of making these personal memoirs more complete, but in which it is hardly presumed that the entire stranger will

feel any special interest. And in order not to seem prolix or tedious in giving a minute account of this, or any matter indeed pertaining to it, I will pass on to notice very briefly other trials and scenes that I was called to pass through in rapid succession. Among these was the complete prostration of my health; and now having lost all that then seemed dear to me in this life, I very foolishly gave myself up to utter despair and the most poignant grief, losing all interest not only in matters of business, but even in the protection of my property, which I had toiled and labored so assiduously to accumulate. And a number of rapacious and ever vigilant Shylocks, such as are ever watching out for and seeking every opportunity to rob the unwary, were not long in lighting upon me, with a view to making me their victim, to help gratify that insatiable greed of gain. And in this way, I soon discovered my property gradually and quietly melting away from me, piece by piece, in the way of real estate, while the merchandise was going also in the same way; I in the meantime looked on calmly, as if taking some comfort at least, in seeing it thus disappear, and feeling a sort of consolation that after all was gone, I would no longer be troubled with it any more forever, nor would I have any trouble either, in closing out, or sweeping up, any rubbish that might remain from the wreck and ruin. To cut this part of my life's history short, and so close this chapter, I need only add that it took quite five years to accomplish the above, so as to make a clean sweep as it might be called, leaving me nothing to look after, or indeed care for in the meantime, except my little motherless infant, who by this time, had grown into a beautiful, bright little fellow of five summers.

Excepting a few visits I had made up to the Central States,

and back East, and one winter I spent down South in New Orleans, I had remained most of these five years in Memphis, having given myself up wholly to study, to which I had not only applied myself quite closely for many years prior to that time, but even constantly since, and so continued to do, finding more real pleasure and happiness in this than in anything else this deceitful world can afford ; all charms of general association or "society" as it is called, having long since vanished into thin air, or as the soap bubble a child may amuse himself with as he blows it from his clay pipe, and then watches till it bursts and vanishes forever. And that, in fact, is about as much as I was able to see or find in "society," so called in earlier days, and have not as yet learned of any great improvements in it since then.

CHAPTER XV.

Second Tour over Europe. Travels, Scenes and Life in the Orient, etc.

IN the last chapter of these brief memoirs, the reader will remember I referred to a second tour over Europe, and also in it and in other chapters mentioned having traveled and spent time in the East, or Orient, viz, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Africa, Asia Minor, or Turkey.

This journey I started upon June, 187 , from Memphis, Tenn., where I had spent the last thirteen years of my life. But now feeling the great need and even necessity of a change, I closed up my matters there, with a view of not only returning to Europe again, but to take up my permanent residence in some part of the old world, most probably in Paris, taking my little son with me as far as Kentucky, leaving him there with near relations, for the time being, at least, and then pursuing my journey.

Nothing of special interest occurred before reaching Europe, though an exceedingly disagreeable sea voyage, rough sailing, and a miserable craft of the Anchor line of steamers, such as was not fit to take passage in, but the best we could get at that time. Landing in Glasgow, Scotland, and after spending some time looking over Scotland a second time with some friends who were traveling companions on the voyage over, we went from there direct to London ; and after a short stay there and in the country, pursued our journey to Paris, where I remained till early Autumn, when I joined a party of excursionists under the supervision and management of Cook's Tourist Agency,

bound for the "Holy Land," so called. On leaving Paris, we stopped at various points of interest, on our way through France, Switzerland and Italy, before reaching Rome ; and from there going on to Naples, from which point our whole company were to set sail at a given date, having become a little separated before reaching that place. And having now all become collected together, and the time arrived to start on our voyage over the Mediterranean, we set sail on one of the steamers of the Rubitina line direct for Alexandria, Egypt. There were some eighteen or twenty in our company, besides other passengers. The vessel, though not one of the largest, was comfortable enough. As the sea was not rough at that season, the voyage was rather a pleasant one, on some accounts, at least. The time required from Naples to Alexandria was six days, and our course took us in full view of Mount Etna ; also near the Stromboli, then in a state of eruption. We also passed near some of the islands of Greece and Sicily, landing at some of the same, also passing through the perilous straits of Charybdis and Scylla. The sunset views on this voyage afforded me special interest, being among the most charming I have ever beheld. As soon as we entered the harbor at Alexandria, we were placed under the quarantine law, it being declared we had sailed from a cholera port—Naples, at the time of our departure, being infected with that epidemic. Before leaving the vessel, we were all exposed to a disinfecting process of fumigation, which lasted quite an hour, and was something indescribably dreadful to endure, and for which there was not the slightest occasion or even pretext, inasmuch as there had not been a single case of cholera aboard the ship during the whole voyage, or even the semblance of a case. The fiat of quarantine

law, however, was inexorable, and the determination of its officers to enforce it was irresistible; and it was therefore quarantine or perhaps death. After submitting to this dreadful infliction in a tight inclosure, for, as I have said, about one hour we were put into a sort of stock pen on wheels, and taken several miles, when we were placed in a large enclosure with high walls, and bolts and locks turned upon us.

The Quarantine law holds regularly for forty days, and our understanding was, this was to be the duration of our confinement in this miserable old lazaretto. The weather was oppressively hot, water bad, and the place filthy, and abounded with flies and fleas. Our fare however, was barely tolerable, for which we were required to pay \$2.00 per day. The time of course dragged slowly with us in this condition. But greatly to our relief, and rather unexpectedly to us too, after remaining five days instead of forty, we regained our liberty; and having but little to keep us longer in Alexandria, except to drive round, and over the old city, and view a few things of interest—such, for instance as the great obelisks, Cleopatra's Needle, Pompey's Pillar, the old Pasha's Palace, Harem, and Gardens; note the densely crowded, dirty, dusty streets, with naked jet black sleek Nubians, dogs, camels, and donkeys, indiscriminately mixed up together; and having soon tired of this, and wanting to leave the place as soon as possible, we went to the American Consul's office, had our passports examined, and *viséd*, procured tickets, and bidding the classic old city of the Greek and Egyptian Philosophers, the Stoics and Spartans of early ages adieu, we took our departure by rail for Cairo up the Nile.

Had our reception and impressions been a little more favor-

able and pleasant on our first arrival at Alexandria, we might have been better disposed towards the place, and therefore inclined to remain longer sight-seeing and viewing more closely ; not that we would have taken the trouble, perhaps, to do what that grand old cynic philosopher Diogenes could not do in Athens, viz, after traversing the streets diligently and carefully searching the many lanes, by-ways, crooks and turns, with lighted lamp in hand in broad day-light, was asked what he was looking for ? brusquely answered : " I am searching to see if I can possibly find one honest man in the City of Athens."

The scenery through Egypt, and along the Nile as far as Cairo, afforded but little to interest or attract in any way, the ground being mostly very low, flat and marshy, with sloughs or quagmires, fit places for the hairless cattle with humps on their backs like the buffalo, to wallow in, which they seemed very fond of, just as the American hog does in hot weather also. And the *raciest* team I saw in Egypt, was one of those buffaloes and a camel yoked together, drawing the same old Egyptian plow made from the forks of a tree, which formed the single handle, the long beam and short plow part ; just such as were used doubtless 4,000 years ago, or such as plowed and tilled the soil which produced the corn that Joseph garnered up for the five years' famine which came upon that land.

Stopping at the best hostelry in Cairo, on the following day, we took carriages, and crossing the Nile on a very substantial drawbridge, we drove a distance of ten miles to the ancient and historic Pyramids, and after ascending to the summit of the largest one, Cheops, with no small effort, and all the assistance we could get besides, we were well repaid by the grand scenes which lay beneath and in the distance, as far as the eye could

reach in every direction aided by the field glass. But we have no space to describe minutely, either the scenery or the pyramids, nor, indeed, the City of Cairo, or to even describe Egyptian life and scenes, as they now present themselves to the traveler. On leaving Cairo, our company divided, some going up by way of the Red Sea, whilst others by rail went directly on through the Land of Goshen to Ismalia, on the great Suez Canal, at which point we all met together again, and taking a small steamer went direct on the Canal, to its terminus at Port Said, and at its outlet to the Mediterranean. The Suez Canal is one hundred miles long, two hundred and fifty feet wide, and fifty feet deep. The largest sized steamers ply its waters. Mr. DeLesseps, who is now engaged on the Panama Canal, was its originator and builder.

At Port Said we engaged passage on a Russian steamer of the Peninsular and Oriental Mail line, which sailed for Constantinople via Joppa and other points on the Mediterranean coast. Arriving at Joppa, our vessel made a landing there, which is generally attended with great difficulty, often with much danger, and sometimes impossible on account of rough sea and very dangerous harbor. We were met some distance out in the bay by small vessels manned by the stout, rough native Arabs, who handled both our baggage and ourselves roughly. Albeit, we succeeded in getting ashore safely, or without accident or loss of baggage, which is not always the case.

According to Pliny and other historians, Joppa is one of the oldest, if not indeed the oldest, inhabited city in the world, of which we have any authenticated account, and Damascus is the other. And it is believed that these two cities were coëval with the days of Noah before the flood. Joppa has a population of

some 15,000. The house of Simon the tanner is still pointed out to the traveler. We remained here long enough to arrange a general equipage of tents and a complete camping outfit for our whole party, including cooking stove, utensils, tables and table ware, bedding, provisions, etc., cooks, dragoman and horses, for our journeys by land over Palestine.

CHAPTER XVI.

Travels, Life and Scenes in the Holy Land, Continued.

LEAVING Joppa about noon, we took the only road now traveled, or indeed, that has ever been for many thousands of years, which leads to Jerusalem, passing through the plains of Sharon, the town of Lydia, and along through the valley of Gibeon, and over the mountains of Gibeon. We arrived in this valley, and on the ancient site and battle field of Gibeon about sunset ; at which time I found myself with a chill, which was soon followed by a burning fever, causing me a very restless night, and by no means in a fit condition to pursue my journey the next day. But, having only about eighteen miles further to go before reaching Jerusalem—being then about half way between the two places—the whole distance between Joppa and Jerusalem being thirty-six miles, and exchanging a very mean riding horse for a better one belonging to our dragoman, and mounting this, a splendid riding Arab steed, I was enabled to complete the journey with the rest of our party early in the afternoon the same day ; stopping at the best hotel in the city, which, though not first class in all its appointments, yet was better than we could have hoped for, all things considered.

During our stay in Palestine, which lasted some time, every day was devoted to visiting places and scenes the most ancient and sacred to every Christian, or reader of the Bible. But for us to refer to all, and mention everything seen during our travels and sojourn of some months in Palestine and Syria, would require the writing of a volume even larger than this whole

book. The reader, therefore, must be content with only a few brief and passing notices which we shall here give, as relates to the LAND OF SACRED STORY.

In exploring the land of Palestine, nothing interests the Christian traveler so much as to observe at almost every step the unbounded light the "Land of the Book" sheds so constantly upon the sacred volume. Viewed from this standpoint, Palestine appears as a great chamber of the most sublime and beautiful imagery, in which every object may be used to interpret sacred history. Every tree that grows in that land, and every flower that blooms on the hills or in the vales, every bird that warbles its little songs of praise, and every fountain that sends forth its cooling stream to slake the thirst of the weary traveler, and every star that shines from heaven to impress us with the glory that lies beyond, all, all have a voice to unfold the sacred book of God, and reveal the hidden treasures that lie concealed within. Such a revelation as this makes dark things light to our eyes, and crooked things straight before us. Therefore of a verity, may the traveler who is a student of the Bible exclaim, the God of the LAND is indeed the God of the BOOK. As we have said, every bird of the Holy Land is a tuneful witness of the sacred record. "The stork (still) knoweth the appointed time of her coming."

The eagle is seen mounting up towards heaven, and "gathering whithersoever the carcass is." The little sparrows still chatter upon the house-tops, and are sold "two for a farthing," or "five for two farthings." The young ravens (are still heard to) cry to God for food, and he still continues to feed them; also "the fowls of the air, that sow not, neither do they gather into barns," but are still fed by our Heavenly Father. The

clothing of the people is still the same in style and fashion worn long centuries ago, even before Jesus of Nazareth dwelt upon earth, or perhaps thousands of years before. Customs or habits of dress, so whimsical, and eccentric, and capricious in our land, are as settled there as the eternal hills around Jerusalem; they never change; hence we see at all times in the streets of Jerusalem, Joppa, Samaria, and Damascus, the girdle of Judah or of Paul, the sandals of the Gibeonites, the mantle of Elijah and of Samuel, the turban of good old Daniel, and the seamless robe of our Savior, "for which the soldiers cast lots." The climate of the land still confirms the record of the holy writ. "When the south wind blows, there is heat," and "when a cloud rises in the west there is rain." The seasons are still marked by "the early and latter rains," and should either fail, as happened in the days of Elijah, and still does sometimes, famine, in all its desolations, disease, and death is sure to follow. I traveled over that land after a drouth of five months, when every spear of grass, or vestige of every kind of vegetation was dried and parched; likewise the whole earth dried and baked, till it was cracked over in great and deep fissures, making it dangerous to ride over it, whilst the heat rose up as from a furnace, and nearly all fountains, pools, or streams of water were also dried up.

The diseases of that country are still the same type as when the Great Physician went abroad healing all manner of diseases, as well as his disciples, also. Around the little Sea of Galilee fevers still abound, such as prostrated the little daughter of Jairus and the mother-in-law of Peter. Also at Bethany, sudden and fatal diseases occur, such as overcame Lazarus, whom Jesus raised from the dead. Sunstroke is still common on the

plains, as when the son of the Shunamite woman fell under its effects. (II Kings, 4.) Leprosy, in its loathsome and hideous deformity, still prevails, as it did in the days of the great law-giver, Moses, and as in the days of the Savior. It is, indeed, a sad, a melancholy sight, to look upon the victims of this most loathsome and dreadful disease. These miserable creatures are to be seen in different parts of the country, often huddled together outside the gates of Jerusalem and other cities, quite naked, or only half clad, without shelter or food, begging whatever they may get from the stranger as he passes by at a distance from them.

In Damascus are two hospitals for lepers, the climate being considered very favorable for the disease, owing to great mildness of temperature. One of these hospitals is owned and controlled by the Turks, and a miserable collection of mud-huts it is, such as would scarcely be fit for hyenas and jackals to stay in; the other, owned by Christians of various sects, is surrounded with a wall, and is a better grade of pest-house. The condition of these poor creatures is, indeed, sad enough, as there seems to be no provision made either by the government or any society, or even private individuals, for their support or maintenance in any way, and are therefore compelled to beg what little they get to sustain life. I went among these miserable creatures, heard their sad stories, and saw their disease in its every stage, and its most horrible developments. Leprosy seldom appears upon its victim earlier in life than the fifth year; therefore, infants seldom, if ever, suffer from it. The general average with those afflicted is about five males to one female. There are but two well defined types of the disease, known as "tuberculous" and "anesthetic." The first

symptoms are usually numbness, pricking, or a dead feeling in the extremities ; the skin becomes thickened and changed into a red, dusky hue ; tubercles appear on the face and extremities, after which suppuration, which is next followed by sloughing and loss of fingers and toes, sometimes feet and hands also ; often the nose becomes destroyed, together with the tongue and palate, with all powers of speech destroyed likewise ; the eye-lashes and brows, with the hair of the head and face, all drop, and the poor sufferer is left in this condition, a most miserable and pitiful object, till death comes kindly to his relief, although the disease may, and often does, last ten, fifteen, and even twenty years, and sometimes longer.

Blindness is another dreadfully prevalent affliction in Palestine and other Eastern countries, and the blind still " sit by the wayside " begging, as did Bartimeus. It is no unusual thing to see " the blind lead the blind " ; nor need this be wondered at when perhaps quite a fourth of the whole population of some of the towns are blind of one or both eyes. The great prevalence of this sad affliction is generally caused from an impalpably fine powdered sand, with which the whole atmosphere becomes filled, from the siroccos that blow there sometimes continuously for a month or longer, and which not only penetrate even the very pores of the skin, and enter the lungs through the nasal passages and throat, but also fill the eyes, producing inflammation, causing a disease known as ophthalmia, which becomes so severe as to cause the eyeballs to swell up and burst open, instantly producing blindness as well as the most dreadful suffering, during the progress of the disease ; and all ages have to suffer alike, children as well as adults.

The domestic habits of life continue the same, just as they

have for four thousand years, as plainly taught in the Bible. In the sultry hours of noon, they "sit under their own vine and fig tree," and sleep at night under booths upon the flat house-tops. The bread is that "daily bread" the Savior taught his disciples and us to pray for—thin, small loaves or cakes, five making an ordinary meal, and baked in earthen ovens, and eaten fresh every day, whilst reclining at the table, as at the "Last Supper" of Jesus and his disciples. The sound of the mill grinding is still heard through the silent hours of the night, as well as all day; two women sit facing each other on the ground on either side the coarse mill stones, which lie one upon the other, forming the "upper and nether mill stones"; through a round hole in the center of the upper one, the grain is poured in slowly by the hand; then taking hold of a pin of wood, fastened into the stone near the rim, it is drawn half way around by the hand of one, when the other seizes it and completes the circuit, then back again, and so on, continuing the process almost constantly day and night, to grind a little coarse meal sufficiently to supply the absolute wants of life or hunger. The dead are still carried on open biers, without coffins, and the death songs of the minstrels still accompany the dead body, with lamentations of mourning women. I attended one of these funeral services, as above mentioned, at the town of Bethlehem, one Sunday morning, the body being carried to an open sepulchre or grave, hewn out of rock, and interred with only a winding sheet and no coffin; nor could they get wood in that country to make a coffin out of, if they wanted it.

The virgins at the wedding still "go forth to meet the bridegroom." I attended one of those Oriental marriage ceremonies, which took place at the hour of midnight, the bride, and

her maids of honor, with their lamps, and band of music, going forth to the bridegroom's house, when all went in, and the marriage took place ; but the ceremony was too tedious to here describe.

The same implements of husbandry, the same plowing, sowing of seeds, and reaping the grain, threshing and winnowing the chaff from the wheat, continue just the same, and in exactly the same way as practiced thousands of years ago.

The geography of the country remains the same ; all the sacred scenes are to be found in their ancient places, just as the intelligent traveler who is a Bible reader would expect to find them, and no better guide book can be had to point out and locate them with complete accuracy, than the Bible. There, we still see "Bethlehem of Judea," the birth place of Jesus ; Hebron, Jerusalem, high upon her three hills of Zion, Moriah and Acre ; Bethany on Mount Olivet, where Mary, Martha and Lazarus, "the friends of Jesus," lived ; Bethpage, Bethel, where Jacob slept with a stone for his pillow, and saw that sublime and heavenly vision of the angels ascending and descending.

We pitched our tents on this same spot for a night ; but instead of such a glorious vision, when awaking in the morning, and looking out at my tent door, towards the only pool of water, from which we had drank the night before, I saw a number of naked Arabs of both sexes bathing in it ! The water was so bad it had already made us almost sick, and now this was too much for us, and although feverish and thirsty, yet we drank not that morning.

Joppa, Jericho, Shiloh, Shechem, Samaria, Nain, Cana, Lydia, Nazareth the home of Jesus, a beautiful country town, with between two and three thousand inhabitants, Tiberius, Caperna-

um, Acre, Cesarea, Gaza, Tyre and Sidon, Chorazin and Bethsaida, Dan and Beersheba. But we cannot take time or space to describe either minutely or generally any of these numerous places, however desirable it might be to do so.

Near Jerusalem, across the brook Kedron, and near the foot of Mount Olivet, we see the beautiful and ever memorable little garden of Gethsemane. This quiet, sacred little spot is enclosed by a wall, and adorned with beautiful flowers, and the revered olive trees which, for aught we know, were standing there in the days of our Savior; for it is a known fact, the olive tree of that country seldom if ever dies—the old trunk may sometimes decay and even fall away, but the roots continue to live on, and again sprout up, forming a new tree, and so continue perpetually.

Aceldama, the potters' field, [which was bought with the "thirty pieces of silver"], the pools of Siloam, Bethesda, and Gihon, the fountains all still remain, which used to slake the thirst of Prophets, Priests, and Kings; that of Elijah near Jericho, made sweet by the prophet casting a cruise of salt into it; David's fountain near Hebron; Jacob's well, [75 feet deep, and 9 feet in diameter]; Joseph's Tomb, near by.

Returning again to Jerusalem, we see King David's strong, high tower still standing on Mount Zion; and near by his tomb outside the walls of the city, where he and many other kings lie buried. On Mount Scopus on the north are the ancient tombs of the prophets, also the tombs of Zacharias, St. James, and the lamented and wayward Absalom. The mountains round Jerusalem and in that land still stand, stern and awful in their sublime grandeur, *sacred*, silent monuments of God's Eternal Word. Nebo, from the towering summit of which Moses was permitted

to view the "promised land," before he went up to the heavenly hill beyond Herman, from which the Jordan takes its source, stands glittering in its diadem of sun-melting snows. Carmel, with its bald promontory, jutting into the Mediterranean, and looking westward over its deep blue waters, once dotted over with the white sails and ships of King Solomon, heavily laden with the vast riches of that great Monarch, as they returned from foreign lands. Tabor, ever sacred as the supposed spot upon the summit of which the Transfiguration occurred. Ebal and Gerizim, ever memorable as the Mounts of "blessings and cursings," and upon the latter, where stood the beautiful temple in which "Our Fathers worshipped." The mountain Gilboa, upon which we are told neither dews nor rains have fallen since the sad fate of Jonathan, when King David in his bitter lamentations over them, exclaimed "Ye Mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain," etc., [see II Kings, 1 : 13-27]. Also the mountains around and nearer Jerusalem, glorious summits, solemn and sacred in memory, which afford God's holy Prophets their best imagery of sublime grandeur and majesty ; all—all, still stand as living sentinels, faithful to their trust, speaking witnesses of Bible truths ; and having thus stood for thousands of years, so they doubtless will continue to stand, even till time itself shall be no more.

The heavens of the holy land still "declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work," just as in days of old when they inspired the sweet singer of Israel. In the blue ethereal sky the seven stars and Orion still wheel and glitter, as in the days of Amoz ; "Arcturus and the chambers of the South" as in the days of Job ; and the "countless seed to Abraham" is recalled to memory when looking up into the Oriental sky, so thickly bestudded and dotted and powdered with stars.

Never in any country in which I have ever lived or travelled, have I contemplated with such infinite pleasure the starry firmament as in Palestine, while sitting upon the house top in Jerusalem, or at my tent door at night, whilst the blue vaulted heavens seemed nearer than before, and the bright stars and blazing planets seemed almost within hailing distance. The houses are also the same as they were in the days of the prophets and of our Savior, and bear their testimony for the Book of Books, the "foundation and rock," the movable roof, as in the case of the paralytic man whom the Savior healed. The "guest chamber on the wall," the "lattice," "the needle's eye," through which the burdened camel could not pass. Nature, too, with open volume, stands ready to testify with her unvarying laws, "the lilies of the field which toil not," etc., are still arrayed in splendor outrivaling Solomon in all his glory. The serpent, that emblem of cunning, (not of wisdom), the little ant, emblem of industry, and the dove of innocence. The little grain of mustard seed still becomes so great a tree, that the fowls of the air lodge in the branches thereof. The "husks which the swine did eat" still hang profusely from the carob tree.

Earthquakes still trouble the land as in the days of Uriah, and of the crucifixion and resurrection of the Savior. The "great Sea," the little Sea of Galilee or Tyberias. The "Dead Sea," lies deep down in its dark basin and solemn stillness, testifying to the dreadful doom of the cities of the plain. Sudden storms still arise on the little lake of Gennesareth or Sea of Galilee just as in the days of our Savior, when "he lay asleep on a pillow in the hinder part of the vessel," and on the Mediterranean as in the days of Jonah, off the Coast of Joppa, and of Paul near the Island of Miletus. The swift Jordan continues

to flow on, emptying its volumes of muddy waters into the Dead Sea, just as it has for thousands of years, and at certain seasons, or during "the early and latter rains," overflowing its banks often for many miles. Also the rivers of Damascus "Abana and Pharphar." The Shepherds continue to watch their flocks by night, as in the days of the youthful David, and as they did on the night when the "bright Star in the East" appeared and stood over where the infant Jesus lay," and when they heard that heavenly choir of Angels, proclaiming "joy to the world, peace, good will," etc., on the plains of Bethlehem. The laborer is still seen standing in the market place, waiting to be hired and receive his (penny) wages at the close of each day.

Merchants and tradesmen still use the "balances of deceit," wicked balances, a "bag of deceitful weights and scanty measures." The penny still "bears the image and superscription of Cæsar," and the little "mites" two of which make a farthing, are still to be seen, such as "the poor widow cast into the treasury." Also the "pieces of money," or "pieces of silver," such as were used to "pay tribute," and such as Judas received for the betrayal. And lastly, the trees of the "Holy Land—Cedars of Lebanon"—still stand, such as Solomon used in the temple building. The graceful palm tree, straight as an arrow, emblem of the "upright man," and laden with its golden fruits and waving its long branches. The olive trees, over the slopes and upon the summit of Mount Olivet, and all over the land, still draw their fatness from the flinty rock. And far and near, from Dan to Beersheba, the "fig tree while its branches are yet tender putteth forth its leaves," etc., and its luscious fruit also in its season, just as it did when the divine finger pointed

it out as an inimitable moral eighteen centuries ago. And so, we might continue to enumerate and mention one thing and another, ad infinitum, and until our readers would grow weary, and yet the subject would still remain inexhaustible. But we here close our brief sketch of Travels and Life in the Orient.

CHAPTER XVII.

Life, Scenes and Experiences during the Author's Residence in Rome.

AFTER returning from my sojourn in Palestine and Syria, and on reaching Rome, I decided to locate there, and so make that place my future home. Leasing a whole flat of rooms on the corner of the Via Condotti and Bocca de Leon, I took up my residence accordingly, and although my health was poor, yet by taking the best of care of myself, I found I could make Roman life barely tolerable. And having adopted the custom of giving social entertainments regularly one evening in each week, inviting all visitors, and strangers in Rome generally, I was not long in making acquaintances, but found life also less lonely and wearisome. One, to make and have friends in Rome, only needs to show himself friendly. This I did, and soon therefore had a host of friends, especially during the season for strangers in Rome.

After quite a year's residence as I have just mentioned, I decided to change my quarters and move to the Piazza d'Espagnia, there taking another flat of some seven or eight rooms; and in the meantime corresponded with my brother and his wife, with whom my little son was living, in Kentucky, influencing them to make a visit to Rome, or to Europe at least, and bring little Julian with them. And this they did in the summer of 18—, I meeting them at Liverpool, and accompanying them over different parts of Europe, until we all reached Rome together.

My brother and wife visited Europe intending to remain at least two years, but not being as well pleased with the coun-

try and the usual customs and habits of living, and especially with life in Rome, they soon became tired of it, and homesick too, and so determined to return again to America, which they did later in the season, leaving Julian with me. Their doing so was of course an unlooked for disappointment all round, and to me especially, but there seemed no help for it, and so it had to be that way. Their departure again was attended with quite as much sadness as their arrival had been with joy.

Autumn came and passed away, succeeded with a long, dreary winter of clouds and rain, and then the spring season followed, then summer came. In the meantime Rome's liveliest season of late fall, winter and spring had been attended with the usual large influx of strangers from almost every part of the world, and the usual festivities, gayeties, etc. But now summer having again returned, and the hot, dull sickly season of Rome rapidly approaching, strangers began to leave quite as fast as they had come; and although my little boy and myself had spent rather a pleasant season together under the circumstances, yet we too now began to feel like getting away from Rome, fearing the approaching season, and had indeed begun making arrangements accordingly, when suddenly, and certainly no less unexpectedly, a circumstance of the most dreadful and painfully sad nature occurred, which prevented our doing so, not only for some time, but came well nigh doing so forever; the particulars of which I will now briefly relate in the closing chapter of this book.

One morning, in the month of May, as I was sitting at my desk, my little son—a bright-eyed little fellow of only six summers—came to me in what he called "soldier's clothes," armed with a cane for his gun, and leading his little white poodle dog

with a string ; he asked me to let him go with some of his playmates to the Pincian Garden, but a little way off, to play. This garden was situated on a hill, surrounded by a high stone wall on the outside, but on the side next to the garden was only a few feet high. A smooth, wide road led from the Piazza d' *Espagnia*, where our house stood, up to this beautiful garden, which ran along by the hillside, as it had been excavated down and walled up on the right ; whilst on the left was another perpendicular stone wall, beginning on a level with the piazza or paved square, but gradually ascended, as an inclined plane, with the road, till the summit of the hill was reached, at which point it was some seventy feet high, though only about two feet high all the way along next to the road leading up to the garden. When my little Julian came to me and made the above request, I stopped writing and looked at the dear little fellow for a moment, and with his eyes and face lit up with perfect happiness, I thought I had never seen a more perfect picture of childish innocence before. I gave my consent to his request, and, with a kiss and the usual caution to be careful and not stay long, I again turned to the task before me, little thinking of the dreadfully sad fate that awaited my little Julian. In less than half an hour from the time he left my presence a servant came running in with the poodle dog in her arms, and in great excitement told me, in her native Italian language, that " my little Garçon Juliana had fallen over the Pincian wall and crushed out his brains ; but she had saved his little dog." This news came to me with a dreadful shock, and hurrying out on the Piazza d' *Espagnia*, I learned from a bank clerk, who met me, to my great horror and dismay, that the news brought by the servant girl was indeed, alas, true. The young

man informed me the child had fallen head foremost from the high wall upon which he had climbed, and had crushed his skull on the hard, stone pavement below, and had been picked up in a lifeless condition, and carried to a Jesuit hospital in the Via Corso, nearly half a mile away. I went to the spot where he had fallen, which was but a short distance away, and there saw a pool of blood and what appeared to be a portion of the brain. The height of the fall showed, by actual measurement afterwards, to be thirty feet. I jumped into a cab, and was driven rapidly to the hospital, but was refused admission for want of a *pass*, and while waiting for one to be procured, I became impatient and rushed past the guards, who stood with muskets and bayonets in hand, and, at the risk of my life, ascended a long flight of steps, passed through almost interminable halls, guided by an irresistible impulse, till I entered a door, there to behold, stretched upon a couch, the pale, bleeding, and apparently lifeless form of my little son. His eyes were closed, and his head crushed out of shape. Lying in this same great room were some one hundred and fifty other pitiable, suffering human creatures. The sight before me was a sickening one. After having thus hastily glanced around me, and recognizing the body of my darling boy, lying upon a high couch on the opposite side of the room, I immediately went to him. I placed my hand upon the body, to find it had not yet grown cold. I then called for a certain medicine, but was told it was not in the dispensary, and if it was, it would do no good, as the child was already dead. I was also informed that the surgeons and physicians—of whom there were sixteen in attendance in the institution—had examined the child, and pronounced him dead ; and that the Holy Fathers had performed

their ceremony over him, anointing with oil, and laid him out for burial.

All of this, however, was unsatisfactory to me. True, the heart's action had ceased, the pulses were gone, and life had indeed fled ; but the body, as I have already remarked, had not yet grown cold, and I, as an instrument in the hands of the great Giver of life, determined not to be thus thwarted in my endeavors to restore the child to life again. I therefore sent immediately to the nearest pharmacy, and procured the medicine I wanted, and began to administer it at once, internally and externally, to the crushed and broken skull and bleeding wounds. I also assured those in charge the child was mine, and that I claimed the body, dead or alive ; that it had been brought there without my knowledge or consent, and that I was going to remove it to my own home. But I met with great opposition to this, as there is an ordinance in Rome to the effect that any corporation or chartered institution, finding a dead body unprotected in the streets or elsewhere, and taking it in charge, have a right to dispose of it in any manner they choose. And the hospital authorities claimed the body of my child had come into their possession under the above conditions. This claim, thus persistently urged, now seemed to change the whole aspect of the case, and completely bar even the possibility of my getting the body out of their possession. Evening was rapidly approaching ; some hours had already been consumed in my contending with them for the body of my child ; and I well knew if night came on before I did gain possession of and move the body, that, according to their fixed regulations, every one who did not belong in the hospital had to be shut out ; and that if this did occur with me, that my lit-

the Julian's body would be very sure to be conveyed beyond my reach before morning, most likely to the dissecting room, or where I would never see it again. And knowing all this, I determined not only to stay by and cling to the body, but to use the most earnest protestations, arguments and remonstrances that it was possible to do against their course, in endeavoring to get possession of the body against all law of States, nations and countries ; and also made threats of bringing the power of international law to bear upon the matter ; and in this way, I, at last, through intimidation, and partly by force, took possession of the body, and moved it to my rooms before night came on. Although the pulses of my child, as I have already said, had long since ceased to beat, and there was no sign of the heart's action, the body still remained warm. On a careful examination, I found the skull to be not only broken to pieces, but so much shattered and crushed that the upper portion seemed to have become detached from the lower base ; and I found it not only necessary to replace it in its proper position, but to reshape and remodel it again, as if it were a ball of clay or piece of putty. On the left side, near the top of the head, was an opening broken through the skull sufficiently large to admit the finger, from which the blood and brain was oozing.

I will not prolong the history of this terrible calamity which had thus fallen upon me and my dear boy, by giving in minute detail the methods of treatment, but will only add that he lay in a motionless and apparently lifeless condition seven or eight days and nights. During a part of this time the limbs were cold and dead, many of the joints seemed dislocated, and decomposition seemed to be, and was so believed by many to have taken place to such a degree that I was repeatedly urged to con-

sent to the "burial of the body, as it was dead and decomposing." And the matter indeed became so notorious that I was keeping the dead body of my child in my room, instead of letting it be buried, that threats were made that if I did not consent, the authorities would take the case in hand and take possession of it, and bury it at any hour.

This to me was indeed a dreadful thought, for I felt a confidence from the first, which never for a moment became shaken, that the life of my child would be again restored to me, if I could only keep possession of the body long enough. When consciousness, or more correctly speaking, *life* had been restored, it appeared as though one had indeed been raised from the sleep of death. And although the season of the year was unfavorable, the weather having become very hot, the recovery was rapid, until quite convalescent. The excitement occasioned in Rome by this calamity was from the first of no ordinary character; and it became greater and greater from day to day, as the report became widely circulated that "the American doctor was keeping the decomposing body of his dead child at his Del Caso, in the Piazza d'Espagnia, instead of having it buried; and that he was laboring under the strange hallucination that the dead child would come to life again."

As my sanity had by this time been strongly suspected by many, on account of this seemingly strange conduct to them, the reader can imagine the general commotion likely to occur in the "Eternal City," when it became known the "child had indeed come to life again." So great, indeed, was the general excitement that it did "make Rome howl." One must live in old Rome for some time to realize the unbounded superstition of her people.

In concluding this chapter, I will state that a prominent United States official, then residing in Rome, telegraphed to the U. S. Secretary at Washington that "the little son of Dr. Wasson, an American citizen, but resident of Rome, had fallen from a high wall and was picked up dead, and that the terrible calamity had produced such a shock upon the mind of the father, as to dethrone his reason, and that he was removed to a hospital or asylum." I also learned afterwards, that it had been officially telegraphed to Washington, that I had died in Rome. I have already stated in a preceding chapter that I had passed through a very protracted and severe illness in that place, which occurred immediately after the partial recovery of my little son, during a part of which time my life was despaired of, and for some time also I was unconscious of life, in the mortal body. At least six weeks elapsed from the time I was first taken with fever, known as the pernicious fever of Rome, before I was able to leave the hospital; and finding it impossible to regain my health and strength at that season there, taking my little son with me, we started to travel and spend the season in that way; but as strength seemed to return very slowly, I thought a sea voyage might be beneficial to us both, and so returned to America again, and having done so afterwards determined to remain in the United States.



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